Answers to Correspond

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Poetry.

DISSOLUTION.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

He either is a fool, or lies,
Who says that true love never dies.

Why, once there was a love so strong
It scaled all heights on wings of song.

It laughed at fear; it knew no sleep;
It dived all depths, however deep.

It even took delight in pain;
Its red blood bounded through each vein

With such intensity and heat
That every throe it felt seemed sweet.

It knew no past; it made no plan;
Heaven was not wide enough to span

More than the mighty Now, alone,
Which scarce found room from zone to zone.

And yet, to-day, there is no trace,
In any spot or any place,

No hidden grave, no half-healed scar,
Of that great love, so like a star.

It fell—it died—it passed away;
No part of it survives to-day.

Fate wounded in the breast and wing,
It could not soar—it could not sing.

It hid its hurts lest men should know,
But left its blood-tracks in the snow,

Till, starved and wasted to a frame,
Unworthy of its former name,

It ceased entirely to exist—
And, sadder still, it was not missed.

Melted by sun, and washed by rain,
No more its blood-tracks now remain.

He either is a fool, or lies,
Who says that true love never dies.

Our Story Teller.

RISEN FROM THE GRAVE;

—OR—

The Dead Alive,

A Startling Story of the Franco Prussian War.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XXVII—*Continued.*

She took the chair which Julian had placed for her, turning her face aside so that neither of the men could see it. One of her hands was pressed over her bosom, the other hung listlessly at her side. Julian rose from the place that he had occupied. Horace neither moved nor spoke. His head was on his breast; the traces of tears on his cheeks owned mutely that she had touched his heart. Would he forgive her? Julian passed on, and approached Mercy's chair.

In silence he took the hand which hung at her side. In silence he lifted it to his lips and kissed it as her brother might have kissed it. She started, but she never looked up. Some strange fear of discovery seemed to possess her. "Horace?" she whispered, timidly. Julian made no reply. He went back to his place, and allowed her to think it was Horace.

The sacrifice was immense enough—feeling toward her as he felt—to be worthy of the man who made it. A few minutes had been all she asked for. In a few minutes she turned toward them again. Her sweet voice was steady once more; her eyes rested softly on Horace as she went on.

"What was it it possible for a friendless girl in my position to do, when the full knowledge of the outrage had been revealed to me?

"If I had possessed near and dear relatives to protect and advise me, the wretches into whose hands I had fallen might have felt the penalty of the law. I knew no more of the formalities which set the law in motion than a child. But I had another alternative (you will say). Charitable societies would have received me and helped me, if I had stated my case to them. I knew no more of the charitable societies than I knew of the law. At least, then, I might have gone back to the honest people among whom I had lived? When I received my freedom, after the interval of some days, I was ashamed to go back to the honest people. Helplessly and hopelessly, without sin or choice of mine, I drifted, as thousands of other women have drifted, into the life which set a mark on me for the rest of my days.

"Are you surprised at the ignorance which this confession reveals?

"You, who have your solicitors to inform you of legal remedies, and your newspapers, circulars and active friends to sound the praises of charitable institutions continually in your ears—you, who possess these advantages, have no idea of the outer world of ignorance in which your lost fellow-creatures live. They know nothing (unless they are rogues accustomed to prey on society) of your benevolent schemes to help them. The purposes of public charities, and the way to discover and apply to them, ought to be posted at the corner of every street. What do we know of public dinners and eloquent sermons and neatly printed circulars? Every now and then the case of some forlorn creature (generally of a woman) who has committed suicide, within five minutes' walk, perhaps, of an institution which would have opened its doors to her, appears in the newspapers, shocks you dreadfully, and is then forgotten again. Take as much pains to make charities and asylums known among the people without money as are taken to make a new play, a new journal, or a new medicine known among the people with money, and you will save many a lost creature who is perishing now.

"You will forgive and understand me if I say no more of this period of my life. Let me pass to the new incident in my career which brought me for the second time before the public notice in a court of law.

"Sad as my experience has been, it has not taught me to think ill of human nature. I had found kind hearts to feel for me in my former troubles; and I had friends—faithful, self-denying, generous friends—among my sisters in adversity now. One of these poor women (she has gone, I am glad to think, from the world that used her so hardly) especially attracted my sympathies. She was the gentlest, the most unselfish creature I have ever met with. We lived together like sisters. More than once, in the dark hours when the thought of self-destruction comes to a desperate woman, the image of my poor devoted friend, left to suffer alone, rose in my mind and restrained it. You will hardly understand it, but even we had our happy days. When she or I had a few shillings to spare, we used to offer one another little presents, and enjoy our simple pleasure in giving and receiving as keenly as if we had been the most reputable women living.

"One day I took my friend into a shop to buy her a ribbon—only a bow for her dress. She was to choose it, and I was to pay for it, and it was to be the prettiest ribbon that money could buy.

"The shop was full; we had to wait a little before we could be served.

"Next to me, as I stood at the counter with my companion, was a gaudily dressed woman, looking at some handkerchiefs. The handkerchiefs were finely embroidered, but the smart lady was hard to please. She tumbled them up disdainfully in a heap, and asked for other specimens from the stock in the shop. The man, in clearing the handkerchiefs out of the way, suddenly missed one. He was quite sure of it, from a peculiarity in the embroidery which made the handkerchief especially noticeable. I was poorly dressed, and I was close to the handkerchiefs. After one look at me he shouted to the superintendent, 'Shut the door! There is a thief in the shop!'

"The door was closed; the lost handkerchief was vainly sought for on the counter and on the floor. A robbery has been committed; and I was accused of being the thief.

"I will say nothing of what I felt—I will only tell you what happened.

"I was searched, and the handkerchief was discovered on me. The woman who had stood next to me, on finding herself threatened with discovery, had no doubt contrived to slip the stolen handkerchief into my pocket. Only an accomplished thief could have escaped detection in that way without my knowledge. It was useless, in the face of the facts, to declare my innocence. I had no character to appeal to. My friend tried to speak for me, but what was the use? Only a lost woman like myself. My landlady's evidence in favor of my honesty produced no effect; it was against her that she let lodgings to people in my position. I was prosecuted, and found guilty. The tale of my disgrace is now complete, Mr. Holmcroft. No matter whether I was innocent or not, the shame of it remains—I have been imprisoned for theft.

"The matron of the prison was the next person who took an interest in me. She reported favorably of my behavior to the authorities; and when I had served my time, (as the phrase was among us) she gave me a letter to the kind friend and guardian of my later years—to the lady who is coming here to take me back with her to the Refuge.

"From this time the story of my life is little more than the story of a woman's vain efforts to recover her lost place in the world.

"The matron, on receiving me into the Refuge, frankly acknowledged that there were terrible obstacles in my way. But she saw that I was sincere, and she felt a good woman's sympathy and compassion for me. On my side, I did not shrink from beginning the slow and weary journey back again to a reputable life from the humblest starting point—from domestic service. After first earning my new character in the Refuge, I obtained a trial in a respectable house. I worked hard, and worked uncomplainingly; but my mother's fatal legacy was against me from the first. My personal appearance excited remark; my manners and habits were not the manners and habits of the women among whom my lot was cast. I tried one place after another—always with the same results. Suspicion and jealousy I could endure; but I was defenseless when curiosity assailed me in its turn. Sooner or later inquiry led to discovery. Sometimes the servants threatened to give warning in a body—and I was obliged to go. Sometimes, when there was a young man in the family, scandal pointed at me and at him—and again I was obliged to go. If you care to know it, Miss Roseberry can tell you the story of those sad days. I confided it to her on the memorable night when we met in the French cottage; I have no heart to repeat it now. After a while I wearied of the hopeless struggle. Despair laid its hold on me—I lost all hope in the mercy of God. More than once I walked to one or other of the bridges, and looked over the parapet at the river, and said to myself, 'Other women have done it; why shouldn't I?'

"You saved me at that time, Mr. Gray—as you have saved me since. I was one of your congregation when you preached in the chapel of the Refuge. You reconciled others beside me to our hard pilgrimage. In their name and in mine, sir, I thank you.

"I forget how long it was after the bright day when you comforted and sustained us that the war broke out between France and Germany. But I can never forget the evening when the matron sent for me into her own room and said: 'My dear, your life here is a wasted life. If you have courage enough left to try it, I can give you another chance.'

"I passed through a month of probation in a London hospital. A week after that I wore the red cross of the Geneva Convention—I was appointed nurse in a French ambulance. When you first saw me, Mr. Holmcroft, I still had my nurse's dress on, hidden from you and from everybody under a gray cloak.

"You know what the next event was; you know how I entered this house.

"I have not tried to make the worst of my trials and troubles in telling you what my life has been. I have honestly described it for what it was when I met with Miss Roseberry—a life without hope. May you never know the temptation that tried me when the shell struck its victim in the French cottage! There she lay—dead! *Her* name was untainted. *Her* future promised me the reward which had been denied to the honest efforts of a penitent woman. My lost place in the world was offered back to me on the one condition that I stooped to win it by a fraud. I had no prospect to look forward to; I had no friend near to advise me and to save me; the fairest years of my womanhood had been wasted in the vain struggle to recover my good name. Such was my position when the possibility of personating Miss Roseberry first forced itself on my mind. Impulsively, recklessly—wickedly, if you like—I seized the opportunity, and let you pass me through the German lines under Miss Roseberry's name. Arrived in England, having had time to reflect, I made my first and last effort to draw back before it was too late. I went to the Refuge, and stopped on the other side of the street, looking at it. The old hopeless life of irretrievable disgrace confronted me as I fixed my eyes on the familiar door; the horror of returning to that life was more than I could force myself to endure. An empty cab passed me at the moment. The driver held up his hand. In sheer despair I stopped him, and when he said 'Where to?' in sheer despair again I answered, 'Mablethorpe House.'

"Of what I have suffered in secret since my own successful deception established me under Lady Janet's care I shall say nothing. Many things which must have surprised you in my conduct are made plain to you by this time. You must have noticed long since that I was not a happy woman. Now you know why.

"My confession is made; my conscience has spoken at last. You are released from your promise to me—you are free. Thank Mr. Julian Gray if I stand here self accused of the offense that I have committed, before the man whom I have wronged."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SENTENCE IS PRONOUNCED ON HER.

It was done. The last tones of her voice died away in silence. Her eyes still rested on Horace. After hearing what he had heard, could he resist that gentle pleading look? Would he forgive her? A while since Julian had seen tears on his cheeks, and had believed that he felt for her. Why was he now silent? Was it possible that he only felt for himself? For the last time—at the crisis of her life—Julian spoke for her. He had never loved her as he loved her at that moment; it tried even his generous nature to plead her cause with Horace against himself. But he had promised her, without reserve, all the help that her truest friend could offer. Faithfully and manfully he redeemed his promise.

"Horace?" he said.

Horace slowly looked up. Julian rose and approached him.

"She has told you to thank *me*, if her conscience has spoken. Thank the noble nature which answered when I called upon it! Own the priceless value of a woman who can speak the truth. Her heartfelt repentance is a joy in heaven. Shall it not plead for her on earth? Honor her, if you are a Christian! Feel for her, if you are a man!"

He waited. Horace never answered him.

Mercy's eyes turned tearfully on Julian. *His* heart was the heart that felt for her! *His* words were the words which comforted and pardoned her! When he looked back again at Horace it was with an effort. His last hold on her was lost. In her inmost mind a thought rose unbidden—a thought which was not to be repressed. "Can I ever have loved this man?"

She advanced a step toward him; it was not possible, even yet, to completely forget the past. She held our her hand. He rose, on his side—without looking at her.

"Before we part forever," she said to him, "will you take my hand as a token that you forgive me?"

He hesitated. He half lifted his hand. The next moment the generous impulse died away in him. In its place came the mean fear of what might happen if he trusted himself to the dangerous fascination of her touch. His hand dropped again at his side; he turned away quickly.

"I can't forgive her!" he said.

With that horrible confession—without even a last look at her—he left the room. At the moment when he opened the door Julian's contempt for him burst its way through all restraints.

"Horace," he said, "I pity you!"

As the words escaped him he looked back at Mercy. She had turned aside from both of them—she had retired to a distant part of the library. The first bitter foretaste of what was in store for her when she faced the world again had come to her from Horace! The energy which had sustained her thus far quailed before the dreadful prospect—doubly dreadful to a woman—of obloquy and contempt. She sank on her knees before a little couch in the darkest corner of the room. "O Christ, have mercy on me!" That was her prayer—no more. Julian followed her. He waited a little. Then his kind hand touched her; his friendly voice fell consolingly on her ear.

"Rise, poor wounded heart! Beautiful, purified soul, God's angels rejoice over you! Take your place among the noblest of God's creatures!"

He raised her as he spoke. All her heart went out to him. She caught his hand—she pressed it to her bosom; she pressed it to her lips—then dropped it suddenly, and stood before him trembling like a frightened child.

"Forgive me!" was all she could say; "I was so lost and lonely—and you are so good to me."

She tried to leave him. It was useless—her strength was gone; she caught at the head of the couch to support herself. He looked at her. The confession of his love was just rising to his lips—he looked again, and checked it. No, not at that moment; not when she was helpless and ashamed; not when her weakness might make her yield, only to regret it a later time. The great heart which had spared her and felt for her from the first spared her and felt for her now. He, too, left her—but not without a word at parting.

"Don't think of your future life just yet," he said, gently. "I have something to propose when rest and quiet have restored you." He opened the nearest door—the door of the dining-room—and went out.

The servants engaged in completing the decoration of the dinner-table noticed, when "Mr. Julian" entered the room, that his eyes were brighter than ever. He looked (they remarked) like a man who "expected good news." They were inclined to suspect—though he was certainly rather young for it—that her ladyship's nephew was in a fair way of preferment in the church.

Mercy seated herself on the couch.

There are limits, in the physical organization of man, to the action of pain. When suffering has reached a given point in intensity the nervous sensibility becomes incapable of feeling more. The rule of Nature, in this respect, applies not only to sufferers in the body, but to suffers in the mind as well. Grief, rage, terror, have also their appointed limits. The moral sensibility, like the nervous sensibility, reaches its period of absolute exhaustion, and feels no more. The capacity for suffering in Mercy had attained its term. Alone in the library, she could feel the physical relief of repose; she could vaguely recall Julian's parting words to her, and sadly wonder what they meant—and she could do no more.

An interval passed; a brief interval of perfect rest.

She recovered herself sufficiently to be able to look at her watch and to estimate the lapse of time that might yet pass before Julian returned to her as he had promised. While her mind was still languidly following this train of thought she was disturbed by the ringing of a bell in the hall, used to summon the servants whose duties were connected with that part of the house. In leaving the library Horace had gone out by the door which led into the hall, and had failed to close it. She plainly heard the bell—and a moment later (more plainly still) she heard Lady Janet's voice!

She started to her feet. Lady Janet's letter was still in the pocket of her apron—the letter which imperatively commanded her to abstain from making the very confession that had just passed her lips! It was near the dinner hour, and the library was the favorite place in which the mistress of the house and her guests assembled at that time. It was no matter of doubt; it was an absolute certainty that Lady Janet had only stopped in the hall on her way into the room.

The alternative of Mercy lay between instantly leaving the library by the dining room door—or remaining where she was, at the risk of sooner or later compelled to own that she had deliberately disobeyed her benefactress. Exhausted by what she had already suffered, she stood trembling and irresolute, incapable of deciding which alternative she should choose. Lady Janet's voice, clear and resolute, penetrated into the room. She was reprimanding the servant who had answered the bell.

"Is it your duty in my house to look after the lamps?"

"Yes, my lady."

"And is it my duty to pay you your wages?"

"If you please, my lady."

"Why do I find the light in the hall dim, and the wick of that lamp smoking? I have not failed in my duty to You. Don't let me find you failing again in your duty to Me."

(Never had Lady Janet's voice sounded so sternly in Mercy's ear as it sounded now. If she spoke with that tone of severity to a servant who had neglected a lamp, what had her adopted daughter to expect when she discovered that her entreaties and her commands had been alike set at defiance?)

Having administered her reprimand, Lady Janet had not done with the servant yet. She had a question to put to him next.

"Where is Miss Roseberry?"

"In the library, my lady."

Mercy returned to the couch. She could stand no longer; she had not even resolution enough left to lift her eyes to the door.

Lady Janet came in more rapidly than usual. She advanced to the couch, and tapped Mercy playfully on the cheek with two of her fingers.

"You lazy child! Not dressed for dinner! Oh, fie, fie!"

Her tone was as playfully affectionate as the action which had accompanied her words. In speechless astonishment Mercy looked up at her. Always remarkable for the taste and splendor of her dress, Lady Janet had on this occasion surpassed herself. There she stood revealed in her grandest velvet, her richest jewelry, her finest lace—with no one to entertain at the dinner table but the ordinary members of the circle at Mablethorpe House. Noticing this as strange to begin with, Mercy further observed, for the first time in her experience, that Lady Janet's eyes avoided meeting hers. The old lady took her place companionably on the couch; she ridiculed her "lazy child's" plain dress, without an ornament of any sort on it, with her best grace; she affectionately put her arm round Mercy's waist, and rearranged with her own hand the disordered locks of Mercy's hair—but the instant Mercy herself looked at her, Lady Janet's eyes discovered something supremely interesting in the familiar objects that surrounded her on the library walls.

How were these changes to be interpreted? To what possible conclusion did they point? Julian's profounder knowledge of human nature, if Julian had been present, might have found a clew to the mystery. *He* might have surmised (incredible as it was) that Mercy's timidity before Lady Janet was fully reciprocated by Lady Janet's timidity before Mercy. It was even so. The woman whose immovable composure had conquered Grace Roseberry's utmost insolence in the hour of her triumph—the woman who, without once flinching, had faced every other consequence of her resolution to ignore Mercy's true position in the house—quailed for the first time when she found herself face to face with the very person for whom she had suffered and sacrificed so much. She had shrunk from the meeting with her. The splendor of her dress meant simply that, when other excuses for delaying the meeting down stairs had all been exhausted, the excuse of a long and elaborate toilet had been tried next. Even the moments occupied in reprimanding the servant had been moments seized on as a pretext for another delay. The hasty entrance into the room, the nervous assumption of playfulness in language and manner, the evasive and wandering eyes, were all referable to the same cause. In the presence of others, Lady Janet had successfully silenced the protest of her own inbred delicacy and inbred sense of honor. In the presence of Mercy, whom she loved with a mother's love—in the presence of Mercy, for whom she had stooped to deliberate concealment of the truth—all that was high and noble in the woman's nature rose in her and rebuked her. What will the daughter of my adoption, the child of my first and last experience of maternal love think of me, now that I have made myself an accomplice in the fraud of which she is ashamed? How can I look her in the face, when I have not hesitated, out of selfish consideration for my own tranquility, to forbid that frank avowal of the truth which her finer sense of duty had spontaneously bound her to make! Those were the torturing questions in Lady Janet's mind, while her arm was wound affectionately round Mercy's waist, while her fingers were busying themselves familiarly with the arrangement of Mercy's hair. Thence, and thence only, sprang the impulse which set her talking, with an uneasy affectation of frivolity, of any topic within the range of conversation, so long as it related to the future, and completely ignored the present and the past.

"The winter here is unendurable," Lady Janet began. "I have been thinking, Grace, about what we had better do next."

Mercy started. Lady Janet had called her "Grace." Lady Janet was still deliberately assuming to be innocent of the faintest suspicion of the truth.

"No," resumed her ladyship, affecting to misunderstand Mercy's movement, "you are not to go up now and dress. There is no time, and I am quite ready to excuse you. You are a foil to me, my dear. You have reached the perfection of shabbiness. Ah! I remember when I had my whims and fancies too, and when I looked well in anything I wore, just as you do. No more of that. As I was saying, I have been thinking and planning what we are to do. We really can't stay here. Cold one day, and hot the next—what a climate! As for society, what do we lose if we go away? There is no such thing as society now. Assemblies of well dressed mobs meet at each other's houses, tear each other's clothes, tread on each other's toes. If you are particularly lucky you sit on the staircase, you get a tepid ice, and you hear vapid talk in slang phrases all round you. There is modern society. If we had a good opera, it would be something to stay in London for. Look at the program for the season on that table—promising as much as possible on paper, and performing as little as possible on the stage. The same works, sung by the same singers year after year, to the same stupid people—in short, the dullest musical evenings in Europe. No! the more I think of it, the more plainly I perceive that there is but one sensible choice before us: we must go abroad. Set that pretty head to work; choose north or south, east or west; it's all the same to me. Where shall we go?"

Mercy looked at her quickly as she put the question. Lady Janet more quickly yet, looked away at the program of the opera-house. Still the same melancholy false pretenses! still the same useless and cruel delay! Incapable of enduring the position now forced upon her, Mercy put her hand into the pocket of her apron, and drew from it Lady Janet's letter.

"Will your ladyship forgive me," she began, in faint, faltering tones, "if I venture on a painful subject? I hardly dare acknowledge—" In spite of her resolution to speak out plainly, the memory of past love and past kindness prevailed with her; the next words died away on her lips. She could only hold up the letter.

Lady Janet declined to see the letter. Lady Janet suddenly absorbed in the arrangement of her bracelets.

"I know what you daren't acknowledge, you foolish child!" she exclaimed. "You daren't acknowledge that you are tired of this dull house. My dear! I am entirely of your own—I am weary of my own magnificence; I long to be living in one snug little room, with one servant to wait on me. I'll tell you what we will do. We will go to Paris in the first place. My excellent Migliore, prince of couriers, shall be the only person in attendance. He shall take a lodging for us in one of the unfashionable quarters of Paris. We will rough it, Grace (to use the slang phrase), merely for a change. We will lead what they call a 'Bohemian life.' I know plenty of writers and painters and actors in Paris—the liveliest society in the world, my dear, until one gets tired of them. We will dine at the restaurant, and go to the play, and drive about in shabby little hired carriages. And when it begins to get monotonous (which it is only too sure to do!) we will spread our wings and fly to Italy, and cheat the Winter in that way. There is a plan for you! Migliore is in town. I will send to him this evening, and we will start to-morrow." Mercy made another effort.

"I entreat your ladyship to pardon," she resumed. "I have something serious to say. I am afraid—"

"I understand! You are afraid of crossing the Channel, and you don't like to acknowledge it. Pooh! The passage barely lasts two hours; we will shut ourselves up in a private cabin. I will send at once—the courier may be engaged. Ring the bell."

"Lady Janet, I must submit to my hard lot. I cannot hope to associate myself again with any future plans of yours."

"What! you are afraid of our 'Bohemian life' in Paris? Observe this, Grace! If there is one thing I hate more than another, it is 'an old head on young shoulders.' I say no more. Ring the bell."

"This can not go on Lady Janet! No words can say how unworthy I feel of your kindness, how ashamed I am—"

"Upon my honor, my dear, I agree with you. You *ought* to be ashamed, at your age, of making me get up to ring the bell."

Her obstinacy was immovable; she attempted to rise from the couch. But one choice was left to Mercy. She anticipated Lady Janet, and rang the bell. The man servant came in. He had his little letter-tray in his hand with a card in it and a sheet of paper beside the card, which looked like an open letter.

"You know where my courier lives when he is in London?" asked Lady Janet.

"Yes, my lady."

"Send one of the grooms to him on horseback; I am in a hurry. The courier is to come here without fail to-morrow morning—in time for the tidal train to Paris, you understand?"

"What have you got there? Any thing for me?"

"For Miss Roseberry, my lady."

As he answered, the man handed the card and the open letter to Mercy.

"The lady is waiting in the morning-room, miss. She wished me to say she has time to spare, and she will wait for you if you are not ready yet."

Having delivered his message in those terms, he withdrew. Mercy read the name on the card. The matron had arrived! She looked at the letter next. It appeared to be a printed circular, with some lines in pencil added on the empty page. Printed lines and written lines swam before her eyes. She felt, rather than saw, Lady Janet's attention steadily and suspiciously fixed on her. With the matron's arrival the foredoomed end of the flimsy false pretenses and the cruel delays had come.

"A friend of yours, my dear?"

"Yes, Lady Janet."

"Am I acquainted with her?"

"I think not, Lady Janet."

"You appear to be agitated. Does your visitor bring bad news? Is there any thing that I can do for you?"

"You can add—immeasurably add, madam—to all your past kindness, if you will only bear with me and forgive me."

"Bear with you and forgive you? I don't understand."

"I will try to explain. Whatever else you may think of me, Lady Janet, for God's sake don't think me ungrateful!"

Lady Janet held up her hand for silence.

"I dislike explanations," she said, sharply. "Nobody ought to know that better than you. Perhaps the lady's letter will explain for you. Why have you not looked at it yet?"

"I am in great trouble, madam, as you noticed just now—

"Have you any objections to my knowing who your visitor is?"

"No, Lady Janet."

"Let me look at her card, then."

Mercy gave the matron's card to Lady Janet, as she had given the matron's telegram to Horace.

Lady Janet read the name on the card—considered—decided that it was a name quite unknown to her—looked next at the address: "Western District Refuge, Milburn Road."

"A lady connected with a Refuge?" she said, speaking to herself; "and calling here by appointment—if I remember the servant's message? A strange time to choose, if she has come for a subscription!"

She paused. Her brow contracted; her face hardened. A word from her would now have brought the interview to its inevitable end, and she refused to speak the word. To the last moment she persisted in ignoring the truth! Placing the card on the couch at her side she pointed with her long yellow-white forefinger to the printed letter lying side by side with her own letter on Mercy's lap.

"Do you mean to read it, or not?" she asked.

Mercy lifted her eyes, fast filling with tears, to Lady Janet's face.

"May I beg that your ladyship will read it for me?" she said—and placed the matron's letter in Lady Janet's hand.

It was a printed circular announcing a new development in the charitable work of the Refuge. Subscribers were informed that it had been decided to extend the shelter and the training of the institution (thus far devoted to fallen women alone) so as to include destitute and helpless children found wandering in the streets. The question of the number of children to be thus rescued and protected was left dependent, as a matter of course, on the bounty of the friends of the Refuge, the cost of the maintainence of each one child being stated at the lowest possible rate. A list of influential persons who had increased their subscriptions so as to cover the cost, and a brief statement of the progress already made with the new work, completed the appeal, and brought the circular to its end. The lines traced in pencil (in the matron's handwriting) followed on the blank page.

"Your letter tells me, my dear, that you would like—remembering your own childhood—to be employed when you return among us in saving other poor children left helpless on the world. Our circular will inform you that I am able to meet your wishes. My first errand this evening in your neighborhood was to take charge of a poor child—a little girl—who stands sadly in need of our care. I have ventured to bring her with me, thinking she might help to reconcile you to the coming change in your life. You will find us both waiting to go back with you to the old home. I write this instead of saying it, hearing from the servant that you are not alone, and being unwilling to intrude myself, as a stranger, on the lady of the house."

Lady Janet read the penciled lines, as she had read the printed sentences, aloud. Without a word of comment she laid the letter where she had laid the card; and rising from her seat, stood for a moment in stern silence, looking at Mercy. The sudden change in her which the letter had produced—quietly as it had taken place—was terrible to see. On the frowning brow, in the flashing eyes, on the hardened lips, outraged love and outraged pride looked down on the lost woman, and said, as if in words, You have roused us at last.

"If that letter means anything," she said, "it means you are about to leave my house. There can be but one reason for your taking such a step as that."

"It is the only atonement I can make, madam—"

"I see another letter on your lap. Is it *my* letter?"

"Yes."

"Have you read it?"

"I have read it."

"Have you seen Horace Holmcroft?"

"Yes."

"Have you told Horace Holmcroft—"

"Oh, Lady Janet—"

"Don't interrupt me. Have you told Horace Holmcroft what my letter positively forbade you to communicate, either to him or to any living creature? I want no protestations and excuses. Answer me instantly, and answer in one word—Yes, or No."

Not even that haughty language, not even those pitiless tones, could extinguish in Mercy's heart the sacred memories of past kindness and past love. She fell on her knees—her outstretched hands touched Lady Janet's dress. Lady Janet quickly drew her dress away, and sternly repeated her last words.

"Yes? or No?"

"Yes."

She had owned it at last! To this end Lady Janet had submitted to Grace Roseberry; had offended Horace Holmcroft; had stooped for the first time in her life to concealments and compromises that degraded her. After all that she had sacrificed and suffered, there Mercy knelt at her feet, self-convicted of violating her commands, trampling on her feelings, deserting her house! And who was the woman who had done this? The same woman who had perpetrated the fraud, and who had persisted in the fraud until her benefactress had descended to become her accomplice. Then and then only, she had suddenly discovered that it was her sacred duty tell the truth. In proud silence the great lady met the blow that had fallen on her. In proud silence she turned her back on her adopted daughter and walked to the door. Mercy made her last appeal to the kind friend whom she had offended—to the second mother whom she had loved.

"Lady Janet! Lady Janet! Don't leave me without a word. Oh, madam, try to feel for me a little! I am returning to a life of humiliation—the shadow of my old disgrace is falling on me once more. We shall never meet again. Even though I have not deserved it let my repentance plead with you! Say you forgive me!"

Lady Janet turned round on the threshold of the door.

"I never forgive ingratitude," she said. "Go back to the Refuge."

The door opened and closed on her. Mercy was alone again in the room. Unforgiven by Horace, unforgiven by Lady Janet! She put her hands to her burning head, and tried to think. Oh, for the cool air of night! Oh, for the friendly shelter of the Refuge! She could feel those sad longings in her: it was impossible to think. She rang the bell—and shrank back the instant she had done it. Had *she* any right to take that liberty? She ought to have thought of it before she rang. Habit—all habit. How many hundreds of times she had rung the bell at Mablethorpe House! The servant came in. She amazed the man—she spoke to him so timidly; she even apologized for troubling him!

"I am sorry to disturb you. Will you be so kind as to say to the lady that I am ready for her?"

"Wait to give that message," said a voice behind them, "until you hear the bell rung again."

Mercy looked round in amazement. Julian had returned to the library by the dining room door.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A RIDE FOR LIFE.

Fire Traveling Faster than Horses—Three Persons Nearly Lose Their Lives.

The Pottsville (Pa.) *Miner* says: Between eight and nine o'clock one evening last week Robert C. Uffner, his wife and a daughter 12 years of age, left Trackville for Shenandoah in an ordinary farm wagon drawn by two horses. After driving a short distance Mr. Uffner on looking ahead a half a mile or so saw that the woods were on fire on both sides of the road, but as the timber was small and the undergrowth light he thought he would be able to get through without much difficulty. When he entered the burning district the wind seemed to increase and the fire moved with such amazing rapidity he could hardly keep pace with it. After driving through the fire three or four hundred yards the smoke became so intense the travelers were almost suffocated and a few seconds later were compelled to lie down on the bed of the wagon to prevent being smothered. The smoke so blinded Mr. Uffner that he could hardly see the road, and consequently he allowed the horses to go along pretty much as they pleased. A half mile was traversed in this way, when the smoke suddenly cleared away, and the flames on either side of the road increased in strength so rapidly that they almost roasted the now thoroughly frightened travellers. Seeing that if they did not escape very soon the entire party would be burned to death, Mr. Uffner tried to urge the horses to a gallop, but the poor animals were so frightened that they hardly moved, and at last came to a standstill, and began backing off the road. Fearing that the wagon would be pushed into the fire, Mr. Uffner jumped out, and taking the horses by the bits, managed to quiet them until he found a good, stout stick. Then, ordering his wife to take the reins, he proceeded to belabor the horses until they struck a gallop and dashed along the road into the very heart of the fire. Uffner succeeded in clambering into the wagon as the horses ran, and taking the lines from his wife, urged them on at the top of his voice. The race was continued over the rough mountain road for several hundred yards, with the flames roaring on both sides and myriads of sparks falling in and about the wagon. Mrs. Uffner's dress caught fire, and her husband dropped the reins to assist her in extinguishing it, when she fainted in his arms. While he was endeavoring to bring his wife back to consciousness the horses were tearing along at breakneck speed, and the wagon swerved, jolted and swung around in anything but a comfortable manner. Mrs. Uffner became conscious in a few seconds, however, and just then her husband saw a cloud of dense black smoke enveloping the road and knew that they had reached the outskirts of the fire and were safe. The travelers were all slightly burned. Some idea of the terrible heat they had passed through may be had, when it is stated that the paint on the wagon was burned entirely off, and the horses' hair was scorched in hundreds of places by the clouds of sparks that fell on them.

The Statue Mania in France.

Rabelais is to be honored with a statue at Chinon and Beranger and Theophile Gautier are also put forward for this species of commemoration, though M. Sarcey demurs to their title to it. A fortnight ago a statue of Gen. Foy, the Liberal orator of Louis XVIII.'s reign, was unveiled at Ham, his birthplace. Carot's monument at Ville d'Avray, the place which afforded many subjects for his pictures, will be ready in the Autumn. Subscriptions to complete the work are still solicited. A London newspaper reports that the decorations of the Hotel de Ville in Paris are proceeding on a most magnificent scale, without any hesitation as regards expense. A credit of [illegible] francs was recently voted by the City of Paris for the year 1579, for the supply of 106 of the statues that are to adorn the principal facade. The total number of these works, including bas reliefs and figures in the round, amounts to 365 subjects, and it is reckoned that they will cost not less than 1,191,500 francs. They are to represent all the illustrious children (daughters as well as sons) of Paris, and are meant to offer "a chronological history" of the City personified in this manner.

A Yankee, who had just lost his wife, was found by a neighbor emptying a bowl of soup as large as a hand basin. "Why, my goodness, Elnathan!" said the gossip, "is that all you care for your wife?" "Wal," said the Yankee, "I've been cryin' all the mornin', and after I've finished my soup I'll cry another spell. That's fair—anyhow."

OSTRICHES AS CAVALRY.

The Very Novel Proposition of an English Breeder in New Mexico.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Sun.

My attention has been called to an article from a New York journal, copied in a Washington weekly, on the subject of ostrich farming, in which there is much valuable information. It contains also some misstatements of fact which, though doubtless unintentional, are very serious. The writer discusses the possibility of introducing that industry in certain parts of the United States and quotes scientific authority in favor of the proposition, but he adds that thus far nothing has been done in the direction of ostrich culture in this country. He will, no doubt, be glad that he is entirely in error in this assertion, and that the business of ostrich farming has already been successfully started on a large scale in at least one of the Western Territories.

Four years ago I had the pleasure of spending several days with Maj. J. Gordon Bryce on his ranch near Las Cucharas, N. M. Maj. Bryce is an ex-officer of the British army, of a well known family in Warwickshire. He was compelled some hears since to retire on account of ill health, and coming to this country became so pleased with the climate of Colorado and New Mexico that he purchased some 6,000 acres of land near Cucharas, on which, when I saw him there, he had placed a large flock of sheep. While enjoying his hospitality I learned from him that he had served for some time in the Fifth Fusileers, at the Cape of Good Hope, and as ostrich culture was then being much talked of it naturally came up for discussion. I had read a great deal on the subject and was much interested in it, and was therefore agreeably surprised to find that not only was the Major intimately acquainted with it in all its details; but that he had actually taken steps to initiate the industry upon his own ranch. The climate of New Mexico differed very little, he said, from that of the table lands of Africa south of the tropics, and after careful study he had determined to attempt the regular introduction of ostrich farming. He had therefore ordered from Cape Town 10 pairs of birds, whose arrival he was shortly expecting. He had himself devised an incubator which he was certain would enable him to save at least nine-tenths of the eggs. The soil produced everything necessary for the sustenance of the birds, and he was confident, if no accident happened, that his venture would be crowned with success.

Some months later I received a letter from Major Bryce, in which he said: "You will perhaps be interested in learning that my ostriches arrived safely, with the exception of two females that died on the passage. They were in charge of Kalayo, a native servant whom I left at the Cape, and who will remain with me, unless I should unfortunately have to send him back for a fresh supply. At present the birds appear to thrive, and I have already hatched some two dozen eggs with perfect success. Kalayo agrees with me that there is no reason to expect that they will not do as well here as on their native heath. I have built a wire inclosure for them in the valley, about a mile south of my main buildings. I must beg you for the present not to mention these facts. My agents have all along been instructed to keep the object, if not the fact of the importation, as secret as possible, both for the reason that I did not wish to herald the experiment until it should be proved a success, and also because of a scheme which I have in view, and of which I may hereafter apprise you in person as its fulfillment will make it necessary for me to visit Washington."

In January last I again had the pleasure of meeting Maj. Bryce, this time in the Arlington Hotel in this City. He informed me that his expectations with regard to the incubator had been fully realized—that thus far he had saved [illegible] per cent. of the eggs, and that the birds, of which he now had 117, were all in good condition, and as contented as they could be on the table lands of Africa, or the pampas of Patagonia. He had shipped to his agent in Chicago some 50 pounds of feathers, which had sold as imported feathers at good prices and paid him a fair interest on his entire investment. I inquired why he had hitherto kept the matter such a profound secret, and he then unfolded the scheme to which he alluded in his letter above quoted. It will be remembered that a board of distinguished army officers, among whom were Gen. Miles and other well-known Indian fighters, was then in session here to determine several points of the army equipment. Gen. Ed. Hatch, Colonel of the 9th Cavalry, (colored), stationed in New Mexico and Texas, a personal friend of Major Bryce, was also there at the same time, though not a member of the Board. The scheme was laid before the Secretary of War, and these officers were called in informal consultation to give their opinions. What these were, is of course, not known, but it is presumed that some of them at least, were favorable, since Mr. McCrary, who was much struck with the originality of the plan, has decided to give it a trial, and as it will probably be put in practical operation before the Summer closes Maj. Bryce, who is again in Washington has consented to have it made public.

It is known that the principal difficulty in our Indian warfare lies not in the superiority of the Indians to our soldiers, either as marksmen or tacticians, but in the fact that they are always in light marching order, and require no transportation. The campaigns of Gen. Howard and others fully illustrate this fact. A body of Indians riding their ponies, which, though inferior in strength and endurance to American horses, have the very great advantage of being able to subsist on the grass of the prairies, and leading each an extra horse for relief, can travel much further and faster, whether for attack or escape than can our troops, incumbered as they must be on long marches by heavy wagon trains for the transportation of forage. Briefly, the plan of Maj. Bryce proposes the substitution of ostriches for horses in the cavalry service on the plains, and lest the scheme should appear startling, if not absurd, to your readers, I hasten to give the apparently sound and cogent reasons by which he supports the project, and which have induced the War Department to give it a serious trial. I must confess that when it was first broached to me I was tempted myself to doubt my friend's sanity, but after a short conversation with him I became, if not entirely convinced, at least very unwillingly to pronounce the scheme impracticable. The Major called to my recollection what you, Mr. Editor, in common with most traveled Americans, have doubtless seen—the celebrated trained ostriches of the Jardin d'Acclimation, in Paris. At times these ostriches are driven by their keyser to a good-sized *caleche*, and frequently he mounts upon their backs and rides around at a 2:40 gait, to the great delight of the children. Major Bryce told me that he had learned from this keeper the method of training, which was very simple (consisting mainly of blindfolding,) and that he and Kalayo had attempted it on his birds with complete success. He had devised a comfortable saddle and bridle differing very little from that used for horses. In less than six months he had all the grown birds under subjection, and as fast as they grow strong enough to mount he is having them trained to the saddle. He has not yet tried any of them in harness, but has no doubt of his ability to make draft birds of them as well. At present he has some fifty birds well trained (about enough to mount an average cavalry company), and they are much preferred to horses by Kalayo and his Mexican herders for the ordinary work about the ranch. They are strong, docile, fleet as a horse, much longer winded, and require little or no grooming. While the stories of travelers to the effect that the young ostrich eagerly devours shingle nails and old boots, and that in its maturer years it is satisfied with, if it does not actually prefer, a diet of cobble stones and railroad spikes, must be set down to the account of a lively imagination, it is nevertheless certain that the ostrich is a miscellaneous feeder, and that it can go long distances without either food or water. Bred to the plains, like the Indian pony, it will find no difficulty in subsisting on the country. By the substitution of ostriches for horses, and adopting, perhaps, the Indian fashion of leading an extra bird for relief, Maj. Bryce thinks that our cavalry could dispense entirely with forage trains, and could march as far and as fast as the Indians, crossing the *Jornada de la muerte*, or the "bad lands" of Dakota, with no more supplies of food and drink than each man's haversack and canteen would carry.

It is understood that Sec. McCrary will commence the experiment by mounting a company of the Ninth Cavalry at Maj. Bryce's ranch. In the first place, this regiment is stationed conveniently for the purpose, and in the second place, the regiment being composed of negros, it is supposed that the hereditary affinity, if I may use the expression, which has been observed by Cuvier and other naturalists to exist between the descendants of men and animals natives of the same country, may have some influence upon the success of the scheme. Maj. Bryce will furnish the ostriches at $150 each, not to be paid until the mount has proved satisfactory for at least a year. As the ostrich remains vigorous up to its 25th year, he estimates that they will stand, at a low average, 10 years of active service.

I need not enlarge upon the moral effect which the appearance of a regiment of ostrich cavalry would produce upon the hostile savages of the plains, or even upon the more civilized Mexicans. Maj. Bryce, with the bluntness of an old soldier, says: "Damme, sir, it would be prodigious," and I have no doubt that it would. At all events, the success of ostrich farming as an industry in this country is assured, and the progress of this novel military experiment will be watched with interest by the skeptical (among whom must be classed the majority of cavalry officers who have been informed of the project,) as well as by the believers who have come within the reach of the persuasive eloquence of the enthusiastic Major.

Yours very respectfully,
PH. E. STRAUSS.
406 F street, Washington, D. C.

SINGULAR, IF TRUE.

The Story of the Medium Slade.

Pittsburgh Telegraph.

About three years ago one of the most famous leaders in the spiritualistic ranks was Slade, the medium and lecturer. He was very daring in his exploits, and became notorious throughout the country for his audacity and the number of persons whom he drew under his influence.

He made a considerable amount of money here, and in the latter part of 1876 he went to England, where he continued his career as a medium, and for some time he was a rival of Home, the lucky medium who married a rich widow, whom he had taught to believe in "spirits." Finally Slade was arrested, and was tried in London, on January 29, 1877, for fraudulently obtaining money by means of the unlawful power he obtained from his occupation as a medium. It was charged that as Spiritualism was not a belief sanctioned by the law, it was a delusion and a fraud, and that its use to extort money from the credulous was against public policy. The trial brought up the question as to whether Spiritualism was a fraud or not, and the case became the talk of the day, and Slade was given a world wide reputation thereby. Slade was found guilty of fraudulent practices, and was sentenced to three month's imprisonment at hard labor, but his sentence was afterward quashed on some technical ground.

Slade went to Australia and then came to San Francisco. A few days after the steamer arrived a conversation was overheard between the ship's doctor and an intimate friend of his, in which the startling statement was made by the medical man *that Slade, the medium, was a woman, and was as perfectly developed as any of her sex.*

The physician gave the following account of the manner in which he made the strange discovery. The gentleman who occupied the stateroom with Slade on board the steamer, is a man who is well known here in Pittsburg, where he has many friends. He was not an admirer of Slade or his doctrines, and did not have much conversation with him—or rather her. One day when in mid-ocean Slade was stricken down with something like paralysis while in his stateroom. The other occupant of the room came in, and finding Slade ill and probably unconscious, he began to remove Slade's clothing and rub his (her) sides and chest to bring back the circulation of the blood. It was then that the discovery of Slade's sex was made. When Slade recovered sufficiently to talk she begged that the gentleman would not expose her. He said that he would not do so publicly if she acknowledged the truth to the physician of the steamer. Slade at last consented and told the doctor all about it. He made an examination which proved beyond doubt that she was a perfectly developed woman. One of the queerest parts of the story is that Slade wears a heavy moustache. She said that she had always wanted to be taken for a man, and had shaved her face daily when very young, and had kept the practice up until she had a long, heavy moustache, of which she was very proud and which she took great care of, and could have had beard and whiskers if she dressed them.

Killing Flies with Powder Trains.

Pittsburg Telegraph.

A restaurant keeper in the Allegheny Diamond during the past week, like many others, has been infested with flies. Patent gum paper, poison, everything known to fly-exterminating science has been tried, but still they come. Sunday last was a good day to experiment. The room, with closed doors and windows, was a perfect buzz of flies. A train of very fine gun-powder was laid in narrow strips over the floor, and the spaces between the strips were carefully painted with molasses. In an incredibly short time all the flies in the room seemed to be on the floor, enjoying the luxurious repast so temptingly set before them. It was but the work of an instant, a flash, a cloud of smoke, the work was done, and the result, when carefully weighed, was two pounds three ounces of fly carcass. The proprietor of the restaurant is happy, and is about to apply for a patent on the new process.

Fishing Chances.

Detroit Free Press.

The following carefully prepared table shows the chances professionals have of catching fish when they go:

Doctors...
Lawyers...
Editors...
Artists...
Architects...
Bookkeepers...
Merchants...
Professors...
Unknown small boy, with old hat and broken suspender...

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubrs.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, AUG. 28, 1879.

OUR CLUB LIST.

We have made arrangements with the publishers enabling us to send the BLADE and either of the following publications for the prices annexed (postage pre-paid):

WEEKLIES.	Single Copy.	With Blade.
Christian at Work	$3 00	$4 25
Chimney Corner	4 00	5 00
Harper's Bazar	4 00	5 00
Harper's Weekly	4 00	5 00
New York Ledger	3 00	4 10
Prairie Farmer	2 00	3 00
Rural New Yorker	2 50	3 75
Scientific American	3 00	4 00
Waverly Magazine	4 00	5 00
Western Rural	2 00	3 25
Chicago Advance	3 00	4 50
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Phrenological Journal	2 00	3 25
The Nursery, (Juvenile)	1 50	2 85
Young Folks' Monthly	1 10	2 30
The Sunday School Teacher	1 50	3 00
Picture Gallery, (Juvenile)	50	2 10
The Morning, (Temperance)	75	2 35
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Peterson's Magazine	2 00	3 25
Scribner's Magazine	4 00	5 00
Sunday Afternoon	3 00	4 00

Our agents everywhere are authorized to receive subscriptions at the above rates. In making this proposition we only stipulate that we must receive at the SAME TIME one subscriber of THE BLADE for each copy of any other publication ordered from the list. They need not both be sent to the same person, or even to the same Postoffice, and in renewing their subscriptions, old as well as new subscribers may avail themselves of the offer. The magazines and papers are all sent direct from the offices of publication to subscribers, so that there will be no delay in their receipt. No subscriptions received at the above rates for less than one year.

Please remember that we CANNOT ALLOW COMMISSIONS on subscriptions for the above named papers and magazines, except for THE BLADE, as stated.

As is the invariable custom in all newspaper offices, a subscription year is reckoned as FIFTY-TWO WEEKS.

THE lady who died was NELLY GRANT SARTORIS's mother in-law—Mrs. EDWARD SARTORIS, nee ADELAIDE KEMBLE.

ALL that can be said in excuse of Sen. CONKLING is that too much association with the Democracy has paved the way to this.

THE value of the Illinois crop of Winter wheat is fixed at 37 million dollars. Not a cent of this was made by running the National party.

OIL CITY *Derrick*:

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle;
Be a martyr—take a wife.

CONTEMPLATE the spectacle of 500 Democrats in the North, armed to the teeth, and calling on a candidate to persuade him not to run in opposition to the regular ticket.

WOULD it not be well, in the future when Democrats who can not read, are put to work sending out campaign documents, to distinguish the right kind by some peculiarity of colors.

THE conversion of the royal palace into an inebriate asylum, with the King put under the restraint of competent and experienced keepers, is the only thing that will restore peace to Burmah.

"CAPT." HENRY M. DIXON having been killed for the crime of running against the regular Democratic nominee, other Independent candidates will take due notice, and "hump themselves" off the track."

THE English, at the last battle with the Zulus, took no wounded prisoners; and it now transpires, that all the wounded Zulu's were turned over by the English to the native contingent, who were allowed to murder them.

THERE is nothing now that can defeat the Republicans of Ohio except over confidence of success. We are going to win, but every Republican must understand he is called upon to make unremitting efforts to secure that end. Nothing less will do.

KANSAS is a State of soldiers, and a State where soldiership is honored more than anywhere else. They know more of EWING's war record there than anybody else, and when he was a candidate for Senator he was so ignominiously defeated that it soured him, and he became a Democrat.

NEW YORK *Telegram*: At School—First class in geography.

"Where's Fall River?"
"In Massachusetts."
"What's its chief industry?"
"Mule spinning."
"Where are its principal citizens?"
"In jail."

THE Hon. Rev. Dr. DE LA MATYR said, in opening his speech at Portland, Me., that "education injured the negros of the South more than it benefited them." At least it has not hurt any of them so badly as to make Greenback orators of them.

IF the negros now guarding the property of Memphis, will obtain sufficient confidence in themselves and their arms to kill a few of the Democratic roughs who will attempt to interfere with their voting next Fall, the hands on the dial of progress will move forward considerably.

THE census of 1880 will show the South how stupid its policp of hatred against Northern immigration has been. A great part of the 3,000,000 who have gone to Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas and Nebraska, would now be settled in Missouri, Tennessee, Mississippi and Arkansas, if they had not been discouraged from going there.

THE National Bank circulation was expanded over $2,000,000 during the 1st week of August. This is another sure sign that the Country is going to the devil. If it had been contracted that much, it would have an equally infallible sign that that gentleman had not only obtained possession, of but that he was about to wipe this United States off the ... of the earth.

... NELLY GRANT SARTORIS's children ... not thoroughly cosmopolitan it will ... be for lack of cross strains of races in ... r blood. In the first place Mrs. NELLY ... elf is the offspring of a Scotch de... ded father, and an English-descended ... her. Her husband's father was a ... k, and his mother the daughter of ... glish father and a French-Austrian

McCLELLAN AND EWING IN 1864 AND 1879.

The Democratic leaders of Ohio seem to be as tickled with their trick in nominating a Union soldier to head their ticket, as if it were something new with them; whereas, it is but a repetition, on a smaller scale, of the same trick of the party in 1864. The fact is, that EWING, now, is simply called to play the by-no-means creditable part assigned to McCLELLAN, to-wit: To act as decoy for the Confederates. As in '64, the Convention which declared the war for the Union a "failure," and demanded the unconditional withdrawal of the army from the field, sought to humbug loyal voters into the support of their treachery by nominating a soldier; so now, by a like device, it is proposed so to disguise the aims of the Confederate Brigadiers commanding the Solid South and the Democratic party, as to cheat the North into their support. The result of the former scheme is well understood, and such a step at this time can be accounted for only on the ground of the extreme desperation of the case.

Second only to their anxiety in 1864, is now the solicitude of the Confederates about the result of the repeated trick in Ohio. Some idea of the stake which they had on the former occasion, will be had from the following significant language of the Charleston (S. C.) *Mercury* of September 5, 1864, to wit:

If we can hold our own and prevent further military successes on the part of the foe, there is every prospect that McClellan will be elected, and his election, *on the Chicago platform*, must lead to peace and our independence.

It will be noticed, that the Rebel organ gave very little consideration to the Union soldier who acted as figure-head for the Democratic ticket, but looked solely to the "platform" on which he was running for the policy which would direct his action, if elected. The candidate and his record and views, were nothing. The sentiment of the party was everything. The one acted simply as the sign or representative of the other and must be guided by the superior power as fully as if himself in complete sympathy with it. There was no ground to question the position. McCLELLAN never admitted a doubt as to his full subjection to Copperhead control, had he been elected. Hence his character as a soldier could have no possible significance, except as a bait for cheating loyal voters into the support of a Rebel cause.

What was true in 1864, is substantially the case in 1879. The Confederate Brigadiers who command the Democratic Congressional caucus, as fully as they do the same party in South Carolina or Mississippi, are to-day awaiting with intensest anxiety the result of the Ohio election. They care as little about the military record of Gen. EWING, as they did for that of McCLELLAN. All they ask is, that the party which they control may re-elect its candidates, and they will see to the rest, as they proposed to do in the former case. The "platform" of the Ohio Convention, like that of Chicago, stands forth as the expression of the sentiment of the party, and they well know, that EWING, even less than McCLELLAN, would be able, should he desire it to restrain that sentiment, as the controlling power of the party. It is the success of "the party" that they seek, because they well know what is the will and policy of the party, since they control both. As FRANK HURD expresses it, Gen. EWING "carries the banner of civil liberty"—the other name for the Confederate flag—and on that ground Mr. HURD appeals to hard-money Democrats and those who have no confidence in EWING's personal integrity, to support the ticket. The idea that now pervades the Democratic leaders, North and South, is well expressed by the Augusta (Ga.) *Chronicle*, when it says:

There is but *one issue* in the South, and that is *success*. If Southern Democrats think they can win with a *hard-money man* they will support him; and if they think they can win with a *soft-money man*, they will support him. They have their opinions on the financial and all other questions, but when it comes to *voting* they will vote for the *Democratic candidate*, upon *whatever platform* he may have been nominated.

Why, "the Southern Democrats" have such faith in the Democratic party, was stated by Sen. BEN. HILL, of Georgia, in debate at the recent session of Congress. He said:

We joined the Democracy of the North, because we *admired their course during the war*.

What was McCLELLAN? What is EWING? Simply a figure-head, set up by the Democratic party to represent its sentiment and policy—with no more power to direct than had the statue that rode on the bow of the Confederate privateer. EWING, like the figure-head, is at the wrong end of the craft to direct its course. In both cases the helmsmen act independently of the inert ornament. The Brigadiers are troubled as little about Gen. EWING's war record, as they are with his "soft-money" lunacy. They know him only as "the Democratic candidate," and "upon whatever platform he may have been nominated," they know that his election would be with them "success," which is the "one issue in the South."

All this is entirely consistent with "the South," but how degrading to true manhood, is such use of public men? What less than the most supreme personal ambition, could reconcile one of Gen EWING's standing as a man to such "base use?" And yet, that gentleman passes about the State, with as much apparent self-satisfaction, as though he held a position of power and honor among his fellow men, instead of playing the part of a stool-pigeon for Confederate Brigadiers. Gen. McCLELLAN passed through the same delusion. And he got through. So will EWING.

THAT the Duke of Morny and the late Emperor of France were very nearly connected, in some mysterious way, almost all the "knowing" people of Europe have ever believed. The nature of that relation received an accepted designation by styling them "half brothers," and it rested at this. GARNIER DE CASSAGNAC's new book "Souvenirs du Second Empire," contains much that supports the presumption that they were really full brothers. It comes about in this way. The Duke of Morny had enough evidence to make it appear nearly certain that he was the son of NAPOLEON III's mother—Queen HORTENSE—by the Count of Flahaut, one of her rather numerous lovers. The Duke and others were so well satisfied of this that he adopted for his coat-of-arms a hortensia in full bloom, with the motto, *Face, sed Memento*—"Say nothing, but remember." Now, one of the putative fathers of NAPOLEON III—it has never been settled as to his real paternity—was this same Count of Flahaut. It probably lies between him and the Dutch Admiral VERHUEL.

MORMONISM.

Sec. EVARTS has sent a most emphatic protest to all the powers of Europe against the emigration of organized bodies of Mormons from their countries to the United States. Whether it will produce any effect remains to be seen, but it is more than probable that those governments will decline to interfere with a matter which they will consider one belonging to religious beliefs. This is the ground taken by the leaders of the Mormons themselves, who express the utmost contempt for this effort to check their growth.

BRIGHAM YOUNG's policy of sending young men, fresh, energetic, and full of enthusiasm for their work, as missionaries to every part of the world is still vigorously continued. Last year 80 went to their labors in Europe, making a total of 400 there are who are faithfully endeavoring to bring the largest number of proselytes hither this year that has ever come to our shores.

Perhaps few persons are aware of the rapid growth of this people. The New York *Herald* lately gave some statistics which throws a startling light upon the subject. Last year in the months between April and October over 2,000 Mormon emigrants came from Europe, and this year the number will reach 2,500. In England it is estimated that there are 10,000 Mormons and 150 missionaries at work. In Scandinavia are 6,000; while Sweden, Denmark, Norway and Switzerland have several conferences each. Their progress in France and Germany is not so great, owing to the large number of Catholics who are not easily made proselytes. The bulk of those in England who are converted to the Mormon faith are Methodists, while the Presbyterians and Church of England furnish many.

The spirit which animates these people in Utah is very evident from the articles which appear in their organs. They will fight all interference with their peculiar doctrines to the bitter end, and while it is said to be a fact, that many of them prefer in practise monogamy to polygamy, they regard the latter as a part of their religion and will cling to it with pertinacity. Any interference by the strong arm of Government will simply make them feel as martyrs and conduct themselves accordingly. The principal remedy for the evil is to encourage the immigration of a hardy, industrious people into Utah who will use their influence and votes against the continuance of this evil.

INDIA'S MISERIES.

English people are at last beginning to be aroused over the condition of India, which has been so long simply regarded as a sort of treasure house from which great sums of money could be drawn at will. Little inquiry has been made by the masses as to the actual life of the people there. It is a far away country to which the English do not emigrate in order to make their homes, but simply got as salaried officials to rule the natives, gaining thereby large sums which are paid by the most unjust taxation. A country so governed, ruled by those whose interest in it is purely mercenary, cannot be otherwise than miserable.

The deplorable condition of India has been lately made most strongly evident in a speech delivered in London before a large meeting of citizens, by a native Calcutta lawyer sent hither for the purpose of making a statement of facts to the English people. His showing is one well calculated to shame every intelligent Briton. The yearly tax of $7,500,000 levied upon the natives for the ostensible purpose of providing a fund against famine, but which has been expended in the Afghan war—a useless and unnecessary struggle—represented just so much bread taken out of the mouths of the starving natives.

The speaker bitterly denounced the disarming of the people, and the muzzling of the press. Both were needless and unjust as he clearly demonstrated. Indeed, the whole speech was a scathing condemnation of the policy of the Government towards this forcibly acquired and retained possession. The people themselves are excluded from all participation in the administration of public affairs, thus throwing it entirely into the hands of foreign hirelings.

Mr. BRIGHT, who presided over the meeting, and Mr. FAWCETT who was present, followed in speeches disapproving of the course pursued toward India, the latter affirming emphatically that the English people themselves, were they cognizant of the facts, would not suffer such rank injustice and wrong to be inflicted upon the natives of that country. It is very likely that public feeling may be so aroused as to compel some change to be made which will bring relief to this long suffering and oppressed country.

THE IRON TRADE.

Perhaps there is no one thing that shows so decidedly the improvement in business matters in this country, and the return of prosperity, than the revival of the iron trade. For several years past there has been almost nothing done in this direction. Iron manufacturers were discouraged. Mills were generally closed, and those which remained in operation did so under the shadow of a probable failure, as the prices of iron remained so low.

Usually, at midsummer, even in the most active time in the iron trade, there is little doing but this season matters present an entirely different aspect. The demand for iron is very great and the prices are already going up. The greater part of the rolling mills all over the country are in operation, and orders are crowding in more rapidly than they can be filled. The outlook is to say the least highly encouraging, for it can hardly be possible that there will be any diminution of the demand both for iron and steel for a long time to come. During the past years of depression the tracks and rolling stocks upon many railroads were allowed to run down to a low condition. There seemed little encouragement for renewal, when every year plunged the companies deeper in debt, and there was little prospect of anything better. Now that trade is becoming lively all over the country, and produce is moving in every direction in large quantities, revived confidence calls for improved facilities for carrying out the work of transportation. Old roads are laying down new tracks, and building more rolling stock, while it is asserted that more miles of railroad are in process of construction the present year than ever before. These things explain in part the cause of the great and encouraging increase of the iron trade.

PAUPER IMMIGRATION.

It is one of the proudest boasts of our Country that upon its shores can land all who can obtain the means of coming hither, and whatever may have been their past find here an opportunity to redeem themselves and make a prosperous fortune. It was evidently the thought of the framers of the Constitution that this should be a refuge for the oppressed of all Nations, who might, upon these shores find a home where they could exercise the freedom of thought and opinion that is the inherent right of every human being.

It did not enter into their calculations, however, that the people of the Old World would send hither their criminals and paupers to be cared for by the public at public expense. They did not imagine that the United States would be made a sort of Botany Bay, lunatic asylum or pauper's home, as there seems a disposition to render it. Mr. EVARTS has lately called attention to the increasing amount of this kind of immigration, and the necessity of finding some means of checking it, or the evils growing out of its continuance will be beyond measure. The following items from Saturday's New York *Tribune* will give some idea of the foundation for the Secretary's assertion:

A lunatic, who has been confined for years in a Swedish mad-house, is brought across the sea by a mysterious agent and placed under the care of the Commissioners of Emigration. Another poor wretch, without wit enough to earn his bread, is sent to this port by the municipal authorities of a Prussian town.

Louise Tshopp, of Switzerland, a most unpromising pauper, and the mother of several illegitimate children, arrived here last Wednesday on the "Amerique" steamer. And by the same vessel the Castle Garden authorities propose to send her back to her own wild and romantic land. She is returned to those who sent her, upon the general principal that her past life and her want of character, as well as her rather irregular habits of maternity, unfit her for American society.

The Castle Garden authorities did well, although there will be, doubtless, those who will cry out against thus closing our doors against an immigrant, unpromising though she was. It is time, however, that the authorities of European countries were taught the lesson that the people of the New World, while they welcome the industrious who are able and willing to work, do not propose to care for those whose support is a burden upon the community where they may be, and who are sent hither for the manifest purpose of ridding their own country of their charge. Enough there are already of that class, and their numbers are constantly increasing through causes operating here at home, without any influx of that kind from abroad. The authorities of New York City will do well to put an end to the importation of this sort of citizens, for its own benefit and that of the whole country.

OFFICIAL BRUTALITY.

The operations of law are sometimes very curious. The trouble often lies not in the law itself, but in those who administer it. It may have been constructed to protect humanity, while in its carrying out many times the most rank injustice is perpetrated. Were officers and administrators held more strictly to account, this would rarely happen, but people are too busy after election is over to pay much attention to the daily performance of duty by those chosen, unless some flagrant act arouses indignation and causes inquiry.

A few days ago a boy of 10 in St. Louis was found trespassing upon forbidden ground and stealing forbidden flowers. He was forthwith arrested and committed to jail, where he remained, it is said, all night without the knowledge of his friends. The child, who, doubtless, had been taught to regard the place as one of horror, where were congregated only the blood-thirsty of his race, was convulsed with fear. Tears and prayers, however, availed him not, and he remained through the dark hours shut up in a cell with a stranger, who, to his childish mind, wore the aspect of one to whom boy life was a trifle. The result was death from fright.

If these facts, stated by leading papers of St. Louis, are true, it is a clear case of murder. That a child of such tender years should have been seized by public officials and treated so brutally as to cause death from absolute terror of what might come, seems hardly possible. Even though that brutality consisted only in forcing him to remain all night locked up in a cell in the jail, it was reprehensible and unnecessary. Common sense should have taught a different mode of procedure with a mere child like the one in question.

It is easily understood that one man might make such a mistake, or be guilty of the cruelty reported, but that several public officials should unite in the matter would seem to show that St. Louis needs some different kind of manipulation in keeping order in that City. The *Globe-Democrat* well says in calling for an investigation into the affair, that if those concerned acted in the manner described, "every one of them should lose his official head, and two or three of them should be subjected to criminal prosecution."

POLITICAL MALIGNANCE.

To be a political enemy is to give a Southerner license to give reins to his fervid imagination in fabricating villification and falsehood. We can all remember how men and women who had no other fault than conscientiously believing that slavery was wrong, were assailed with an acrimony that could not have been worse had they been the vilest creatures on earth. Something of the same thing is shown in the case of "Capt." DIXON. A little while ago the grateful Democracy of his County presented him with a costly piece of plate, upon which was inscribed:

To
The Bravest of the Brave,
Captain Henry M. Dixon.
Presented to him by his Democratic fellow-citizens of Yazoo County, as an humble testimonial of their high appreciation of his brilliant services in the redemption of the County from Radical rule in 1875.

A few months ago he concluded that he would like to be Sheriff of his County, and as he could not get the regular nomination, he ran independent. Then his old associates unite in a declaration in which they say of him:

To sum up, in brief, our opinion and estimate of the character of the man Dixon, we declare as our deliberate opinion that he is a murderer, a gambler, a bully, a thief, a man of violence, of blood, of lies, a man who will pack juries, a low, unprincipled demagogue in politics, and an infidel in religion. He unites in himself every quality required to make him the detestable monster that he is, and he wants every qualification necessary to make him the gentleman that he is not.

What can be more contemptible than such a race of malignant liars?

SAM. TILDEN wants to know now whether SPRAGUE can ever condone CONKLING?

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

The reader who cannot find something exactly to his mind in the current number of *Scribner* must be indeed difficult to please. There are six illustrated articles, all of special interest. The first, by George Houghton, is a description of Sandy Hook, a locality everybody has read about, but which comparatively few have visited. In the second, Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen furnishes a history and description of "The University of Rome," and discusses the peculiarities of the Italian educational system. There is a fourth instalment of Herbert H. Smith's "Brazil," with illustrations by "Champ"; an entertaining paper by W. C. Brownell on "The Art Schools of Philadelphia"; an historical article, by Mrs. C. C. Harrison, entitled "My Lord Fairfax of Virginia," and a sketch of W. S. Gilbert, the author of "Pinafore," by Kate Field. In the line of fiction there are instalments of the two serials by Henry James and Mrs. Burnett; "A Story of the Dry Season," by Mary Hallock Foote; a curious medley called "The Documents in the Case," by H. C. Bunner and J. Brander Matthews, in which story is told by an ingenious piecing together of advertisements, market reports, theater bills and police reports. The poetry of the number is fully up to the standard. In the editorial department a variety of interesting topics are ably treated.

ST. NICHOLAS.

The *St. Nicholas* for September helps the boys and girls to begin the new year of schooling with a great variety of amusing stories, pictures, and interesting articles. It begins with a large frontispiece, drawn by Addie Ledyard, and, near the end, it gives young Louis Napoleon's life-history, with a portrait engraved from a photograph taken a little while before his death.

There are eight short stories, all illustrated. First comes "Three Drews and a crew," a tale of terrible floods and escapes; then an amusing story of "Bob's Missionary Work" in the effort to improve a poverty-stricken quarter of his native town.

"The Chateau D'Oiron" is the title of an illustrated article on the history of the rare and beautiful pottery called "Faience D'Oiron"; "On Wheels," with 12 quaint outline pictures, gives a concise account of wheeled carriages of all sorts and times; and "The Frolicsome Fly's" queer and interesting history is told with the help of two illustrations.

The instalments of the two serials—Frank R. Stockton's "A Jolly Fellowship," and Susan Coolidge's "Eyebright"—are intensely interesting, and make one wonder just how the stories are to be wound up, as they must be, next month.

NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

The *National Repository* for September opens with an illustrated sketch of "Cincinnati, Past and Present," by S. W. Williams, in which some of its former history and its present condition are set forth. This is followed by a pictorial account of the "Inland Provinces of Brazil," by D. S. Kidder, and by a graphic narrative of the "British in South Africa." Mrs. Ella Rodman Church writes of "A Classic of the Middle Ages," or the travels of Sir John Mandeville; and Prof. W. H. Larrabee carries us back to ancient times in his article on "An Old Egyptian Library"—works written long before the Exodus in the days of the Pharaohs. "Wesley and Chalmers" are paralleled by Dr. Daniel Wise; and "My Land of Beulah" develops more interest in the progress of the story. The "Editor's Study" is a paper of rare interest on the Eschatology of the modern Church. Two or three poems and the general Miscellany of the number will be read with attention.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

The numbers for August 9 and 16, contains; "Wordsworth," by Mathew Arnold, and the "Mirabeaus," Macmillan; "Food and Feeding," by Sir Henry Thompson, and "Moose Hunting in Canada," Nineteenth Century; "The Last Jewish Revolt," and "Chloral and Other Narcotics," Contemporary; "The Evangelical Movement, its Parentage, Progress and Issue, by Mr. Gladstone, British Quarterly; "The Birth, Life and Death of a Storm," Popular Science Review; "How to Popularize Wordsworth," "The Journey of Col. Prjevalsky Towards Thibet," "The Influence of India on China," and "The Lessons of Prince Napoleon's Funeral," Spectator; "Egyptian Exiles," Saturday Review; "The Chances of War," Natal Mercury; "The Ghost of Morcar's Tower," and installments of Jean Ingelow's "Sarah de Berenger," and Sarah Tytler's "The Bride's Pass," and the usual amount of poetry.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

The September number of this Magazine has a sufficient variety to satisfy all classes of readers. It opens with an exceedingly interesting article on "Cæsar's Art of War and of Writing," which ranks him among the greatest of captains and of writers. Prof. Shaler has an engaging essay on "The Use of Numbers in Society." John Watts Kearny, of Kentucky, contributes the second paper on "American Finances from 1789 to 1835." Wilson Flagg discourses both wisely and pleasantly of "Songs and Eccentricities of Birds" Rev. J. H. Ward, under the title "A Tennysonian Retrospect," gives a sketch of laureate's remarkable poetical career. Richard Grant White, in continuation of his papers on England, writes of the "Nobility and Gentry," defining who belong to each class and the proper titles of each division of the class. T. S. Perry gathers from wide reading interesting facts in regard to "Mountains in Literature." "Irene the Missionary" continues to be one of the best serial stories lately published in an American magazine. "The Race, and why Yale Lost It," will interest Harvard and Yale and other boating lovers. A paper on "Recent Novels" is an excellent specimen of the noble criticism the *Atlantic* secures. The short story of the number is "Miss Magdalena Peanuts," by Phœbe Yates Pember. Poems by Edgar Fawcett, Miss L. W. Backus, Ernest Dale Owen, Mrs. Piatt and C. P. Cranch; a noticeable article on "Story Paper Literature," by W. H. Bishop, author of "Detmold;" a brilliant Contributors' Club; and reviews of several important new books, complete a thoroughly good number of this thoroughly good magazine.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

Harper's Magazine for September presents many striking novelties, and in excellence of illustration is superior to even the August Number. In fiction, this magazine is now remarkable for its three serial novels by Miss Mulock, William Black, and R. D. Blackmore—a marvellous array of imaginative power. "Mary Anerley," Blackmore's new novel, promises to be one of his best efforts, and William Black's yachting romance, "White Wings," is an enchanting story.

One of the most novel features of the number is a ghost story by Howard Pyle, with eight illustrations drawn by the author. The story has something of that charm which made Irving's tales so fascinating, and the pictures are among the very best examples of character sketches—as fine as they are striking.

Lucy Larcom's spirited lyric, "My Mariner," is accompanied by an equally spirited illustration by Fredericks.

In excellence of engraving nothing could be superior to the sixteen pictures illustrating Barnet Phillips's interesting paper, "The King Collection of Engraved Gems," recently purchased for the Metropolitan Museum.

Mr. Ernest Ingersoll's "Gold-Mining in Georgia" takes us into a new and very interesting field, of which little is known.

Besides the fiction already mentioned, there is a piquant short story by Mrs. Annie Howells Frechetti. William Gibson contributes a beautiful poem, "The Last Rose of Summer."

The Editorial departments are full of interesting matter. The *Editor's Drawer* has a very amusing burlesque operetta, entitled "Il Jacobi," by Mrs. E. T. Corbett, with six illustrations.

THE SPRAGUE CONKLING AFFAIR.

Mrs. Sprague Makes a Statement in Regard to Her Domestic Relations.

NARRAGANSETT PIER, R. I., Aug. 17.—Nothing has transpired since the publication of the interview with Mrs. Sprague. She is allowed to see friends and send and receive letters and messages as she sees fit. Gov. Sprague was confined to his room by indisposition a large part of the day, and would neither see anyone nor say anything for publication. Mrs. Sprague is in constant communication with her lawyers, and will resist any attempt at inducing her to relinquish the custody of her children and to sign over her property to them, as was proposed by her husband, Friday last. Gov. Sprague's friends fully endorse his

POLICY OF SILENCE,

and the lawyers hope to patch up some sort of a compromise by which a breaking up of the family will be avoided. Regarding her future intention, Mrs. Sprague is reticent. She says she intends placing her case in legal hands and being guided by legal advice. She went to the house because her three children were there, on the assurance of Robert Thompson, who is a magistrate as well as a lawyer, that he would protect her from any outburst of anger on the Governor's part. What Gov. Sprague wishes, he says, is to secure his wife's consent to his

CUSTODY OF THE CHILDREN,

and, after making a suitable provision for her support, to allow her to either live at Canonchet, or go elsewhere, if she insists upon it.

There is a strong feeling among the creditors of Mr. Sprague's estate in favor of some compromise, by which peace and good-will may be made to prevail at Canonchet, and the unhappy family reunited. To his immediate friends the Governor speaks of his wife as "infatuated," a term which, it is urged, does not necessarily imply a belief in her guilt.

Mrs. Sprague was allowed by her husband for her household expenses in Washington, $2,500 a year, which was in addition to the property she enjoyed in her own right.

MRS. SPRAGUE UNDER SURVEILLANCE.

During the past two days, since her return to Canonchet, a strict watch has been kept upon her movements, although she has been at liberty, comparatively. The Governor says she can go when and where she pleases. She has been waited on by her maid and governess and allowed to see her children, and her husband has only interfered to prevent her communication with persons whom he regarded as hostile to him.

A CALL ON THE GOVERNOR.

A party of lawyers and personal friends of Gov. Sprague were standing at the library window when your correspondent drove up to Canonchet to-day. A ring at the door brought two of them out, but it was a long time before they could be induced to communicate with Mrs. Sprague. At length the correspondent was invited to step into a small retiring-room, where the Governor was sitting. Mr. Sprague's face betrayed traces of the distress he has so recently suffered, but he rose and welcomed the visitor cordially with outstretched hand. He said very little beyond the fact that he hoped by keeping his wife quiet and composed for a few days, and beyond the reach of distressing influences, to induce a frame of mind in which she would come to an understanding upon her future position toward him. The Governor then turned to Mr. Watson and said: "Take the gentleman to Mrs. Sprague." The correspondent was conducted up a winding staircase to the second floor, where a broad doorway opened into an elegantly furnished apartment. Mrs. Sprague occupied an arm-chair near the table, and rose to receive her guest. She was extremely pale, but her manner betrayed only the slightest trace of agitation. Once or twice her lips trembled, but in general she preserved a most admirable self-poise, speaking calmly but earnestly.

THE WIFE'S STORY.

"I have sent for you," she said, "because I wish to correct some false impressions which have gone abroad in regard to my conduct at Thursday's meeting. I did not not charge my husband, as has been said, with untruthfulness, nor did I make the verbal attacks upon him which I have been represented as doing. On the contrary, I bore with meekness the unmanly sneers and reproaches that he showered upon me. I have my story to tell, and when the truth is known I shall be justified. God knows that I have no reason to fear the truth, though for 17 long years my life has been a constant burden and drag upon me. For years I have had this thing weighing upon me, and have striven with all my might to stand between my husband's wrong-doing and the public. I have done it for the sake of my children,

NOT FOR ANY AFFECTION

that existed between us, for there has been none for years. This whole miserable affair into which Senator Conkling has been wantonly dragged without a particle of reason or excuse orginated in a business transaction between himself and my husband of so trivial a nature that you would be astonished that any sane man could consider it a source of jealousy. For years I have known

SENATOR CONKLING,

just as, from the position of my father and of my husband, I have known scores of other public men in Washington. I have known him from the time I was a child, and my husband has known him for years. Two years ago they were on perfectly good terms. I was visiting at my house, "Edgewood," near Washington, and when my husband came on a visit to me Senator Conkling was one of the gentlemen who called upon us. Up to that time his name had never been mentioned by my husband otherwise than with respect. A year ago last July Mr. Sprague sent on to Washington a lot of young horses and fillies, which he had picked out for his own use at the winding up of his estate. He wished me to use those I wanted for riding and driving, and have the rest pastured somewhere near the City. He came on himself, and was looking about for a place to pasture them when Mr. Conkling told him of some farmer in the neighborhood who was taking care of his (Conkling's) horse. Mr. Sprague accepted the suggestion with pleasure, and Mr. Conkling introduced him to the farmer. When October came the man sent his bill, which I forwarded to Mr. Sprague in Rhode Island. The bill was sent again and again, and always returned unpaid, until I began to feel

SCANDALIZED.

Then the man applied to Senator Conkling, and then threatened to sue him. Having by the introduction of my husband, become surety for its payment, Mr. Conkling was finally forced to write to Mr. Sprague, telling him the position in which he was placed, and on a subsequent visit to Washington again called on Mr. Sprague and asked him to settle it. He told my husband that he could not be expected to pay any lady's bills, least of all a married lady's, and that it would be an insult to propose it, but that he (Mr. Conkling) would gladly give my husband the money to pay it out of his own pocket, and let him repay it whenever he would. When I heard of this I was naturally indignant, and chided my husband for allowing the Senator to make such an offer, and said I would sell anything I had to raise the money rather than accept such assistance. And yet this petty, contemptible quibble was the commencement of all my husband's

JEALOUSY AGAINST MR. CONKLING.

"Even after that he consented to receive him, and voluntarily went on to Washington in April last to get the Senator's legal opinion in regard to the troubles between himself and his creditors There was perfect and entire cordiality between them then, although these scandals, it is now charged, had been known in Washington for years. There is not a word of truth in all of these

ATROCIOUS REPORTS.

Mr. Conkling never paid me any attention that a wife could not honorably receive from her husband's friend, and it is false to say otherwise. Mr. Sprague was simply worked upon by his business troubles, which had been culminating for years and his indulgence in strong drink He regarded every one, no matter how honorable, who was a friend of mine as an interloper and intriguer against him. His jealousy and hatred of that poor German shows the workings of his monomania. Why, he wrote a letter to Mr. Chase, a friend of mine, shortly before the affair, saying that he did not doubt Sen. Conkling, but that he was determined to kill both him and Prof. Linck."

"Did he write such a letter?"

"So Mr. Chase tells me; and I have every reliance upon his word. Mr. Sprague is just as

WILD ON THE SUBJECT OF PROF. LINCK

as he is in the case of Mr. Conkling. Indeed he would be jealous of any one else whom he fancied my friend."

"How did Mr. Conkling venture to come to Canonchet under the circumstances?"

"He came simply to use his influence with my husband to consent to a certain policy in his management of the estate. It was precisely the same subject on which Mr. Sprague had voluntarily gone to Washington and consulted him (Mr. Conkling) in the April previous. As I stated in my previous letter, I had written to Mr. Conkling, asking him to use his influence to this end. Mr. Conkling replied that he would be of little service, but he was willing to try, if I wished. I wrote to him that I did, and, as Mr Sprague himself has admitted it was for the best interest of the estate. I considered that there would be

NO IMPROPRIETY

in his visiting us here for that purpose. Mr. Throop Martin, of Auburn, an old friend of Conkling, and an invalid of over 70, was staying with us, together with his wife and daughter, I could see no possible harm in the presence of these guests, as my husband was constantly going and coming at intervals of a few days, and no effort made to conceal the fact of the Senator's visit from him. I met the Senator after he landed from the boat at Narragansett, and told him that his old friend, Mr. Martin, was stopping with us, and that we should be pleased to have him stop over at Canonchet, especially as the Governor was expected home in a day or two. He came, and occupied a room on the third floor, on Wednesday and Thursday nights preceding the trouble. On Friday morning, when I came down to breakfast, I was told to my surprise that

MR. SPRAGUE HAD COME HOME SUDDENLY

at 3 o'clock in the morning, and had left again. I paid no attention to this, however, as his movements are always very erratic. He comes in on you like a ghost in the middle of the night, and at the most unseasonable hours, and hurries away in the same disquieting manner. I had learned to be used to these freaks, but Mr. Conkling, when told of the Governor's visit, seemed surprised at such conduct. I thought no more of it, and busied myself about my household affairs, while Sen. Conkling took a seat

ON THE LOUNGE

in the room, and was looking over the newspapers. After giving my orders I turned to poor Mr. Martin, who was sitting in the room and at his request sat down to read a little to him. Just then Mr. Sprague came up the staircase. He walked slowly into the room, Mr. Conkling rising to meet him. Some words passed between them, which I did not hear, but the tone of which arrested my attention. I rose to my feet. Mr. Conkling walked straight across the room to where I stood, and said: 'Mrs. Sprague, your husband is very much excited, and I think it better for all of us if I should withdraw. If my departure puts you in any danger, so say, and I will stay, whatever the consequences.'

"He spoke in a very calm voice, although I knew he must have been excited. I told him not to mind me, but that if

MR. SPRAGUE WAS IN A PASSION

it would be uselsss to argue with him, and might only lead to violence. Meanwhile Miss Martin had passed Mr. Sprague coming to the house, and was frightened almost out of her wits by his stopping her and telling her that there was going to be a tragedy up at the house. She hurried down to the Pier and ordered up a barouche to take away her invalid father from such a dangerous place. The barouche and a small carryall came back. Poor old Mr. Martin struggled to his feet and tottered to the head of the stairs. I called to Mr. Conkling to stop and help

THE POOR OLD GENTLEMAN

back to the room, which he did, kindly and tenderly, so that it was perfectly true that he did help an invalid gentleman to avoid the consequences of Mr. Sprague's uncalled-for outburst. Then Mr. Conkling walked down stairs and out on the platform. My oldest daughter, Ethel, followed him and put her arm around him and said, 'Don't go, Mr. Conkling.' Mr. Sprague stood about 50 feet off, on the edge of the piazza eyeing us in a desperate sort of a way. I knew

I HAD DONE NOTHING WRONG,

and I tried to be as calm as I could. When Ethel wanted Mr. Conkling to stay, I said, 'No, Ethel, Mr. Conkling will go, but no one shall hurt either him or us.'

"My husband all this time kept perfect silence. What he said up-stairs, and what Mr. Sprague said to Mr. Conkling at Billington's, I do not know. Mr. Sprague took

HIS GUN

with him in the buggy when he went after Mr. Conkling. I know it was loaded, for Willie, came to me just afterward and said:

'Mamma, papa's gun is loaded with three slugs, and if he shoots any one he'll kill them sure.' Then he told me that his father had told him that he had no caps, and asked him (Willie) for some, but he didn't think it best to give them to his father. I have reason to be grateful that no one was murdered. There is another falsehood that has been extensively circulated, and that is that Mr. Conkling indorsed that statement which attributed the whole affair to my husband's hatred to Mr. Linck. I know from gentlemen who were present when that dispatch was written to Mr. Conkling disapproved of it. He has neither sought to conceal nor to spread any knowledge he possessed of this wretched matter."

"Were you present, Mrs. Sprague, in the Senate on the night of

THE CONKLING-LAMAR AFFAIR?"

"I was, and in company with the wives of several distinguished Senators. The story that I almost fainted at the idea of an encounter between Sen. Conkling and Sen. Lamar is utterly false. I hardly knew of the affair until it was over, and I am certain that I exhibited no more feeling than as a warm personal friend of Mr. Conkling. There were others who exhibited more interest than I. I sat before Mrs. Sen. Cameron, and I remember that Mr. Cameron himself, in his excitement, rushed down the marble staircase, two steps at a time, in order to get on the floor before the trouble was over. The report that I wrote notes to Mr. Conkling on that occasion is

A SHAMELESS FALSEHOOD.

I certainly would not do so. Obviously it would be an improper and unladylike action. The same absolute contradiction is due from me of the stories of my remaining out at late hours and meeting Mr. Conking at the capitol. I am compelled to speak plainly of the outrageous slanders because of their wide publicity. Of all the

CROP OF SLANDERS

which have sprung up, I loth to speak of those things, but they have been dwelt upon until, instead of monstrous falsehoods, they appear to the public like admitted facts. At the proper time and in the proper place I will show the true character and origin of the persecution. I can honestly say that I want the truth about this matter to be known at the proper time."

W... P... ry—... the B...s.

To the Editor of the Toledo B...

In conversation with Southern me... abouts I have found U. S. G. for Presid... in 1880 will not as a general thing displease that portion of the South. At least that part of the portion who believe the war was fought for anything but the liberation of negroes. In his election some who have been severely ground upon the wheel of troublesome fortune, seem to see either a new era of rushing prosperity, or some disaster which will act as sweet oil upon old wounds. Just how this is to come about does not seem to be exactly clear to the average intelligence of the country; but there is faith in the luck which follows the genius whose office it was to preside over the Nation when a combination of extraordinary circumstances left the way open for commercial enterprises which resulted in speedy fortunes in some cases.

As slow as are Southerners habitually, they are ill at ease under the commercial depression of the present time, and almost any change, whether for better or for worse, would be hailed with delight by many. Albeit, some express themselves as well satisfied with President Hayes and his peace policy. But the peace policy does not in many cases here, remedy shattered fortunes; nor does it much soothe the strung nerves and worried soul of the almost solid Democracy of this State upon the negro question, though much progress has been made in the desired direction. It is hoped that by this time Grant and the whole North are alive to the fact that peace depends upon negros and whites occupying their old relations to each other, viz: servant and master, and that any other conditions would be intolerable, as it would be in conflict with the ideas to which Southerners have been educated. It is expected also that the condition is to be permeated by the co-operative efforts of society, North and South—in discouraging education or anything in danger of stimulating negros to individual enterprise, which may result in independent industry or "war of races—a horror, professedly ever present in the minds of the ignorant—as frightful almost as is the idea of mental or physical exertion necessary to honorable existence. By the way, I would not insinuate that a majority of Southern men do not at present exert themselves in the matter of their own maintenance, and much in the manner of Northern men perhaps in exceptional cases, but it appears to be a forced alternative of starvation, or at best, but a spasmodic effort to bridge over the short space necessary to effect a complete and permanent reinstitution of that order of things which appears to be so congenial to the Southern temperament.

The reinstitution of slavery, according to the strict letter of the old law, is not expected or even desired, but a more profitable servitude in which the negro, as he is here called to distinguish him from some other beings, is to provide for all his wants out of such pay, rations, etc., as his self-constituted master may see fit to allow him. The negro to be subject to the changing fortunes of his master and to all the man's capricious freaks, without education enough, if possible, to compute his daily rations, or to detect fraud in the settlement of a day's work, providing he happens to serve a man who's financial condition is such as to necessitate *rigid economy*, or one who is too lazy to be honest.

In presenting you the above, I do not ... at distinction as a second J. B. I only aim to show in a candid way one of the issues of 1880, and to hint plainly at the price at which peace can be secured all over our land. Until quite recently, I had thought that most Americans were lovers of liberty. I cannot see liberty for anybody in a nation which must purchase peace among its subjects at the price of the compulsory ignorance of any race of workers within its circle. In a place which suffers from lack of enterprise, even monkeys, were they workers with us, should, if it were possible, be educated to enterprise; or, at least, should not be hindered in honorable efforts at individual freedom or independence.

O. H. KIMBALL.

Richmond, Va., Aug. 10.

An Epitome of Prison Life.

To the Editor of the Toledo BLADE:

I was a boarder at the same hotel, Andersonville, and am an eye-witness of the brutality shown to so many helpless victims. I vouch for the truthfulness of all that has been said.

On August 29th I was captured with two comrades near Jonesborough, Tenn., while with Sherman on his "March to the Sea." Tongue cannot express the feeling of our hearts as the Rebel bayonets pushed us through the heavy gates of death. There we found men, their almost lifeless bodies burned by the broiling sun, soon to pass away into the unknown world.

No man can paint the horrors of those infernal dens, or describe the treatment we received at the hands of our brutal captors. I was a prisoner of war eight months, and I was a witness of many hellish deeds perpetrated by Rebel leaders, particularly Capt. Wirz. While in Savannah we had a far more heathenish and cowardly villain over us—Lieut. Davis, and were I to give the full details of his treatment of us, the blood of every heart would boil. He never entered the prison without brandishing his heavy club to knock right and left every one within his reach, or without a grand display of those wonderful revolvers—he held one in each hand—pointing them toward his starved captives. Men who had gone to defend their rights, and had distinguished themselves on the battle-field, were tortured to death by such men as he. The whole of my prison life was passed without shelter, the azure sky, with its shining stars, affording us our only shelter in our sad and awful condition, our only hope being that the gates would be burst asunder and we be permitted to enjoy the freedom we once enjoyed and had struggled hard to maintain.

A. M. G.

Late Co. F, 90th Regt., O. V. I.
Lancaster, O., July 14, 1879.

Remember's the Time.

To the Editor of the Toledo BLADE:

Tell "Andersonville" I was at the Brunswick River, in North Carolina, and saw the prisoners from the Rebel pens, as they came in, and can fully verify his statement as to their deplorable condition. They were the most wretched of all human beings it was ever my lot to see, reduced to mere skeletons, nearly naked, but the fire of patriotism still burning.

Do you remember how they embraced our old regimental colors, and cheered till many fell exhausted to the earth? How we cared and watched over the boys and spent all the following nights in that duty? How with aching hearts we gave many of your number a soldier's burial on the banks of the river the next day, and how we gave you all a hearty God speed on your way to home and loved ones? All these scenes are vivid and fresh to my memory as if yesterday, and I often pause in my daily toil and wonder if any of those who passed through that ordeal can ever by voice or vote countenance Rebels in any form. Comrades, the men who saved the country are the men to rule it. "I can see it in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps."

W. C. TURNER.

Late Sergeant Co. F, 203d Pa. Vol. Inf.,
Manawa, Minn.

Another Guntown Sufferer.

FORESTER, Ness Co., Kan., July 30.

To the Editor Toledo BLADE.

I was one of the unfortunates under Sturgis at Guntown; lost my left arm and was taken to Mobile, Cahaba Ala. Macon and Andersonville Ga. I fully endorse Andersonville account of the treatment we received (my stump was full of maggots for a week). Go for them Andersonville and let posterity know how we were treated.

WILLIAM MARTIN.

Late private Co. C, 7th Ill. Vol. Cav.

Only a Nation With a Big N.

Denver Tribune (Rep.)

Down by the murmurous seaside, in cool, shady mountain nooks, in broad corridors of watering places hotels, the Confederate Investigating Committee linger at the Government's expense; and, as the examine the bills of fare and cross-examine the wine-lists, a softer feeling for the Government possesses their breasts, for they know that no State from Canada to the Gulf would appropriate money for the summer-jaunts of Congressional deadbeats. Only a Nation with a capital N will allow such nonsense.

"Throw us saline," cried a punster to an old salt.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

Answers to Correspondents.

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once into the waste-basket.

2. Mathematical problems, and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper for the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms, or corporations, doing a general business. The BLADE'S endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books.

J. F. P., Sumter, S. C.—We don't know the parties.

W. J. A., Bridgeport, O.: We do not know of any such firm.

F. P. R., Clyde, O.: We do not handle the book you name.

A CONSTANT READER, Toledo, O.—See answer to another inquirer.

MRS. M. J., Parker Hill, Neb.: We do not handle the book named.

S. A. S., Markesan, Wis.: Address the Orange Judd Co., New York.

J. G. G., Sandford, Ill.—Why not write directly to the party interested?

H. C., Bloomfield, Mo.—See paragraphs at the head of this department.

C. R. D., Keelersville, Mich.: See paragraphs at head of this department.

B. F. W., Lottsville, Pa.: See answers in Weekly BLADE of August 21.

F. W. D., Gibsonburg, O.—We believe the Company you name is not now in existence.

J. L. W., Benton City, Tex.: Address "Assistant Adjutant General U. S. Army, Washington, D. C."

J. S. B., Windsor, Mo.—The change has been made as requested. 2. We do not recognize the quotation you give.

SOLDIER, Grover, Pa.: We have handed your letter to a reliable party, who will give you all the information necessary.

G. W. T., Weimar, Tex.—We should advise you to take the new edition. 2. We do not recommend the Company you name.

M. F., Lincolnville, Kans., wishes to correspond, by letter, with any of the BLADE readers who are familiar with Pitman's system.

T. F. WILLIAMS, Ravenna, Mo., wishes to obtain the address of Assistant Surgeon Barrett, of the Second Missouri Cavalry—"Merrill's Horse."

ETHAN, Greenville, Ill.: Write to George P. Rowell & Co., New York, and ask them to send you a copy of their Newspaper Directory, price 50 cents.

J. D. FAULKNER, Coaly, Or., asks: "Can any one give me the address of any of the nurses or soldiers of the 6th ward of the Madison, Ind., Hospital?"

EDWARD W. A. DRAPER, Ayersville, Putnam Co., Missouri, late of Co. C, wants the address of C. H. Lien, Regimental Surgeon of the 12th Mo. Cavalry.

GEO. W. LEE, Hamsworth, O., asks: "Can any of the BLADE readers give me the address of the Surgeon or Assistant Surgeon of the 73d Ind. Vol. Infy."

S. L. A., Bryan, O., asks: "When and by which political party did the homestead act become a law?"—By the action of the Republicans in Congress in 1862.

Z. MITCHELL, Waterloo, Wis., wishes to obtain the address of Capt. James Putnam, Co. F, 33d Regt. Ills. Infy. He resided at Muscatine, Ioa., previous to the war.

R. H. (no address).—We regret to say that our stock of Summer and Fall poetry is already so large that we can not undertake to publish the verses you sent.

FLORA E. B., Red Willow, Neb.: Such a journal was at one time started in Toledo, but we believe it never went beyond the first number. We know of none in this State.

MRS. ALICE LOWE GEDDES, Racine, Mo., wishes to know the postoffice address and whereabouts of George W. Holliday, who in May, 1865, was at Sardis, Panola Co., Miss.

C. B. DILLMAN, Winona, Ill., wishes to learn the number of the Foundry Hospital at Louisville, Ky., and the names of the Surgeons that waited on the sick during September, 1864.

SCOUT, Cumberland, O.: We know of no paper which would give the desired information. You could obtain it, however, through the periodical registers issued by the first-class commercial agencies.

KATE VAN ZANDT, Oakland City, Gibson Co., Ind., wishes to know if any reader of the BLADE can give her the address of John A. Sterrit, who went last year from Oakland, Cal., to some town in Pennsylvania.

DAVID S., Madison, Kan.: Any Justice of the Peace ought to be able to give you the required information, and it is probable that you could get copies of the State laws named by applying to the Clerk of your County.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Jacob Sabler, for whom an inquiry was made recently in the Correspondents' Department, may be reached by addressing him at Sibley, Osceola Co., Ia., or Spirit Lake, Dickinson Co., Ioa."

INQUIRER, Green Springs Furnace, Md.: The name of the Pennsylvania Society of "Molly Maguires" is said to be that of a woman who was murdered in Ireland in the early part of the century, during some land troubles.

HANDY ANDY, Williamsville, Ill.—If we can find room for it, we will try to do so. But it would be simply impossible to comply with all the requests for the republication of articles which have previously appeared in the BLADE.

E. J. N., Peoria, Ill.: The law requiring the biennial examination of pensioners has been repealed. We presume that under the notice you received it does not affect your case. Better consult the examining physician for your district.

A. H. S., Toledo, O.: We are inclined to think that a strict conformity with the tenets of good breeding would lead you to omit enclosing any stamps. There might, however, be circumstances in this particular case which would render this course admissible.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "If 'Sambo,' Tyrone, N. Y., will address L. D. Farnam, Gold Hill, Nev., stating what he would like to know of schools in Nevada, the information will be freely given, either by letter or through the correspondents' columns."

R. B., Greenup, Ill.: A movement is already on foot to bring the case of Ell Ice before the United States Courts, with a view to effecting his release. There is no doubt that he is unjustly imprisoned, and that if the proper steps are taken he will be set at liberty.

D. D. Mc., Sibley, Ioa.: Almon Wheeler, the father of the Vice President, was born in 1793, and died at Malone, N. Y., in 1827, at the age of 37. William Almon Wheeler, the Vice President, was born at Malone, N. Y., June 30, 1819.

W. D. AUSTIN, Parkerville, Kan., asks: "Can any BLADE reader give me the address of the Surgeon that went out with the 11th Ohio Vol. Cavalry from Fort Laramie, with Gen. Connor on his Powder River expedition, in the Summer of 1865?"

JOHN G., Green Springs Furnace, Md., asks: "Who was the mother of King David?"—This is one of the Biblical puzzles with which people who have nothing else to do like to amuse themselves. Very good authorities say that the name of King David is unknown.

G. E. L., (address illegible,) asks: "Please give the names of all the weddings, from the fifth to the fiftieth year."—The fifth year, wooden; the tenth, tin; the fifteenth, china; the twentieth, crystal; the twenty-fifth, silver; the fiftieth, golden; the seventy-fifth, diamond.

K., Andersonville, Ind.: We will do what we can in the matter. It must be understood, however, that we cannot possibly find room to publish exchanges in the Household Department as fast as they arrive. If yours does not appear within a reasonable time, it might be as well to repeat it.

TWO M. D.'S, Danville, Ill.—The Medical Record, Hall's Journal of Health, and Laws of Life, published at New York City; Medical News at Louisville, Ky., and another of the same name at Cincinnati, O.; Painters' Magazine at Cincinnati, O. We have no knowledge of the Medical Union.

J. W. COLE, Tamoroa, Ill., asks: "Will some reader of the BLADE be kind enough to give us the address of one or more of the 'boys' of Co. G, 11th Regt., Iowa Volunteers, commanded in 1862 by Richard Cotter? J. B. McGrew was Captain of said Company. His address we would like to get."

J. W., Fairmount, Ind., asks: "Why is the word 'present' put on the envelope of a letter carried to a person by a private party?"—One explanation is that the word is used because the party is present; another is that the party who carries the letter is to present it to the party to whom it is addressed.

A SOLDIER, Ballsee, Ind., asks: "Is Secretary Sherman opposed to paying soldiers the arrearage of Pensions? 2. Does the arrearage of pension commence from the date of the contraction of disease, or from the date of the discharge?"—1. No. 2. From the date of discharge if application is made prior to 1880.

SOLOMON WEISSER, Larkinsville, Ala., wishes to learn the address of —— Newcomer, who was a Surgeon in charge of the Hospital at Indianapolis, Ind., in the month of June, 1865, and also the Surgeon of the 11th Regt., Veteran Reserve Corps; and also the residence of Capt. George Williams, of the 3d Ohio Vol. Cavalry."

MRS. A. G. M., (no address.)—Hon. Carl Schurz spoke in Cincinnati Aug. 20, and in Toledo Aug. 22. The correspondent for whom you inquire is still living in Washington, we believe. 2. Mrs. Lincoln was for some time in a private asylum in Illinois. Latterly we believe she has been residing with her sister in the same State.

D. B. R., Louisville, Neb., asks: "Will you please state the amount of paper money in actual circulation?"—On the 30th of last month the total amount of paper money in circulation was $731,801,994.18, and worth its face in gold. The purchasing power of this circulating medium is greater by nearly $90,000,000 than our currency outstanding at any one time ever before had.

A. L. R., Sligo, Pa., asks: "1. What are the best humorous books now published, and who are the authors? 2. Does Mark Twain edit any paper or magazine at the present time—if so, what is the name of it?"—1. See department of Humor in BLADE catalogue sent you. 2. He does not. He is said to be preparing a new book in Paris, but the title is not yet announced.

E. H. M., Briar Creek, Ark., asks: "What is the present estimated population of the world, and how is it divided, from a religious standpoint?"—According to the latest and best authorities, the whole population of the world is given at 1,423,917,000, and as to the religious distribution, divide the number as follows: Roman Catholics, 270,000,000; Greek Church, 90,000,000; Protestants of all sects, 101,000,000; Jews, 7,000,000; all others, 955,917,000.

ENQUIRER, Wells, Ioa., asks: "What right has any State to say a man must fence his land before he can reap the fruits of the soil? A deed comes from the United States, and what claim has a State upon land, except for taxes? Have any cases been carried to the Supreme Court, and been decided?"—Abstractly speaking, we should say it had no right. But we are not familiar with the law to which you refer. You might send an abstract of the law to which you refer, and we could then give you a better idea.

W. W. S., Clear Grit, Minn., asks: "What is the derivation of the expression 'Gone to Pot?'" It is said to be of Hindoo origin. According to the story, there was a tailor in Samarcand, who living near a cemetery, had an earthen vessel on his counter, into which he cast a pebble whenever a corpse was carried past, and thus kept count of the number of daily interments. At last his own time came, and his neighbors, on inquiry after him, answered, "He has gone to pot, also." A simpler explanation is that the allusion is to the ordinary cooking utensil.

F. M., Silver Creek, Mo., asks: "How are lucifer matches made?"—What are generally known as lucifer matches contain phosphorous in a finely divided state, to which it is reduced by agitating it in some warm solution of gum or glue, then adding the other ingredients, so as to form a paste, into which the wood is dipped. Form six parts of glue into a smooth jelly, and rub with it four parts of phosphorus, at a temperature of 140 or 150 degrees; add 10 parts of nitre, five of red ochre, and two of fine smalts. The matches are dipped in melted wax to a depth of a tenth of an inch, first rubbing their ends on a hot metallic plate.

G. G. F., West Point, Tex., asks: "Where is the 'blarney stone,' and why is it so called?"—About four miles northwest of Cork, Ireland, is situated the village of Blarney, containing the ruined castle of the same name, once owned and occupied by the Earls of Clancarty. At the distance of six feet below this parapet is a stone which has obtained the name of the "blarney stone," on account of the power it is supposed to confer upon the kisser of saying the right words in the right place, of uttering just those compliments which cannot be resisted. Travelers, however, generally kiss a stone on the parapet, but it is not the real one. The real one can only be kissed by hanging head downwards, held by the feet in another person's hands.

J. F. L., Dongola, Ills., writes: "In a late number of the BLADE you say any bank will give us gold for national bank notes, or greenbacks, and I understood at par. I have applied to one national bank, and find I can get gold by paying ½ to ¾ per cent. premium. Please explain why we cannot get gold at any bank at par."—We presume that in your location the ½ to ¾ per cent. represents simply the cost of transferring the coin from New York. The national banks, in point of fact, are under no obligation to furnish gold for their own notes or for government notes. The former are exchangeable only for United States notes, on application, and the latter are exchangeable for gold at the office of the Assistant Treasurer in New York. A great many national banks are quite ready to make the exchange, merely as an accommodation.

O. H. L., Albany, Ill., asks: "1. Can you give an outline of the travels of one Brown, the so-called mind-reader? 2. Has this art of mind-reading been successfully theorized? If so, where can I obtain a work upon this mysterious art?"—1. Brown was in Toledo some three or four years ago, and gave several very satisfactory exhibitions of his powers. From here he went to the large cities of the East, and since then we have lost sight of him. Since his appearance in public it was demonstrated by actual test that he was not the only person who possessed this power, and many others performed tests quite as exacting as those laid on Mr. Brown. 2. Various explanations have been given of the faculty, but none of them have been accepted as generally satisfactory. We recall no book on the subject.

E. R. S., Rose Valley, Kan., asks: "Can you give me a brief description of the game of 'Polo,' which I so frequently see spoken of in the papers?"—It is substantially the game of football played on horseback, and with mallets. A large, level field, several acres in extent, a good supply of horses and skillful riders are the chief essentials in forming a Polo Club. The contesting clubs, which vary in number from five to a dozen, each member of which is upon horseback and provided with a long mallet, are stationed at opposite ends of the field. The umpire, also upon horseback, carries a large rubber ball to the center of the field and throws the ball to the ground as the signal for the game to begin. Each club then gallops toward the center, the object of the game being to bat the ball over the heads or through the ranks of the enemy, through two posts which are at the extreme edge of their part of the field. A game varies from a few minutes to half an hour in length, and is often a sight of intense interest.

J. V. B., Pleasant Creek, W. Va., asks: "If I should buy a ticket from Baltimore to Omaha, Neb., or to Hays City, Kansas, would the railroad company have to convey me and my baggage from one depot to another where there is no union depot, or would I have to find my own conveyance? 2. Is the piece published in the BLADE about the man without a spirit a reality or a myth. Give man's name, place of residence and a little description of how he is getting along. 3. Can you, or do you know of anybody that can give a remedy for the destruction of the cabbage worm? 4. Give names and politics of each Governor of the States and Territories of the United States."—1. You would have to meet the expense of your own transfer and that of your baggage, unless your baggage was checked through from point to point. In the latter case the companies interested would make the transfer of the baggage, but you would be obliged to transfer yourself. 2. We cannot undertake to be responsible for for all the amusing or ingenious stories which appear in various papers, or even for those that are republished in the BLADE. 3. We have published several during the last few months. 4. These were given in the BLADE not more than four or five weeks ago.

M. A. B., Deerfield, Va., asks: "Please have the forbearance to give a short sketch of the assassination of Lincoln. Who were the parties implicated in the deed, and what became of all of them? Was there a woman in it?"—On the evening of Good Friday, April 14th, 1865, the President, accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln and several personal friends, visited Ford's Theater at Washington. The day had been one of general rejoicing over the surrender of Lee, and the theater that night was crowded from pit to ceiling. A little after 10 o'clock an actor named John Wilkes Booth entered the private box in which the President was sitting, and approaching Mr. Lincoln from behind, placed a pistol to his head and fired. Booth at once leaped from the front of the box to the stage below, (breaking his leg in the operation), and brandishing a dagger, shouted, "*Sic semper tyrannis*," "thus ever to tyrants," "the South is avenged." The President's head drooped slightly forward, his eyes closed, and his consciousness never returned. He died the next morning at 7 o'clock, at a house near by, into which he had been removed. The courts found nine persons guilty of a conspiracy either to kill or abduct President Lincoln and members of his Cabinet. Of these, one, John Wilkes Booth, was killed by the soldiers who attempted to effect his capture; four were executed—Mrs. Surratt, Harold, Payne and Atzerot; and four were sentenced to imprisonment on the Dry Tortugas—Arnold, Mudd and McLaughlin for life, and Spangler for six years. McLaughlin died in prison, the others were subsequently pardoned by President Johnson.

J. W. W., (no address) asks: "1. Was Victor Hugo, of France, exiled more than once? I know of the time following the *coup d'etat*. 2. For what were his sons imprisoned? 3. Was his family reunited under the Republic? 4. Why was Louis Napoleon Bonaparte called Napoleon III? Was he not the second Napoleon? 5. What is 'Ibid,' a book or a paper? Where published, and what its principles? 7. Will you answer questions asked on a postal card?"—1. He was not. His banishment took place after the *coup d'etat* of 1851. He refused to accept the amnesty offered to political exiles in 1859, and also a similar opportunity which arose in 1869, through the Emperor's proclamation of amnesty, but returned to Paris after the fall of the Emperor, Napoleon III. 2. Charles Victor, Hugo's eldest son, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for an article on the death penalty published in *L'Evenement* newspaper about 1850. We have no recollection that Francois Victor was ever imprisoned. 3. Yes. The sons, who had previously shared their father's exile, returned to Paris in 1869, or about two years before their father. 4. The second Napoleon was Napoleon Francois Charles Joseph, Duke of Reichstadt, son of Napoleon I. and Maria Louisa. He was born in Paris, March 20th, 1811, and died in Vienna July 22, 1832. His father, Napoleon I., on his abdication, gave him the title of Napoleon II., and expected that he should occupy the throne. The young Napoleon had a mild and placid disposition, and was lacking in that mental force that enabled his father to wrest untoward circumstances to his own advantage. 5. *Ibid*, or *Ibidem*, is a Latin adverb, meaning simply "in the same place." It is used where a quotation follows another from the same production and the same author, and instead of repeating the name of the poem or prose article it is customary to write "*ibid*." 6. We have no objections to answering questions asked on postal cards, if they are otherwise not objectionable.

W. A. B., Milan, Kan., asks: "Will you give, through the columns of the BLADE, a sketch of Washington Territory? 1. Is there any good Government land to be had there yet? 2. What are the principal crops raised, and what are they worth, when raised? 3. Is the climate healthy, and what part is most fertile?" 1. A few months ago the BLADE devoted nearly two columns to a full description of the climate, soils and productions, both mineral and agricultural, of Washington Territory. It is divided by the Cascade range of mountains into two nearly equal divisions, known as Eastern and Western Washington. These differ widely in soil, climate and productions. A very large portion of Western Washington is covered with dense forests of fir trees, of immense height and girth. The principal resources of this portion of the Territory is composed of coal and lumber. Four-fifths of Western Washington has a gravelly soil unfit for cultivation. The other fifth is made up of rich alluvial land in the valleys of the river and smaller streams, and of prairies and reclaimed marsh land. This portion of the Territory grows all the cereals except corn, and all the fruits and vegetables known in the Northern States. It has already an area of 5,000 square miles under cultivation. Strictly speaking, there are only two seasons in West Washington, Winter and Summer. The Winter or wet season begins about the first of October and ends about the first of April. The average annual rain in the Puget Sound basin is about 50 inches. The average temperature during the Winter months is 39, and during the Summer 63 degrees.—Eastern Washington is largely composed of vast rolling prairies which it is claimed make it one of the best grazing and wheat growing regions on the continent. There is little timber except on the margins of the rivers and smaller streams. The climate and soil are said to be particularly adapted to the production of peaches and grapes. The yield of wheat last year was about 25 bushels to the acre, and the price ranged from 35 to 50c bushel. At Portland, Oregon, about 250 miles from the Washington wheat tracts, wheat brought 90c per bushel. The average temperature in Eastern Washington is Spring 52, Summer 73, Autumn, 53, Winter 34 degrees. The average annual rainfall is about 20 inches.

The Coming Census.

Judge Stone has just received Gen. Walker's report to Sec. Schurz, recommending the following appointment of Supervisors of Census among the States and Territories:

One Supervisor each—The States of Colorado, Delaware, Florida, Nevada, New Hampshire, Oregon, Vermont, the Territories and the District of Columbia.

Two Supervisors each—The States of Arkansas, Connecticut, Maine, Nebraska and West Virginia.

Three Supervisors each—The States of California, Kansas, Louisiana, Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Mississippi, New Jersey and South Carolina.

Four Supervisors each—The States of Alabama, Iowa, Michigan, North Carolina and Wisconsin.

Five Supervisors each—The States of Georgia, Kentucky, Tennessee and Virginia.

Six Supervisors each—The States of Indiana and Texas.

Seven Supervisors—The State of Missouri.

Eight Supervisors each—The States of Illinois and Ohio.

Ten Supervisors—The State of Pennsylvania.

Eleven Supervisors—The State of New York.

This estimate is not based on the population alone, but takes into consideration many other things, such as extent of territory, the compactness or sparseness of settlement, the occurrence of Cities and large Towns, the existing facilities of transport and postal communication, the various constituents of the population, and the nature of the principal industries pursued.

Woman's Strategy.

"Jack," said a pretty girl to her small brother the other day, "I want you to do something for me—that's a good fellow."

"What is it?" growled Jack, who is the brother of the period.

"Why, you know that wig and mustache you used in the theatricals?"

"Well?"

"Well, won't you just put them on and go to the concert to-night? Augustus and I will be there, and, Jack, I want you to stare at me the whole evening through your glasses."

"What! you want me to do that?"

"Yes; and as we come out you must stand in the door and try to slip me a note—take care that Gus sees you, too."

"Well, I declare!"

"Because you see, Jack, Gus likes me, I know; but then he is awful slow, and he's well off and lots of other girls are after him, and—and he's got to be hurried up a little, as it were."

The Sunday School.

The Coming of the Lord.

LESSON 10, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1879.

GOLDEN TEXT.—And so shall we ever be with the Lord.—1 Thess. 4: 17.

LESSON TEXT.

1 Thess. 4: 13-18.

13. But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. 14. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. 15. For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep. 16. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first. 17. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord. 18. Wherefore comfort one another with these words.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

Sorrow not, even as others which have no hope (v. 13).—A good-bye may be a very little thing or a very great one. It may be spoken without a tinge of sadness, or its speaking may well nigh make the heart break. The morning good-bye of the wife to the husband as he goes out to his daily business, or of the mother to her young son as he starts for school, is often full of affection without a thought of sorrow; for it is only for a few brief hours, and the hope of a speedy reunion takes away the sting of temporary separation. The partings at the close of the season, of those who have been in intimate association at some place of summer resort, have frequently more of a touch of sadness; for it is probable that that pleasant intimacy will never be resumed. Still sadder are the good-byes spoken to one who is going on a long sea voyage, or on a military campaign in time of war. Sadness and joy commingle in the partings when a son leaves home for a college course, or a loved daughter is married and goes off never again to return to her childhood's home. There is sorrow in the thought that the old associations and the old companionships are permanently broken up; but there is joy in the belief that the change is for the good of the loved one who goes away, and that the old home love is not to grow less because of newly formed loves elsewhere. The saddest good-byes of all are at the door of death. How hard it is to see those bright eyes close forever which have looked so much love into ours, and which have been the very light of our life! How hard it is to feel for the last time the pressure of the hand which has so many times grasped ours in tenderest affection! How hard it is to accept the truth that the kindly voice whose whose words have been sweetest of all to us, is to sound never again in our ears on earth! If there be no hope beyond the grave; if there be no assurance that the separation of death is a temporary one, no expectation of reunion,—the sorrow in such a good-bye is indeed overwhelming. It may well break the loving heart. But where there is a conviction that dying is only passing out from a first home to a better one; that the separation it brings is only for a brief season; that the reunion which is sure to follow is an eternal one, and that meantime the happiness of one who has gone before is promoted through the dying, while the truest good of those who remain behind is also advanced—there will be joy commingled with the sorrow, and the mourner will "sorrow not even as others which have no hope." He who sorrows despairingly over a loved one's death, sorrows like a heathen, is so far heathenish and unchristian. Christian sorrow is always a hopeful sorrow; its hopefulness, the element of joy in it, will show itself to all. Unchristian sorrow dishonors Christ and disgraces him who indulges it. If one of your family were to start a little in advance of you for a delightful summer home, would you sit and mope in gloom in the interval of time because of the week or more that must pass before you could join the loved one there? If you were at school, or in a hospital, or in a prison-house, and a dearly loved companion who had shared your term of service there were the first to find release, would it be kind in you to sorrow hopelessly because your friend were at liberty in advance of you, when you knew that soon you would be a participant with him of the new joys he had attained to? If a loved one in Christ has preceded you out of your earthly home into a place of heavenly rest, out of school into the tireless activities of an immortal blessedness, out of this world's hospital into the regions of unfailing health and joy, out of the prison-house of flesh and sense into the liberty of the redeemed spirits, would you, could you, sorrow over the parting with that friend even as others which have no hope?

If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him (v. 14.)—Before the Atlantic Ocean were crossed by Columbus there might have been doubt and anxiety concerning any who had passed out of sight on its great waters and not been heard from again. They could hardly be thought of except as lost hopelessly. But when Columbus had gone to its other shore and returned, to tell of what was beyond it, and to give assurance of its navigableness, there was a new feeling concerning its bounds, and concerning those who took passage over its waters. And now there is a little more of anxiety for the safety of one of our loved who sets out to cross the Atlantic than for one who leaves us for a brief trip to a neighboring city. So, again, we may find ourselves on a mountain side, far above a beautiful lake. The cliff below us may seem impassable. We may shrink from the thought of allowing any of our little ones to attempt the perilous descent to the water's edge. But if a wise and trusted elder brother goes on by himself through the covering thicket and down along toward the cliff's base, and after awhile comes back to tell us that he has found a plain passage-way with an easy descent, where the younger children can be led along safely, we shall have no fear in committing our loved ones to his charge for a walk that was before a terror; and our confidence in his love and wisdom will preclude anxiety as one by one they disappear from our sight along the path whither he has preceded them, and from which he will bring them back again unharmed. Thus it is that our Savior's passage of the ocean of death, and his descent through the seemingly impassable grave with his return thence, to give us assurance that the feeblest of our darlings may go and come in safety over the way which he has traversed, should forbid all fear that harm will come to those who have followed him along that path. Unless he betrays us, (is there any danger of that?) we shall see them again in safety. His word is pledged for their restoration to us; and his complete triumph over all dangers to which they can be exposed is an evidence of his ability to make good to the uttermost his word of assurance concerning them.

For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven (v. 16).—There is a possibility that a dear one who crosses the ocean will not return to us in this life. It may be that the strongest and wisest of brothers or friends will prove unable to make good his word, and come back to us in safety with those who have been entrusted to his charge. We are by no means sure that one who leaves us for a day, or for an hour, will ever be seen by us again in the flesh. There must be an "if the Lord will, we shall live to do this or that," to everything that is of human purpose or human agency. And even as to the promise of day or night, and of heat and cold, we cannot be sure when its limitations are to be reached, and the end shall be. But that Jesus Christ shall come again, and that his coming may be right speedily, there cannot be a reasonable doubt. This same Jesus who was taken up from us into heaven shall so come in like manner as he was seen go into heaven. You and I may never again see on earth the face of a friend to whom this evening we bid a careless good night. We may never see another sunrise. But we shall see Jesus coming again from heaven. Every eye shall see him. He may come this night. "Watch ye therefore, for ye know not when the master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cockcrowing, or in the morning: lest coming suddenly, he find you sleeping. And what I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch."

Wherefore comfort one another with these words (v. 18.)—No one is above the need of comfort from cheering and encouraging words. A little child has to be told a great many times over how long it is to Christmas, or how many days it will be before papa is to come back, or how soon [illegible] will be ready, or this journey will have end. A school boy counts up the days before vacation, over and over again, when study seems hardest to him. A young wife in her earlier absences from her husband counts the hours before his return with hardly less than a child's interest in their passage, and she is glad to be told by others that only a little time more must pass before she is to greet him again. Sailors cheer each other on a long voyage with talk about its end, and of what they are to enjoy when it is over. Soldiers keep each other's courage up in the same way in their campaigning. There are hours when the bravest of us require to be helped to realize that matters cannot be as bad as they seem, and that the future will surely be brighter than the present. It is not enough for us to have an underlying conviction that this is the truth. We need to be told that it is so. There is a power in these words which cannot be exercised without words. When the heart is full it ought to speak out. When a heart is burdened, it ought to be spoken to; it will be spoken to—by one who is appreciatively sympathizing, and who knows of its burden. The followers of Jesus who are mourners over those who have been taken from them, have a duty to comfort each other with the words of promise concerning the resurrection of saints, the return of our Lord, and the dwelling forever with him of those who are his.—*H. Clay Trumbull, in S. S. Times.*

PITH AND POINT.

A countryman seeing the sign "Hands Off," innocently asked if they had gone on a picnic.—*New York Herald.*

The young man who prides himself upon looking spruce should bear in mind that the spruce is ever green.—*Boston Transcript.*

A pretty girl won a musket in a French lottery. When they gave it to her she asked, "Don't they give a soldier with it?"

Fond parent, if you want your boy to glide gently down the stream of life, cultivate his little skull.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

The Philadelphia *Bulletin* heads a column article with, "Shall we grow our own sugar?" We answer sweetly, "We'd raise cane if we did."—*Boston Transcript.*

An English critic says that American clergymen say "larms" for lambs. This, you know, is because the old wether wears a 'larm bell for the flock.—*New York Herald.*

Lady (to rheumatic old woman)—"I am sorry you should suffer so; you should try galvanism." Old woman—"Thank you kindly, mum; be I to swaller it or rub it in?"

Bulkins, in referring to the time his wife complimented him, says the coal fire needed replenishing, and she pointed towards the fireplace with a commanding air, and said, "Peter, the grate."—*Bradford Era.*

Another didn't-know-it-was-loaded pistol went off the other day at St. Paul. This is worthy of notice, because the pistol was the only one of the kind on record which didn't kill somebody.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A man out West has killed his physician, and the occurrence is so unusual a one that the papers can't find type big enough to express their astonishment.—*Boston Transcript.*

Husband—Maria, my dear, you seem to be very lonesome in my company. Do you not love me now as you did before our marriage? Wife—Why, of course, Gerald; but you know since our marriage we have become one, and I feel lonesome without a second party.

A precocious youth in North Wheeling, prompted by an unpleasant recollection of the last term, says that school teachers are like dogs, because "they lick your hand." This carries off the palm.—*Wheeling Sunday Leader.*

The three proudest moments of a man's life, between the cradle and the grave, are, when he gets his first pair of red-top boots, when the girls first call him "Mister," and when the doctor tells him it's a boy.—*Steubenville Herald.*

Chastine Cox wants to be a minister, and perhaps he can be accommodated to the extent of making his choker a white one.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Mrs. Jefferson Davis, in referring to the Defunct Mrs. Dorsey, remarks, There was a woman! what grace! what mental power! what a will."—*N. Y. Telegram.*

Saratoga in the Indian language means "the region of the big hills." In plain English it means the region of big bills.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A little bit of a baby has his burdens—all the good-looking girls kissing him. He kicks against it now; but in after years—well, let him do his own anticipating.—*New Haven Register.*

It seems paradoxical to say that a thing can be bigger inside than out, but if you eat a pint of dried apples and drink a quart of water you'll find that such a thing can be.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

A lady in Cincinnati attempted to commit suicide because she could not master the Italian language. It does seem hard that the young ladies of America cannot be placed on an equal footing with organ-grinders.—*Free Press.*

A current item affirms that American women eat more candy than any other women in the world. And we wish to remark that they are sweeter than any other women in the world, and it isn't candy that makes them so, either.—*Boston Transcript.*

"I have nothing but my heart to give," said a spinster to a lawyer who had concluded a suit for her. "Well," said the lawyer, gruffly, "go to my clerk; he takes the fees."—*Boston Courier.*

From Sitting Bull, Esquire, to H. R. H. King Cetywayo, K. C. B., P. I. Q.:—Ugh! big chief—come to my wigwam—share all—kill white man—play poker—drink fire water. I have spoken.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

"This, dear children, is the shoe of a Chinese lady; see how little it is; what a very narrow sole it has." "I'll bet it ain't as narrow as Deacon ——'s. Father says his soul will fall through a crack in the floor some day and get lost," was the shrill comment of a boy given to sharp listening.

A colored man observed, while in conversation with a friend, "I dusn't b'lieve in havin' a pardener when you've on'y got a small business. If yer make enny thing, why, yer don't git it, and if yer lose, yer have to lose it all." "Jesso," remarked his companion.

A gentleman from the provinces went into the shop of a Parisian tailor to order some clothes. While his measure was being taken, he said to the sartorial Aristarchus, "You must find that I am very badly dressed." "Oh, no," replied the artist, "you are not dressed at all; you are simply covered."

A man climbed a tree to a height of 70 feet, at Offham, England, and drew a crowd of spectators, among whom was his wife and daughter, by singing hymns. Then he took a rope from his pocket and said: "Good-by; I have made a nice noose, and now I am going to tie the knot." Then he hanged himself.

A Marthon boy came home with his hair dripping wet, having just come out of the swimming hole. He was equal to the emergency, and escaped a busy time with his mother and a birch sprout by wearily wiping his forehead and remarking: "It's awful hot work hoeing down there in the garden."

Scene—Academy for young ladies—Pupils' entrance. Lady Principal—What are you going up those stairs for? Youngster—I don't know. I am only following what it says on the door. Lady Principal—On the door? There is nothing there but the word "Pupils." Youngster—Oh, then, I must have read it reversed on the wrong side of the glass; I took it for "Slip up."

A New York man has been fined $50 for kissing a girl. If every man should have to put up a 50 spot for every offense of the kind, and the money were applied to the liquidation of the national debt, not many moons would wax and wane ere the last vestige of the war's legacy would be wiped out. But we must say it would be no more than fair that the girls should pay half the fine.—*B. Transcript.*

Exception is taken in England to the manner in which Mr. Talmage points a moral. In his lecture on the "Bright Side of Things," delivered at the Temperance Fete at the Crystal Palace, as an instance of "the ruling passion strong," he related the following: "Ah," said a man, who was on a sick bed, to his wife, "I am going to heaven." "You'll look very pretty," said she, "stuck up in heaven." "Bring me the broom," he shouted, "and let me give you another walloping before I die."

Said Mr. Cashinhand sternly, "Lavinia, I am not pleased with you at all. After having broken with two suitors—both of them with good prospects in life—here you are permitting at least three worthless fellows to dog you wherever you go. Lavinia—"Three of a kind, you know, are better than two, *pere*." The giddy girl had been studying the essay on draw poker, written by Hon. Robert G. Schenck, whilom United States Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James.—*Boston Transcript.*

A happy-looking married couple were pointed out, and I was told that the lady had been married once before. When her husband died he left a will giving his widow 30,000 a year as long as she remained a widow and all of his fortune if she married again, for he maliciously added, "I want another man to know how wretched she made me, and he may find some consolation in my money." The widow's ... in finding another husband, and in spite to her former spouse makes the present husband extremely happy, and the wealth of the deceased is an immense factor to that end. Women are contrary creatures and men don't understand them.—*Saratoga Letter.*

Grandfather Lickshingle's View of It.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

Grandfather Lickshingle threw down the paper yesterday in disgust, and exclaimed:

"It makes me sick, by gracious—it makes me sick!"

"What makes you sick, grandfather?" asked James.

"Why, here's another coachman runs away with his employer's daughter."

"It is certainly too bad," said James.

"And they get married the minute they are out of sight of her father's house."

"The poor, silly thing!"

"Well, I should say 'the poor, silly thing!' I should also say, the sap-head, the shallow-pate, the crazy crack brained imbecile," continued grandfather, in a towering rage.

"The poor creatures are just from boarding school," said James, "with their heads full of romantic—"

"Who's just from boarding-school?" yelled grandfather.

"The poor, silly girls are."

"Who's talkin' about girls?" yelled the old man, a little more savagely than before. "It's the coachman I'm a hittin' at. If I had a son, an' he was a good coachman, an' he would disgrace himself by runnin' away with his employer's giddy daughter, I'd spend my pension money in riotous livin', an' I wouldn't leave him one red cent to rub against another. Now you hear your old grandfather quote Shakspeare."

Some matches make too much fuss for us.—*New York Mail.*

SPECIAL NOTICES.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

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They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm.

To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable without intoxicating.

No matter what your feelings or symptoms are, what the disease or ailment is, use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick, but if you only feel bad or miserable, use the Bitters at once. It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.

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of lumber can be cut in a day. A product 25 to 50 per cent greater than can be cut with any reciprocating saw mill. The mills are complete except saw, and will be put on the cars in Cincinnati for the low price of $188, and warranted in every particular. Saw Mills of all sizes, Engines and Boilers, Shafting, Gearing, etc. Illustrated circulars sent free.

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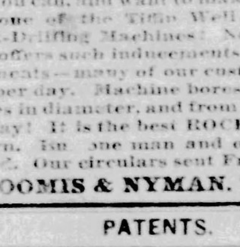

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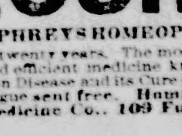

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HORSFORD'S SELF-RAISING Bread Preparation

The Healthful and Nutritious BAKING POWDER.

Invented by E. N. Horsford, late Prof. in Harvard University.

It is better and Healthier than ordinary Baking Powder, Cream Tartar or Yeast.

The cost of Raising Bread, Biscuit, etc., with it is only about half as much as by ordinary Baking Powder, and the result is much better.

It restores the nutritious elements which are taken from the flour in bolting. No ordinary Baking Powder or anything else used for raising bread does this.

Universally used and recommended by prominent Physicians.

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The most perfect cure for Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Ulcerated Piles ever known. A simple Indian treatment, curing more cases than all other medicines put together. Painless, and gives instant relief. Circular of full information for 3-cent stamp. DR. G. W. FRAZIER, Cleveland, Ohio.

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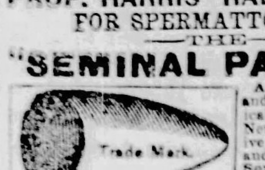
PROF. HARRIS' RADICAL CURE FOR SPERMATORRHŒA

THE "SEMINAL PASTILLE"



A Valuable Discovery and New Departure in Medical Science, an entirely New and positively effective Remedy for the speedy and permanent Cure of Seminal Emissions & Impotency by the only true way, viz: Direct Application to the principal seat of the Disease, acting by Absorption, and exerting its specific influence on the Seminal Vesicles, Ejaculatory Ducts, Prostrate Gland and Urethra. The use of the Remedy is attended with no pain or inconvenience. It is quickly dissolved and soon absorbed, producing an immediate soothing and restorative effect upon the sexual and nervous organizations wrecked from self-abuse and excesses, stopping the drain from the system, restoring the mind to health and sound memory, removing the Dimness of Sight, Nervous Debility, Confusion of Ideas, Aversion to Society, Etc. Etc. and the appearance of premature old age usually accompanying this trouble, and restoring perfect Sexual Vigor, where it has been dormant for years. This mode of treatment has stood the test in very severe cases, and is now a pronounced success. Drugs are too much prescribed in these troubles, and, as many can bear witness to, with but little if any permanent good. There is no Nonsense about this Preparation. Practical observation enables us to positively guarantee that it will give satisfaction. ——During the eight years that it has been in general use, we have thousands of testimonials as to its value, and it is now conceded by the Medical Profession to be the most rational means yet discovered of reaching and curing this very prevalent trouble, that is well known to be the cause of untold misery to so many, and upon whom quacks prey with their useless nostrums and big fees. The Remedy is put up in neat boxes, enough to last a month, and sent in a plain wrapper by mail sealed for $3.—Two boxes, (sufficient to effect a permanent cure unless in severe cases) $5 —Three boxes lasting three full months, will stop emissions, and restore vigor, in the worst cases, $7.—Full DIRECTIONS for using will accompany EACH BOX.

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It is also a "Private Medical Adviser," on diseases resulting from impure associations, and on Self abuse, (the secret habit of youth,) and its effects on after life, causing Nightly Emissions, Loss of Vigor, etc., making marriage improper or unhappy, giving treatment and many valuable receipts. A book for private and considerate reading that no one of adult age, should be without, as ignorance on these subjects is the cause of a great deal of misery. It contains much that is not in any other work, and has 600 pages, with over 100 Plate Engravings, and Woodcuts. Sent sealed for $1. Address Dr. Butts' Dispensary, No. 12 North 8th St., St. Louis, Mo.

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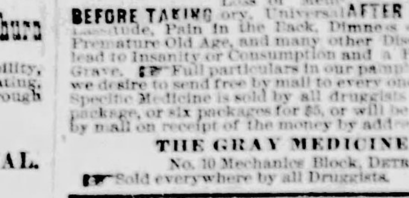

TRADE MARK The Great English Remedy, An unfailing cure for seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency and all Diseases that follow, as a sequence of Self Abuse; as Loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other Diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption and a Premature Grave. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at $1 per package, or six packages for $5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing TRADE MARK

BEFORE TAKING. AFTER TAKING.

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO., No. 10 Mechanics Block, DETROIT, MICH.

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IT PAYS to sell our Rubber Printing Stamps. Samples free. J. M. Mitten & Co., Cleveland, O.

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D. R. LOCKE, Publisher, Toledo, Ohio.

P. S.—Write "Andersonville" on the envelope or postal, in plain letters.

Ninety-Five Per Cent. Sterling RUBBER BOOT.

Made to supply the popular demand for an All-Rubber Boot, and as pure as can be made. Upper and legs double thickness of Rubber, the fibre or grain of which is crossed at right angles, whereby separation of the fibres or "cracking" is made impossible. Ordinary Rubber Boots invariably wrinkle, leading to cracks, besides chafing the feet and ankles, and wearing out the stockings. All this is obviated by the Double Upper and Leg. The bottoms are of Solid Rubber, half inch thick, and not filled with Rags, like common Rubber Boots. In the cut below, the black part marked "Solid Rubber Filling" in ordinary Rubber Boots is made of ground up scraps of cloth, and is neither durable nor water-proof; but in the "Ninety-Five Per Cent. Sterling Rubber Boot," when the tap sole and long sole are worn through a third sole—all solid Rubber—presents itself, and gives 100 per cent. additional wear without increase of bulk or weight. These soles will outwear two or three pairs of common Rubber Boots.

Warranted Three Months,

And that there may be no question as to the time, the patent binding, as seen in cut, provides a space for every day, month and year, so that the retail dealer, when making a sale, can punch out the date thereof, and the Boots will in themselves bear permanent record of that date. (See warrant in large circular.) Every Boot bears the warrant in Rubber letters on the leg.

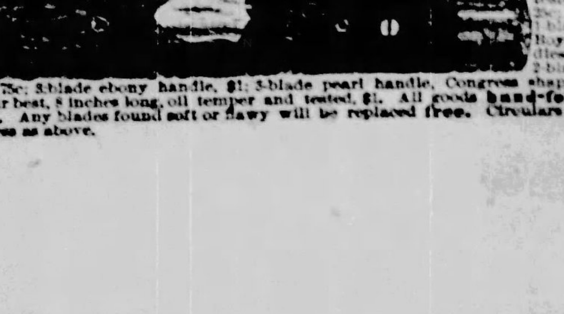
Retail Price.................$5.00

Although seemingly high priced, they are more economical than a Boot of less cost, and with proper care will render good service from Fall until Spring.

THE POOR MAN'S BOOT.

MANUFACTURED BY L. CANDEE & CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Descriptive Circulars sent to any address free of charge. Send a postal.



This cut is exact size of our medium two-blade knife. Price by mail, 50c. Same size, 1-blade, 35c.

MAHER & GROSH, Monroe St., Toledo, Ohio, to introduce their goods will send by mail, postage paid, medium 3-blade knife, like cut, 75c; heavy 2-blade, 60c; extra strong 2-blade, for hard service, 75c; our best 2-blade, oil temper, extra finish, every blade tested, $1. One blade, 25c; 1-blade, like cut, 35c; 1-blade extra strong, 50c. Boys' 2-blade, 25c. Ladies' 1-blade, 25c; ivory 2-blade, 50c. Gents' pen knives, 2-blade, 75c; 3-blade ebony handle, $1; 3-blade pearl handle, Congress shape, $1.50. Pruners, medium, 75c; our best, 8 inches long, oil temper and tested, $1. All goods hand-forged from English Razor Steel. Any blades found soft or flawy will be replaced free. Circulars free. Discounts to Dealers. Address as above.

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubrs.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, AUG. 28, 1879.

THE TOLEDO BLADE.

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Single copy, per year, $2.00, and at the same rate for a shorter time. Clubs of five, per year, $1.75 each. Clubs of ten and over, $1.65 each, and an extra copy to the getter up of a Club of ten or more.

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SPECIMEN COPIES—Sent free to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the addresses of a dozen or so of your friends at as many different Postoffices, to whom we will send copies free and postage paid. Send for our Special Circular to Agents. Address,

THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, OHIO.

Circulation this week, 89,780

ANOTHER thousand net increase in our subscription list this week brings the BLADE figures nearly up to *ninety thousand*. We have no comment to make upon this remarkable and unchecked upward tendency of the BLADE subscription list. It needs none, since none can be more forcible than the facts themselves.

As illustrating how carefully the BLADE is read, as well as how widely, we give place here to a letter received recently from Illinois. It affords a striking illustration of the influence which the BLADE bears with it in all places where it circulates, and shows that *all* its columns are read, and read carefully and intelligently:

WESTERN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, PRISON DEPARTMENT, ONARGA, Ill., July 30, 1879.

DEAR SIR:—A few weeks ago the BLADE published a letter from Mrs. S. J. Axtell, asking the readers of your paper to contribute from their stock of reading for the benefit of the inmates of the various prisons of the land, who are supplied by this department of our Society. I now wish to acknowledge the receipt of over 300 pounds of choice literature sent me by the reader, of your valuable paper in response to the letter of Mrs. Axtell. In addition to this, letters continue to come from every State in the Union from Vermont to Nebraska and from Minnesota to Florida offering to send literature for the use of the prisoners.

* * * * * * *

Respectfully yours,
W. D. A. MATTHEWS.
Prison Missionary.

We repeat, nothing escapes the readers of the BLADE, no matter where it appears, and anything published in the BLADE has more weight than it would would have in any other paper, because, nine times out of ten, the BLADE is the most prominent and influential paper which enters the family, let the others be what they may.

DON'T fail to read our offer of a valuable book *free*, in the last column of this page.

REINFORCED by a shot-gun, SPRAGUE becomes a bigger man than ROSCOE CONKLING.

UNTIL the DIXON and CHISHOLM murderers are brought to justice, we have no right to comment upon the misrule in any other land.

THE same edition of the Yazoo *Banner* that contains the account of DIXON'S murder will also have a red hot article on the "Evils of Bayonet Rule."

DAVID DAVIS will shortly pay a visit to Brooklyn, and the Albany *Journal* says the authorities have tendered him the use of the Brooklyn Bridge as a hammock during his stay.

IT will be well to buy your books as early as possible this Fall. We can offer no assurance that we shall be able to keep up the supply of any particular book after the rush begins.

EVEN the staid old *Atlantic Monthly* has taken to paragraphing, and on the tramp, too. Here is its maiden effort:

No tramps have been drowned while bathing this season. The reason is obvious—none have yet bathed.

BLACKBURN did not depart from his former record to get on the platform with EWING. EWING went back on his past to become in accord with BLACKBURN. This distinction should be kept in mind.

SOMEBODY will be disappointed in securing the territory desired for "Andersonville," if applications are not sent in promptly. The territory is now being taken very rapidly, and those who come first will be first served.

REPRESENTATIVE SINGLETON, of Mississippi, used to frequently say "I owe my seat in Congress to Capt. DIXON's noble efforts." But Mr. SINGLETON will not raise his little finger to secure the punishment of DIXON's murderer.

"NIP the Independent movement in the bud," wrote Chairman BARKSDALE, of the Democratic Executive Committee, to his nephew J. H. BARKSDALE, and Nephew BARKSDALE, putting three slugs in each barrel, and fresh caps on the nipples, went out and nipped it.

PLEASE remember that we are always glad to send out copies from our new catalogue free to any address on application. We believe the list of books it contains cannot be duplicated in price and quality, by any other similar institution in the country.

AND now Mr. FIELD don't like TILDEN. Hear him:

"As for my relations with Mr. Tilden, my experience has been what I presume has been that of every man who ever had business dealings with him. I wish he would sell the remainder of his stock in the elevated railroad."

It looks as though that boom would end over and come in the other direction.

A BOARD, consisting of Gens. SHERIDAN, CROOK, and JEFF C. DAVIS, has been appointed to determine certain facts connected with the battle of Chicamauga. While it is about it, it might as well consider certain facts connected with JEFF C. DAVIS's treatment of the negros during the march through Georgia.

IT is currently reported that $50,000 has been paid for ALEXANDER STEWART's remains, and that the matter has now been "squared up." It is to be hoped that this is not true. It would be a fearful encouragement to crime to have this offense so rewarded. Better a thousand times that the remains were never recovered than that a dollar should be paid to those who stole them.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The general feeling of the country, as indicated at Washington and elsewhere, is that the United States should give notice of the abrogation of the Canada Fisheries treaty. The main facts seem to be that our Government has paid an enormous sum for prospective privileges, and that even these privileges are greatly lessened and impaired by the existence of local legislation in the Dominion in opposition to the treaty, and by the scarcely concealed hostility of the Canadians who have already made such demonstrations as keep our vessels from availing themselves of their just rights. The discontinuance of the treaty would stop the free importation of Canada fish into the United States, and at the same time by forfeiting what has been advanced for fishing privileges not yet accrued, afford the most forcible avowal of our Government's determination no longer to submit to so unjust a compact.

Dispatches state that the Mississippi Improvement Commission was organized at Washington on the 20th inst. The Commission will make extensive compilations of statistics relating to the trade, commerce, etc. of the Mississippi Valley, and arrange for the best expenditure of the $175,000 which has already been appropriated for the improvement of the Mississippi. St. Louis has been selected as the permanent headquarters of the Commission.

A VERY considerable interest has been created among the invalid and helpless soldiers located at the various National homes throughout the country, regarding the custody of funds accruing to them from the Arrears of Pensions act. It has been held by the managers of these homes that inasmuch as the inmates were directly receiving their support at the hands of the Government, such funds belonged to the Government. This interpretation has been stoutly resisted by the pensioners themselves, and in some cases they have withdrawn from the homes rather than submit. They hold that as the arrears of pensions bill was passed subsequent to the law for the support of soldiers at homes, the money should go to the pensioners direct. The matter has been referred to the Attorney General, who will shortly give an opinion on the whole question relating to arrears of pensions due inmates of these homes.

A vigorous attempt has been made by the Democratic press to manufacture capital against Sec. SHERMAN by accusing him of undue partiality and favoritism shown to the banks of the New York Syndicate in extending the time within which they were to pay the remainder due on the four per cent. bonds. The amount has been variously stated at from $75,000,000 upward and it has been alleged that the interest on this sum has been pocketed by the Syndicate greatly to their profit. An official statement shows that the amount due is less than $34,000,000, and that it is all due from banks. The banks are paying for this accommodation precisely as any individual would do, and the gradual payment of this sum into the Treasury is especially calculated to prevent that monetary stringency which its sudden withdrawal would be sure to cause.

Returns to the Department of Agriculture, showing the condition of the crops for the month ending August 1, indicate that the corn crop remains unchanged as compared with the month ending July 1, while the prospect is not so good as for the corresponding time last year. Less buckwheat is planted than last year, while the potato crop shows 97 as against 88 in July. The hay crop is not up to the average, although in eight States the yield of timothy hay was above the average. The late July rains were quite general, and the prospect for fall pasturage is everywhere good.

Little that is new or important is developed in regard to the CONKLING-SPRAGUE sensation which has made such an excitement over the country during the past week. Statements and counter-statements have been published, and while opinion is divided as to the innocence of the parties involved, there is a general desire to see the matter dropped and relegated for final settlement into the hands of those most immediately concerned.

THE association of the late war with Mexico held a meeting at Columbus, O., on the 20th inst., with a view to holding a national convention of Mexican soldiers. The convention will have for its special object the taking of such steps may be required to induce Congress to equalize the pensions of Mexican soldiers with those of the soldiers engaged in putting down the late rebellion.

The Republicans opened their campaign in Ohio on the 20th inst., at three points, Secretary SHERMAN speaking at Steubenville Sec. SCHURZ at Cincinnati, and Hon ALPHONSO TAFT at Cleveland. These speeches, which were heard by thousands of voters of all parties, were followed by others at Columbus, Toledo and other prominent points throughout the State, and the campaign will be pushed through vigorously to the close. The Republicans in Ohio are thoroughly organized and united, and their prospects for carrying the State were never brighter.

SAN FRANCISCO is convulsed over an affray which occurred there on Saturday morning. The Rev. I. S. Kalloch, the Working Men's candidate for Mayor, at a public meeting on Friday night, uttered a most foul and disgraceful charge against the aged mother of Mr. Charles de Young, the principal proprietor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*. The cause of this public assault is found in articles of a defamatory character, recently published in Mr. DE YOUNG's newspaper. On Saturday morning Mr. DE YOUNG drove in a coupe to Mr. KALLOCH's office, and send a messenger for that reverend politician. On his approach Mr. DEYOUNG fired a revolver at him twice, one bullet piercing his left lung and the other his thigh. A mob immediately set upon Mr. DE YOUNG, who, with great difficulty and much risk, was conveyed to the City Hall Prison. KALLOCH is still living, and will probably recover.

Our latest advices from Memphis bring the discouraging report that the fever has apparently taken a fresh start in some parts of the city. Several of the benevolent societies of the city are now making their first appeals to their brethren throughout the United States for aid.

A GAME OF CHANCE.

The burden of all the charges made by the inflationists against resumption is that it has made the payment of debts difficult not to say impossible. They cry out loudly against the increase in the purchasing power of money and the consequent decrease in the value of other property, and point with monotonous iteration to cases in which men and firms have been "ruined" because they were unable to meet liabilities which they contracted in the flush times immediately following the War. In all these cases we are told the "victims of resumption" might have worked their way out, if the depreciation of the currency could have been maintained or even further increased. The measures looking toward resumption were merely so many fetters on the hands of the debtor class, preventing them from rescuing themselves from the difficulties of their situation.

Let us look at this position a moment. In the first place, the assertion that a continuation of depreciated currency would have enabled these men, or even a majority of them, to carry out successfully all their schemes for the payment of debt and consequent acquisition of property, are the merest assumption. The whole history of the period from 1863 to 1873, as well as the history of corresponding periods here as elsewhere, goes to establish the statement that the majority of men thus implicated used the means they obtained during the period. not for the purpose of paying their debts, but as a basis for building up others even greater. The man who became possessed of $5,000 by the rise of property, instead of using it to cancel his existing liabilities, took it as the first payment on a piece of property for which he undertook to pay $15,000, and on which he gave a mortgage for the balance. If the operation was begun early enough in the decennial period to admit of its being carried to successful issue, the $15,000 was applied to make him the prospective owner of property worth (which means valued at) $50,000. These and kindred operations would have been continued just as long as the opportunity for them existed. Gain begets the appetite for gain, and the speculative era had no other bound or limit than that put upon it by the stoppage of currency depreciation. Where it would have carried the people otherwise, not even the most brilliant imagination among the inflationists could conceive.

The most difficult thing for the inflationist to realize is that the fortunes made during the flush times were often fortunes not in reality, but in prospective. Men discounted the future in taking upon themselves liabilities which nothing but the most remarkably favorable condition of affairs for a long term of years could ever enable them to meet. They divided their liabilities by their expectations to find the number of years it would require to accumulate a fortune. They deliberately took part in a game of chance, with the odds against them. If they won, they attributed the winning to their own superior wisdom and business ability. If they lost, the whole burden of the failure was laid upon "the ruinous policy of resumption."

It is perhaps a good time to impress upon the young men who are coming up to take their share in the business of the country, that the man who contracts a debt beyond the reasonable certainty of payment, does so with a good prospect of having his business footing taken from under him. He who takes a risk of this kind, may well congratulate himself if it result in his favor, but he has no right to complain if it proves like most games of chance, and leaves him the loser. It is safe to say that schemes of this kind are not all ended with the inflation era, and that there are other men who will learn too late that discounting the future is an expensive operation.

LONDON, it is said, is more poorly supplied with water than any other of the large Cities of the world. Eight private corporations bleed the people, and yet the elixir of life in a pure state is almost unknown. The tide comes above some of the pumping works, and salt water for family use is the result, while other part of the City receive the river water infested with the sewage. The wonder is that a pestilence does not walk the streets every year. A good supply of pure water could be obtained and a movement is now on foot to secure it, but the same thing has occurred so often before that people have learned to distrust the results.

IN the rural districts of France was celebrated yesterday the crowning of the Rosiere. This is a custom inaugurated 100 years ago by the Abbe D'HELIOT, to incite young maidens to a virtuous life. It consists in placing a crown of roses upon the head of the young girl under 18 who has been pronounced by a committee composed of the Mayor, the Beadle, the priest, and three of the fathers of the parish, to be the most beautiful, modest, and chaste of all of the maidens. Beside the crown, a certain amount of money is also given her. It is an honor diligently sought,—the object of the ambition of the French peasant girl,—and is no doubt a great assistance in enabling her to resist temptation.

IT would not seem possible that any human beings could be found so lost to all sense of right as to endeavor to burn a City devastated by a pestilence, and in so deplorable condition every way as Memphis. It is, however, asserted that the recent fires in that place were the work of negros and that they have threatened to proceed farther. This will necessitate very stringent measures if true, but it is hardly probable that the law abiding citizens, both white and black are reduced to such a minimum that with vigilance and care they cannot protect themselves and property from such fiendish outrages. It may be that this is a mere floating rumor started to intensify feeling against the blacks. If so, its falsity will soon be made manifest.

WE are having a great sale on our "Strange and Eccentric Characters, their Lives and Deeds." In many respects it is one of the most popular, as well as one of the most readable books we have ever offered. It is, in a word, a cyclopedia of biography, containing as it does biographies of the heroes, conquerors, statesmen, authors, artists, humorists, etc., of all times. The book is a large octavo, with nearly 300 engravings. Regular price, $3.00; our price, $2.00; or book and BLADE one year, $3.25.

A SENATORIAL PECKSNIFF.

The immortal PECKSNIFF lives anew in all his repulsive completeness in Sen. LUCIUS QUINTUS CURTIUS LAMAR, of Mississippi. The original PECKSNIFF was a man "fuller of moral precepts than a copy book," and of more guile than a serpent. He canted and prated continually, "having this large stock of superfluous sentiment and morality on hand which must be cleared off at any sacrifice."

It would be no description of Mr. Pecksniff's gentleness of manner to adopt the common parlance, and say that he looked at this moment as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. He rather looked as if any quantity of butter might have been made out of him, by churning the milk of human kindness, as it spouted upward from his heart.

For all this he was a designing villain, remorselessly cruel in his selfishness, and unscrupulous as to the means by which he attained his ends.

In the same way Sen. LAMAR is fuller of verbal patriotism and philanthropy than a Fourth-of-July oration. He gushes so naturally and spontaneously with love and beneficence that it seems an effort to repress his kindly emotions down to nearly the same level as other and less demonstrative people. He stands alone among his Southern brethren in this respect. GORDON, HILL, HAMPTON, BECK, and other leaders of his party are too insolent and haughty to care to dissimulate. Their methods of attaining their ends involve the use of arrogant brute force. But a suggestion of the use of anything but the most velvety of moral suasion seemed so foreign to LAMAR'S nature, that the people of the North built many hopes upon him as the representative of the growth of a better spirit in the South, although his State was the worst bulldozed of any in that section. It now appears beyond a doubt that he has not only countenanced but urged some of the vilest of the political crimes which have disgraced his State. There is a direct accusation that he knew beforehand of the murder of the CHISHOLMS, and said many things which were accepted by those who heard them as direct instigations to the revolting deed.

He was recently interviewed in relation to the DIXON murder. He said:

He did not know that the report was true, and, even if it was, the occurrence probably grew out of some private political discussion. No one, he said, abhorred murder more than he. He abhorred murder in all its forms, and he regretted this the more because it would be made the excuse for another attack on the South. Here was a murder in Boston, another in Chicago, an other in New York. Nobody attributed political motives to these murders. But if any man was killed in the South the whole North howled about "political assassination," and convicted the Democratic party of the crime. It was unfortunate that Dixon was shot, because the fact that he was a candidate gave color to these charges, and the affair would now be used as a political argument.

It is idle to point out the inherent evidences in this that the Senator was saying what was not only grossly untrue, but that which he knew to be untrue. These are so evident that no one can help seeing them. We cannot resist the temptation to place in opposition to this statement a quotation from a letter from Mrs. DIXON, wife of the murdered man, and written some days before the tragedy. She says:

But my heaviest trouble, to which the burial of all my little ones would be nothing, is about Henry. An armed mob of 500 men from all parts of the County came after him Friday last, and at first ordered him to leave the country, never to return. He told them he was as good a citizen as any of them, and would not leave. They then started into our house, tramping over me and my little baby, which we supposed was dying. When Drs. Moore, Gadberry, Meyers, Hudson and Kelley proposed to the mob to spare him if he would withdraw from the canvass, some said, "No, no; rope him!" Others yelled, "Run him out of the country." A great many speeches were made to the mob by the most influential citizens who were opposed to Henry, and they finally agreed to spare his life if he would withdraw, which he had to do or be murdered. Now, you can understand his feelings under the circumstances. To be compelled to knuckle down to a vile mob headed by men of wealth, position and influence, who ought to be the best friends to us, just because Henry would run independent of the Convention. No one knows the end of this. Henry's friends are influential, and wish to raise an indignation meeting and demand his rights, but I am unwilling that he should risk his life in any such way. We would leave this State this minute if we could possibly get away.

Sen. LAMAR concluded the interview thus:

He declined to talk farther, as he said his words were always misquoted and his meaning misconstrued.

How forcibly this reminds one of that scene where ANTHONY CHUZZLEWIT tells PECKSNIFF very bluntly that he is a hypocrite:

"A what, my good sir?" demanded Mr. Pecksniff.

"A hypocrite."

"Charity, My dear," said Mr. Pecksniff, "when I take my chamber candle-stick to-night, remind me to be more than usually particular in praying for Mr. Anthony Chuzzlewit, who has done me an injustice."

PACIFIC COAST HOODLUMISM.

Like the Yazoo affair the KALLOCH-DE YOUNG embroglio is a genuine case of dog-eat-dog. Neither party has anything to commend him to the sympathies of decent, orderly people. Mr KALLOCH was a brilliant, erratic man with wonderful promise, but fell into evil ways, from which he never thoroughly recovered, and of late years has been going from bad to worse. For some months he has been prominent as the leader and chief orator of the Sand Lots crowd of hoodlums that rallied around KEARNEY's banners. There seems to be some amicable division of power between him and that Wild Ass of the Sand Lots. CHARLES DE YOUNG is the owner and manager of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, a journalistic jackal, professedly Democratic, really terrorist, extortionist, blackmailer. A quarrel arises between these two over the division of political power. DE YOUNG wants the heterogeneous conglomeration called the Honorable Bilks to reap the benefit of the present chaos in California politics. KALLOCH tries to gain it for the so-called Workingman's party. After several attempts to fuse these conflicting aspirations are rendered abortive by the inordinate greed on both sides, they turn the weapons they have been sharpening for the Republican party against each other. DE YOUNG begins by brutal villification of KALLOCH, and KALLOCH's father, KALLOCH retaliates by ruffianly abuse of DE YOUNG and DE YOUNG's mother. KALLOCH seems to be the abler filth-flinger, for suddenly DE YOUNG finds that other tactics are necessary to win, and he makes a very cowardly though determined effort to assassinate his antagonist.

Altogether it is a very nasty row, between some very nasty people. No one having any claims to respectability, seem to be even remotely connected with it. The worst feature of it is that the base attempt to kill Mr. KALLOCH is likely to give that individual sympathy and support, which the Sand Lot leaders will turn to advantage in giving the so-called Workingman's Party a new lease of life and vigor.

COUNTED AS NOTHING.

Disregard for human life is fast becoming a normal condition in this country. Men are shot down every day with a recklessness of consequences that is appalling. The causes are many times the merest trifles. Nothing of real importance is involved, but a morbid dwelling upon fancied wrongs, or a sudden flash of temper leads to the commission of fearful crimes. These thrill the community for a day. The papers are filled with long and minute details of the deed, what led to it, and every circumstance connected with the former lives of the principal actors. The people devour them with avidity, even to the smallest and most trivial item, the matter is the subject of comment upon the street, in the drawing room, offices, business houses, everywhere, and then the whole subject is apparently forgotten unless brought to the surface again by public proceedings.

It is not true. however, that in this disappearance from the public print, it has carried with it all of its deleterious influences. Every such tragedy produces a demoralizing effect. The sickening details possess a strange fascination for a certain class of minds and they dwell upon them until crime is familiar to their thought; and the notoriety of daring to shoot down "his man" seems a thing desirable. At least, it is an easy way to avenge a real or fancied wrong, and the future, if thought of at all, is carelessly regarded as being able to take care of itself.

Aside from this effect upon individuals, the moral sense of the whole people is becoming blinded. Murder and suicide are so common that they are growing to be looked upon as a part and parcel of every day life, and are thought of as inevitables, just as the shooting down of men during the rebellion was considered a necessity. All remember how the whole North thrilled at the news of the fall of the first soldiers who perished on the field of battle. As time passed on it was only the tidings of the slaying of hundreds and thousands that caused more than a ripple of excitement. Familiarity with horrors brutalize and make other horrors more possible.

It is difficult to understand how the present condition of society which makes murder and suicide so common, has come about, The world is no worse to-day than it was years ago—this decade than it was last—and yet it is certain that life is growing less sacred every week that passes. It can be accounted for in part by the recklessness generated by the war, grown from indulgence into a habit, or it might be termed, an epidemic. Add to this the depression caused by business difficulties through these long years of hard times, and the anomaly can be partially understood. But these influences do not fully explain the present condition of things, and the cause therefor must far underlie any surface appearances. Just now it is an unsolved problem.

OPPOSITION BECOMES PERSECUTION.

When opposition to any form of religious doctrine passes a certain point, it becomes persecution, and in the end is apt to strengthen the holders of the faith rather than discourage them. They become, after a kind, martyrs to what they believe, and acquire a prestige before the world which they had not before possessed. History is full of examples of this kind, and every decade that passes shows that what was true years ago is true at the present time. In our own country the Mormons will become the victims of needless tyranny in the eyes of many people, and their numbers increase instead of diminish, if the policy of the past few years is pursued much longer. Either they must be treated as breaking the law of the United States and punished accordingly, or else let alone to allow the peculiar institution which is the head and front of their offending to die out gradually though the influx among them of those who are not believers and cannot be made converts. Which course is best it is hard to tell.

France has at present a Government with strong anti-religious tendencies. Its organs have made bitter attacks upon the church and ridiculed the superstitions which are interwoven with the very life of the people. JULES FERRY's educational bill has alarmed the clergy, who feel that strenuous efforts are necessary to maintain their influence over the masses. In consequence of these things a reaction has come, shown decidedly by the great increase of the numbers who go upon pilgrimages. This year it is reported that 3,500 pilgrims have started for the shrine of Lourdes, which is twice as many as went last year. The ridicule which has been heaped upon the custom has only had the effect to increase the zeal of those who believe in the efficacy of such undertakings. The matter has been overdone by the Republicans, and their influence in this respect lost entirely. While a few seasonable words of satire now and then may cause the belief of years to crumble and fall, ceaseless attacks will arouse a feeling of opposition and injustice fatal to all ideas of change. The French Republicans will have to change their mode of operations if they expect to give a new turn to the religious ideas of people in any other way than by force.

OUR FAMILY BIBLE.

We take pleasure in announcing that we have succeeded in securing another small invoice of the Family Bible which recently proved so popular with our readers, and we call fill such orders as reach us early. This edition contains the Old and New Testaments, with the Apocrypha, Concordance and Psalms, the text conformable to the Oxford and American Bible Societies' Standard editions. To these are added: Biographical Sketches of the Translators and Reformers and other eminent Bible Scholars; notes on the Old and New Testament and the Apocrypha, by WILLIAM SMITH, L.L.D.; a most comprehensive pronouncing Bible Dictionary, compiled from the latest editions of SMITH, KITTO and FAIRBURN, a Family Register and Marriage Certificate, all on heavy tinted paper: and a beautifully illuminated title page, with a large number of very superior full-page wood engravings. The size is royal-quarto, 10x12 inches, 1,000 pages, very large clear type, double column of marginal references. Regular price, $10; our price for Bible alone, $5; Bible and BLADE, one year, $6.

The book makes a whole religious library in itself, and a copy ought to be in every family. The price is astonishingly low and we can only offer a limited number of copies.

LABOR IN GERMANY.

If there was anything needed to show how senseless is the brawling of the Socialists in the large Cities in this country, it is the comparison enabled to be made between the condition of laboring men here and in Germany, through the inquiries lately set on foot by Mr. EVARTS and answered by the American Consuls there, by means of the statistics prepared for the German Government and through their own personal observation. As is well known the majority of these agitators are from that country. They know perfectly well that they have come from Hades to Paradise so far as work, wages and living are concerned. They are perfectly well aware that the laboring classes in their old homes can hardly obtain the means to procure the bare necessities of life, to say nothing of the luxuries which make an every-day appearance upon the table of the workingmen in the United States. The performance of military service is not required, and free speech enjoyed to the utmost. In the face of all these things they set up the howl of discontent, endeavoring to antagonize labor and capital, and to render the uneducated and ignorant discontented and unhappy with their present condition—a condition infinitely better than anything known to them in the old world.

Let the facts recently ascertained speak for themselves. In the mining districts of Bremen the prices of coal and iron are so low that to keep from starvation every member of the family including children of the tenderest years must work hard; in Brunswick the same story is told, while in other localities great numbers are out of employment, and beggars infest every street and highway. The wages paid to agricultural laborers are startlingly low, falling in Thuringia to 28 cents per day, and steady work at that being only attainable through the Summer months. Look at the difference between that and the sums received by the farm hands here.

The following table given by the Chicago *Tribune* shows, better than anything else, what slight grounds the Socialists have to work upon.

Occupations.	Germ'y.	New York.	Chicago.
Build'g trades.			
Bricklayers	$3 45	$12 to $15	$10 50 to $15 00
Masons	4 00	12 to 18	12 00 to 15 00
Carpenters & joiners	4 18	9 to 12	8 70 to 12 00
Gas fitters	3 95	10 to 14	10 00 to 12 00
Painters	4 60	10 to 16	6 00 to 12 00
Plasterers	4 35	10 to 15	9 00 to 15 00
Plumbers	3 90	12 to 18	12 00 to 21 00
Slaters	2 90	10 to 15	12 00 to 18 00
Blacksmiths	3 90	10 to 14	12 50 to 15 00
Bakers	3 90	5 to 8	8 00 to 12 00
Bookbinders	3 90	12 to 18	9 00 to 20 00
Shoemakers	4 32	12 to 18	9 00 to 18 00
Butchers	4 20	8 to 12	12 00 to 18 00
Cabinetmak'rs	4 95	9 to 13	7 25 to 15 00
Coopers	4 25	12 to 16	6 00 to 15 00
Coppersmiths	3 90	12 to 15	15 00 to 21 00
Cutlers	3 90	10 to 13	
Engravers	4 00	15 to 25	9 00 to 30 00
Horseshoers	3 50	12 to 18	15 00 to 21 00
Millwrights	4 95	10 to 15	12 00 to 51 00
Printers	3 90	8 to 18	14 00 to 18 00
Saddlers, harness makers	3 90	12 to 15	6 00 to 12 00
Sailmakers	3 90	12 to 18	12 00 to 15 00
Tinsmiths	3 60	10 to 14	10 00 to 12 00
Tailors	4 30	10 to 18	6 00 to 18 00
Brassfounders	5 50	10 to 14	8 00 to 15 00
Laborers, porters, etc	2 60	6 to 9	7 25 to 9 00

Point the moral conveyed by the above table, which will apply to Toledo as well as Chicago, with the following additional one of the comparative prices of common articles of food:

Articles, per lb.	Germ'y, Cents.	New York, Cents.	Chicago, Cents.
Bread	5 to 7	4 to 4½	4 to 4½
Flour	5½	4½ to 5	2½ to 4
Beef—			
Roast	22	12 to 16	10 to 14
Rump	14	14 to 16	8 to 12½
Corned	13	8 to 12	4 to 8
Veal	14	8 to 12	8 to 12
Mutton	14½	9 to 14	7 to 15
Pork—			
Fresh	17	8 to 10	5 to 8
Salted	17	8 to 10	6 to 12
Bacon	20	8 to 10	7 to 12
Ham	20	8 to 12	8 to 15
Lard	21	10 to 12	7 to 10
Butter	22	25 to 32	11 to 20
Cheese	24	12 to 15	5 to 9
Tea	75	50 to 60	35 to 75
Coffee	35	20 to 30	15 to 30
Sugar	11	8 to 10	7 to 11
Coal, per ton	$4 25	$5 25	$3 to $5

The majority of these articles of food are absolutely unknown to the German workmen in their own country for the reasons stated before, that they cannot obtain the money to purchase them. Their principal diet is black bread with potatos and a drink of chiccory.

It is due to the people of the districts around Frankfort and Barmen to say that the Consuls in those cities report great fortitude among them even while out of employment and suffering great distress, and that there are very few idle vagrants to be seen living by begging or plunder. These people must be of a very different ilk from those who come hither to stir up strife, making a tumult in our cities, and endeavoring with all their might to bring misery among the working classes in the United States.

MRS. CHISHOLM.

The cold blooded murder of DIXON, at Yazoo, shows that the animus of the people in that section of the United States is the same as governed when the CHISHOLM family were murdered. Mrs. CHISHOLM, though well aware of this, still perseveres in her determination to go to Kemper County to testify against the assassins of her husband and children. Life to her has been robbed by them of all that made it desirable, and the risk she counts but little, if there is the slightest prospect of having justice done by bringing punishment to the guilty.

She is not, however, to be left to face the dangers consequent upon this determination alone. Gen. S. L. WOODFORD and daughter go with her as an escort. She has also received an assurance, couched in manly, chivalrous terms, from Assistant District Attorney WARE of his protection and services through the trial. These facts,—and because the eyes of the whole people of this country will be upon them,—may have the effect of keeping brutality and violence within bounds, and prevent another tragedy. That the most bitter feeling will prevail there is no doubt, but measures should be taken so efficient as to put down at the first intimation any evidence or expression of its existence. With the terrible memory of the past brought afresh to the public mind by the trial, and the realization of the recent brutal murder of Capt. DIXON, the North will not be likely to bear patiently any violence towards Mrs. CHISHOLM and her friends.

STILL another application of the useful shot-gun. In the South it takes the place of tons of political documents, and countless campaign speeches; in Georgia it arrests the Mormon propaganda more effectually than counterblasts from all the pulpits in the State; in Mississippi it squelches sorehead politicians, and secures the solidarity of the Democracy; and now in Rhode Island it straightens out some unpleasant family complications, and adjusts matters on a new basis. The shot gun promises to become a great moral engine. No family should be without one

THE NEW CENSUS.

Arrangements have been completed for the taking of the new census, although the actual enumeration of persons does not begin until June 1, 1880. It will probably be one of the fullest and most reliable that has ever been taken in this country, as several new features have been introduced in order to make the whole as complete as possible. Among these is one which has been heartily approved by the leading medical and surgical practitioners throughout the United States, and also by the National Board of Health. Every physician and surgeon is requested to keep a complete record of the deaths occurring in their practice from June 1, 1879, to May 31, 1880. This will insure the correction of many of the general returns that will be made.

In order to insure compliance with this request the Census office has provided each practicing member of the profession with a book containing 24 pages, each page to be devoted to a single individual. On this will appear all items of interest connected with his death, which are requisite for the official to know. If the number of deaths within the province of a single physician exceed 24, another book will be provided for the completion of the work. All expenses in the way of stamps, etc., for forwarding the books are furnished by the Office.

MR. EVARTS' LETTER.

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* is quite severe upon Sec. EVARTS, because of his letter to the authorities of Castle Garden, warning them of the sending to this country of a pauper from Switzerland. That paper does not use its usual good sense and just discrimination in this matter. If only a single pauper had been dispatched thither to land upon our shores and be a burden upon the people, it might be considered a petty affair. But this is not the case. It is growing to be a most common thing to send to the United States any disreputable or troublesome class of persons from other lands, it being a cheap and easy method of disposing of them. Even had this not been true, the admitting of a single individual when official notification had been received of his having been deliberately shipped by the poor house authorities of Basle to rid themselves of his charge, would open the door to the sending of an army of such imbeciles hither to be cared for. As the BLADE said yesterday, the country has already too many who either cannot or will not work.

Mr. EVARTS' opposition to the anti-Chinese bill has nothing whatever to do with the case in hand. The Chinamen who are brought hither are not paupers in any sense of the word. They go to work industriously and not only keep themselves but lay up money. Objections to their presence here can never be placed upon the ground of their becoming objects of public charity. They must rest upon other and far different foundations.

A NEW grocery firm just preparing for commencing trade, consists of father and a son. The former is a Greenbacker and an enthuastic admirer of EWING and the Greenback financial vagaries; while the latter is yet without any definite theory on that subject. They had just rolled in two barrels of molasses, and turning to his father, the junior partner said, "There father, we have but one gallon measure, We must send for eighty more measures at once." "Why, my son," said the senior, "what do you mean? To be sure, there are over eighty gallons of molasses, but we shall not sell it all at once, and shall have no difficulty in measuring it with one vessel as fast as customers shall call for it. Other dealers have always got along with one measures and I don't see why we should need more than they.' "That may be so," replied the son, "you know that always heretofore the country got along very well with the same amount of currency used by other countries; but you claim that we must have an amount of money equal to the aggregate market value of all the property in the country, to meet the demands of trade; and you say that it is the true greenback view of the matter. Now, I cannot see why the same rule does not apply to the case of the molasses. All the property of the land is no more likely to be sold at the same time, (nor half as likely,) than is all our molasses to be called for at once; and on your currency theory, how are we to without at least 80 more gallon measures?" 'Well,' my son; 'I must confess I cannot tell just how it is, but it seems as though there must be a difference in the two cases. I am sure one measure is all we shall need to measure our molasses; and, now that I think of it, I don't see why he should have any more money to measure values of property, since the same can be used over and over, like the gallon measure. I guess Gen. EWING and Mr. CARY and the other Greenback leaders were never in the grocery business."

THE other day a gentleman in Chicago had an interview with Congressman O'CONNOR, of the Charleston (S. C.,) District, which shows the distrust which the people of the South view any movement looking to the granting of equal rights to the negro:

"Mr. O'Connor, do you not think that, if the white people of the South would divide, the colored people would do the same, thus making two parties in the South?"

"The white people cannot afford to do so."

"Why?"

"Because then the elements opposed to our administration of affairs would regain power, making everything connected with politics in the South very uncertain."

"Whom does the South prefer for its candidate for President? Has Gen. Hancock any following in that section?"

"No; Gen. Hancock is not an *available candidate*, as far as the South is concerned."

WHEN the Government of a great nation finds it necessary to war upon girls of 15, it must be in a bad condition, worse than the world had dreamed of. Yet this is the case in Russia. In Odessa recently a court martial sent to Siberia a young "woman" of that great age, and no doubt the country is much safer. Now the Czar can rest easy. The officials can turn their attention to other things, breathing freer since this conspirator is disposed of for all time. Russian children are, doubtless, more precocious than those elsewhere and need watching. They imbibe Nihilism at their birth, and are objects of suspicion from that time on to those who have charge of their country's safety.

BLACKBURN, the Yellow Fever fiend, and EWING, the Decoy Duck, stand on identically the same platform. Their cause is the same; their success mutual. A vote cast for EWING is a vote cast in approval of the scoundrel who attempted to commit the most despicable crime known to our history.

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Correspondence.

NEW YORK LETTER

Hay Fever—The Canonchet Story—Two Sides to it.

Correspondence of the BLADE.

NEW YORK, Aug. 23.

The wild August storm, of the same Eri King race as the annual May storm and the equinoctial, sweeps over the country rolling its wide wreaths of vapor from sky to sky, sounding its sullen defiant portent at every window, wrestling with the trees and giving them no rest, a day

"When wind and woodland grappled
And the dawn was dressed and dappled."

It will make things more tolerable for that part of the community smitten with hay fever, who have so large a share of our sympathy this month. The present theory is that this miserable malady is caused by the floating pollen of the rag weed in blossom at this time, that unpleasant weed better known by its equally disreputable name of Roman wormwood. The pollen of the plant spreads mysteriously, and is exquisitely irritating to the membrances of the head, though certain persons are more susceptible to it than others, happily for us robust ones who escape this meanest of all diseases. A clever physician told me lately of an experiment in which glass plates were exposed all night on the top of the signal service station in one of the highest business buildings in New York, miles away from any spot where ragweed could grow, with wide rivers between the city and adjacent country, yet the pollen of the ragweed was found on the glass next evening, wafted by unkindly winds. It may or may not be true. I confess the ragweed theory is not as conclusive as I like things to be, but the most intelligent, best educated men receive it, and the chance of its correctness should make it imperative on farmers to rid their farms and roadsides of this pest.

THE MALARIA THEORY.

Doctors ride now day and night; from country hotels, town side streets and mountain resorts, come the reports of patients sick with malaria fever. Its encroachments for the past 10 years brought reason to a stand for awhile. It swept up the river, and was heard of in country places and high glens where fever had never been heard of before. In Albany, 20 years ago, a case of ague was a marvel. Now it is as much at home there and in the Berkshire hills of Massachusetts, up at the Catskills as on Jersey flats. It was supposed to come from bad drainage, but isolated high farm-houses proved as penetrable to it as the low lands. Its ravages have been studied with intense concern here and abroad, and it is clearly decided to result from the lowering of ponds, streams and marshes in Summer, leaving exposed the margin of rank growth which has been under water all the Spring. Wet marshes always under water are not a tenth so deadly as those under water half the year and dry in Summer, when the heat, acting on the slimy banks, fills the air with poison. And to what is this drying of the marshes in Summer due but to the failure of the watercourses of the hills left bare by cutting down the woods? This folly of wasting the forests has been followed by consequences so deadly and severe as will be a lasting lesson to the people of new States. It was bad enough to have the hills bare in a picturesque and economical sense, but the last decade proves that æsthetics lie in front of sober and vital interests, and it is a grand mistake to disregard that beauty and seemliness which lie at the roots of things.

A STORY OF THE DAY.

The careful papers here tried to keep the Sprague story quiet, and let a family trouble die as it deserved. But it has been spread East and West, and the simple facts so distorted, and suggestion and inference so widened it in the most frightful, brutal—I wish I could say, unmanly fashion—only that it is served too faithfully in the manner of men. You read in full in all the papers, doubtless with the ghastly conclusions malice and party ends have striven to draw from it. Sober people who do not at once let their imaginations loose on the trace of a promising scandal, will prefer to keep their heads, in view of the following facts: namely, that it was admitted by all Washington 10 years ago that Sen. Sprague drank hard, at times, and the times were pretty often, and he has not allowed the habit to fall into disuse since his troubles. He was allowed to be a man of good talents, if not brilliant, the alliance with the clever Chase family bringing his millions and family influence to the aid of as high ambition and keen intellect as belonged to the century. But no man, even with the education, fortune and abilities of Gov. Sprague, can drink steadily and respectably for a score of years without demoralizing temper, tastes and sense. The ex-Governor is simply one of that class of Eastern rich men who combine culture with Beotian tastes, who spend freely on public and private libraries, have a keen sense of art and literature, and at 10 o'clock every night are uncertain whether they are in this world or another, and open the day with qualms and rheums, and whose wit, whose letters and private conversation are unrecordable. Professing to be men, they make themselves fools. Men, as they advance in middle life, cannot shake off the impress of their closest habits. They cannot smoke and talk ribald profanity in offices and lounging places all day, and appear for an hour evenings in the drawing room at home without bringing a strong aroma of rum and sugar and indecency. Miss Kate Chase had merely to learn the lessons of every woman who marries a man of the world—it was Rachel Esmond over again, a girl of genius, spirit and beauty, with pride to suit, as became her name, marrying a man neither better nor worse than his fellows, who was and is what most men choose to make themselves. The husband's side of the matter has been widely told by his friends, the men who have been well-met with him and had the cold shoulder in any lady's parlor, and the worst conclusions drawn by discreet matrons who never could get one of Mrs. Sprague's cards for Edgewood dinners. A man who gets beastly drunk and goes into beastly rages is very apt to arrive at the not comfortable opinion that his wife prefers some other man's society to his own—it would be more correct and justifiable to say she preferred any other man's company to that of the one who had most power and will to torment her. Woe betide any man who has chivalry or humanity to stand the friend of a woman and children, then, her strong father dead, her nearest relatives too timorous or indifferent to see her protected from want and insult, her husband either raving or despondent, and too wicked between drink and trouble to care for any wants but his own. A man has a pretty cool head and a clear conscience who ventures on friendly offices at such a time at all. Most virtuous citizens look at the difficulties, think of their own well filled calendar of errors, and estimate the chances of a husband's hasty temper, the nearness of a doubled barrelled shot gun, and the certainty of a newspaper bombardment, shrug their shoulders and pass by on the other side. Mrs. Sprague's letter to a friend gives a glimpse at her side of the story. At best, what was it? To queen it over Washington society and abroad, and belong to a man who drank wine like water and boasted that he could buy any hundred women he might happen to want any day. Later—to be left for months without proper funds, to see servants, teachers, and trades-people unpaid and needing money, to have the bill for carriages furnished her husband's mother paid by a friend to save litigation, and have the cheerful sot who exacted her allegiance tell her, when she asked for money to go to some of her influential Washington friends. It would not be a strained construction to say that a husband who could utter such a thing would be well enough pleased to have such justification for his own conduct. There are women who would never allow a husband to make such a speech twice without reason. I refuse to think Mrs. Sprague one of them. She needs no defense; it were well if her defamers who seek to sully her fair fame by hints were fit to kiss the hem of her garments. The proudest, most beautiful, most elegant woman in America—I have written her offence in these words. Between every line of cowardly rumor, I read the petty spite of people affronted by Mrs. Sprague's distance and reserve. I remember her in the days of her opulence, an elegantly outlined shape in faultless dress in the Senate galleries at Washington, an oval face, a proud white neck and perfect hand, all of which seemed to conjure up a vision of Thackeray's Ethel Newcomb—who thought she would resemble so nearly a sadder heroine of his—her state, her coldness, her pride, inviolate so long, do not lie at the mercy of reckless press agents and reporters now, nor are they to be blown away by the breath of a drunken imbecile, with upset brain. She went back to her husband's house against the entreaties of her friends, the report says. It was the old Chase pride and resolution took her there to do her duty to the last strained point, as she had done it for years, to save her friends from grief, and show her husband another chance for peace and self respect. The trouble is nothing more than hundreds of other women in good society are bearing in quiet with the sort of husbands the world gives them. Men who are brought up to think the universe made for them, and feel themselves superior to every old fashioned notion of morality on account of fortune or talents are not desirable stuff to live with. I hear raving down the street as I write, a sweet illustration of the above. One of my neighbors is a young man whose income is or was lately something like $5,000 a month, and his amusement, when daily drunk, is to stand on the lawn and shout accusations at his wife, swearing and cursing till the neighborhood keep the windows shut in self-defense, and the litany is going on in a maudlin, jocular fashion. I am sure nobody envies the fortunate woman who owns him and his money.

SHIRLEY DARE.

LETTERS FROM BUCKEYE.

The Storm at Ocean Grove—The Canvass in Maine—About New York and Ohio—The Yazoo Plan.

Correspondence Toledo BLADE.

OCEAN GROVE, N. J., Aug 21, '79.

The great storm wich has been so generally noticed in the Eastern papers did not slight the pleasure seekers at Ocean Grove. We had a shower during the night of Saturday, several showers during Sunday and a tremendous rain on Monday which lasted through the day and closed up at eventide with a driving wind, and rain that came down in sheets. No such violent storm has visited this coast, so it is said, for 10 years or more. The discomforts of a long and severe storm are greater here than elsewhere. In ordinary times the crowds that are packed in the boarding-houses are scattered along the beech, or at the meetings or are rowing on the lakes or roving about in carriages from place to place, and do not all meet together even at their meals. But during a storm that imprisons them within doors they are all crowded together and must make the most of their narrow limits which are not only exceedingly narrow but are unprovided with resources for amusement. Hence such a storm, under the most favorable circumstances, is an event which makes a great many people wretched. But, in this case, there were added to these ordinary discomforts others which were extraordinary. Many of the cottages are exceedingly frail, and not being proof against such a rain were flooded with water. Then there are 700 or 800 tents which might stand a pretty heavy rain if it came down quietly. But a heavy wind drives the rain through every chance opening and dampness becomes pervasive. But, worse than that, in many cases where the tents occupied exposed positions, they were thrashed down by the gale and the rain was poured down in floods over the bedding and furniture, and the inmates were obliged to go to the public houses or to the tabernacle to seek a shelter for the night. There were, perhaps, 15 or 20 disasters of this kind while many others became alarmed and abandoned the canvas coverings in the midst of the storm. Then the little lake, having on its bosom some 500 boats, was so swollen by the storm as to break over its banks and empty itself into the ocean, while the bathing houses and other extemporary buildings on the beach were more or less damaged by the sweep of the rolling sea. But, during Monday night the stars came out with their usual twinkle and on Tuesday the morning broke forth from the golden chambers of the East without a cloud and sent his warming beams over the water and over the land, and made everybody happy.

Reports received here from the canvass in Maine indicate that the Republicans are making a vigorous fight and are gaining converts all over the State, but do not settle the doubt as to the final result. The Democrats are working on a line of policy, the success or failure of which can hardly be known till the votes are counted. In their alliance with the Greenbackers, the understanding is that Garcelon, the present Governor, is to be dropped, and that Smith, the Greenback candidate, shall, in case their plans succeed, be chosen by the Legislature. Hence the great point is to secure the Legislature; and, while there are two State tickets, both factions unite on the County tickets, and Mr. Tilden's barrel is tapped to grease the machinery. The Greenbackers are running the canvass and the Democrats furnish the money and play into their hands. Of course, no sharp lines of principle are drawn, for fear of driving away the hard money men; and the promise of spoils, in case of success, is supposed to be sufficient to hold all good Democrats to the party program.

The trouble with this corrupt and shameful arrangement is that it is thoroughly understood and gets thoroughly exposed. The Republicans have a very strong array of public speakers in the field and in every part of the State their forcible presentation of the question in issue brings back to the Republican fold many of those who wandered away last year. In some townships the reports show that every man has been recovered, while in others the Greenbackers retain most of their former strength. Probably the result will depend largely on the course to be taken by the hard money Democrats, some of whom have revolted against the coalition, and others are wavering. All of our accounts agree that the Republicans are gaining every day and that there is a growing prospect of electing the Governor by the people, and thus defeating the corrupt alliance. You will notice that the Boston *Herald*, which, not long ago, predicted that the Republicans would be worse defeated than they were last year, now concedes that the canvass promises much better for their success.

In New York the indications of a compromise between the contending factions of the Democratic party grow stronger. The State Convention is now at hand, and the more prudent leaders are calling loudly for peace and the general reading of the Buffalo meeting is that the Tilden-Robinson men are about to try some new dodge. The Tammany portion have bound themselves to take any man but Robinson. Hence Tilden may find some other candidate who is just as willing and just as capable of doing his bidding. The recent change in the majority of the State Committee from Tammany to Tilden, shows that the Tilden "twist" is working and that he can afford to let up and allow Tammany to come in under his wing. The Republicans may as well make up their minds to a hand to hand fight in New York. If they cannot carry it without fomenting a split in the ranks of the enemy, their triumph is a long way off. Republicans here believe that they can sweep the field, however the Kelley fight may be compromised. But the victory will be made more sure, if Maine and Ohio come in with old fashioned Republican majorities.

Morrison's talk about Ohio is not regarded as very encouraging for his party as it seems to imply that Ewing's canvass is by no means improving. When he says that political affairs are dull, that nothing seems to be doing and that there will be a very light vote, he must have got his impressions from his own party friends. Certainly things do not look that way on the side of the Republicans. All accounts are to the effect that they have gone into the canvass with their sleeves rolled up, and that they have made an impression from the start. But the cannonade which was begun so sharply grows heavier and stronger, and this week seems to have opened all along the line. With such men as Sherman, Schurz, Dennison, West, Taft, etc., stirring up the animals, the significance of Morrison's croaking becomes very apparent.

By the way, Morrison threatens to give us more of the free issue and may possibly have a fresh alarm about U. S. troops at the polls. The Democratic mind ever since Tilden showed his remarkable enterprise in buying an Elector in Oregon and elsewhere has been very much set against "condoning fraud," and it has also a lively sense of the dangers to the country from the United States troops, even at the end of two years after their withdrawal by the order of the President. But if the Yazoo plan, and the shot gun plan, and the red-shirt plan, and the tissue ballot plan are to have free course, there need be no concern about troops as the polls, or, for that matter about polls or voting places or any such humbug. If we are to have only one party, and only one party is to be allowed to exercise the governing power, voting places will not be required and elections will be only a farce. Mr. Hill is terribly alarmed about a government of *force* and probably thinks the Yazoo plan is a government of the people.

BUCKEYE.

The True Reading of the Dixon Murder.

Correspondence of Toledo BLADE.

OCEAN GROVE, Aug. 22, 1879.

Is there any thing so wicked or so mean that a good Democrat would not do it or approve it if the interests of his party required it? We pause for a reply. We have seen the Northern Democracy stand by the Kansas frauds perpetrated in the interest of slavery, giving countenance to the great rebellion, apologizing for the Ku-Klux murders, profiting by the tissue ballots and, glorying in the solid South. But there is a depth still lower. Here is our Washington *Post* approving of the murder of poor Dixon. It says:

"The citizens of Yazoo, without distinction of politics or color, came together and informed Dixon that he would not be allowed to turn their peaceful community into another Hell. In most countries such a man would have been hung to the nearest lamp-post, and but little note would have been made of it. Here, however, a quiet but determined suppression of him has been tortured into proscription of the worst grade, and Northern papers have printed volumes of denunciation of what they style the Mississippi method. * * These statements have been made to us by one who has had every opportunity to know that they are true, and we print them to show the kind of creatures on whom the Republican papers of the North have been wasting terms of sympathy."

This is the Democratic defense of a political murder, a murder agreed upon, as it would seem, by a public meeting and performed by a nominee of the party that expected to profit by it. If there is ever anything infamous in a murder, this would seem to show infamy of the deepest dye. Dixon was a young man, a rich planter, and had made himself so conspicuous a short time ago in bull-dozing the negros that Congressman Singleton had publicly applauded him and called him the bravest of the brave. That he was not a saint, is therefore clear enough without calling him names, but we do not murder men because they are infidels or because they are criminals.

Dixon was murdered according to a settled Democratic plan. He was interfering with the Solid South and was warned that his interference would not be allowed. Your readers will probably remember the words of the chief bull-dozing organ a few days ago, in its wrath against these independent nominations. Hear it now in the presence of this bloody catastrophe:

"Let our battle cry be death to the traitors and the enemies of our people. Dixon, Vassar and their horrid crew of demagogues are more dangerous enemies to the liberties of our people then the worst leaders that ever marshalled the hosts of Radicalism."

Radicals had been murdered, and as these men were worse than radicals, clearly they ought to be murdered, and the command given was therefore obeyed. The *Post* intimates that somebody had been giving it information, somebody that knew; and as Sen. Lamar is in Washington and holds his seat in consequence of similar cases of murder it is suspected that the *Post* has been coached by this distinguished son of the South. You may have noticed that the *Herald's* Washington correspondent undertook to draw the Senator out and find out from his own lips whether he approved of the murder or not but refused to talk because this was a time of political excitement and he was in danger of being misconstrued. Well, there is not much danger of misconstruing his silence. A man who is not able openly to condemn a premeditated murder, like this, will be understood as in favor of killing men who are so venturesome as to oppose the regular Democratic ticket. There is no other way, if he would be consistent, than to stand by the murder. If he should disapprove it he ought, clearly, to resign his place in the Senate. He was elected on the Yazoo plan, and is one of the 12 Senators denounced by Chandler as holding seats to which they have only the shadow of a title.

The murder of Dixon shows more distinctly, perhaps, than any other single case the unmitigated despotism of the Rebel Democracy. If men are to be killed because they oppose the regular Democratic ticket, opposition will be regarded as unhealthy, and Democracy will run and be glorified. If only one party is to be tolerated, why should that party go through the farce of holding an election? Everybody knows what has made the South solid, every body knows that no break will be permitted; and the people of Yazoo know, certainly, that they had better not attempt to such a thing. How was Dixon, a young man of energy, Southern born, the richest man in the County, a man who had won plandits for his bravery and was a Democrat of the Democrats—surely, if such a man was warned off and fell because he would not heed the warning, the chances are very poor for Republicans or *Radicals* or carpet baggers or any other type of nonconformists. The safest way for people who live under a despotic Government is to keep on good terms with the despots. If they do not let them beware of tissue ballots and shot guns?

BUCKEYE.

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THE YELLOW FEVER.

Reports from all Parts of the South.

Affairs Improving at Memphis.

MEMPHIS, Aug. 20.—Thirty-one cases in all were reported to the Board of Health to-day; 13 of whom are colored. Among the whites, Jas. R. Taylor, J. C. Hook, Mrs F. Moore, Henry Bertram, Thos. Dabbie, James E. Burke. No additional deaths had been reported up to 6 P. M.

There were two deaths since noon—Ernest C. Leak and Geo. Varbriack.

Hon. John Johnson, Superintendent of Quarantine, will recommend to the State Board of Health that the hours for citizens to be kept in their houses be changed from 6 P. M. to 4 A. M. to 8 P. M. to 6 A. M., commencing Friday.

Daily mail service will be resumed over the Louisville & Nashville Railroad.

The Howard Association to-morrow will make an appeal for assistance.

The thermometer ranged to-day from 64 to 87.

NASHVILLE, Aug. 18.—At a called session of the State Board of Health the following resolutions were adopted for the government of Memphis or other infected points:

1. No person shall be permitted to enter a town or place which is dangerously affected with yellow fever unless said person has already had yellow fever, and then only after obtaining permission of the Superintendent of Quarantine.

2. The Superintendent of Quarantine at each place dangerously affected shall have charge and control, with the counsel and advice of this Board, of the disinfection of houses, privies, cellars, clothing, bedding, and all other textile fabrics, baggage, mails, cars, depots, sewers, drains, public and private, and other things and places as it may be at any time considered necessary to disinfect.

3. Local Boards of Health are expected to have charge of and enforce general sanitation within the limits of their respective jurisdictions, and give aid and support to Superintendents of Quarantine during epidemics, in the carrying out of such rules and regulations as the State Board may, from time to time, adopt.

At the night session of the Board of Health the following rules were adopted:

1. A house infected with yellow fever shall be designated with a yellow flag.

2. No person shall be permitted to enter a house infected with yellow fever except a physician, clergyman, and such nurses and attendants as are necessary to the care of the sick.

3. No person, except physicians and clergymen, shall be permitted to leave an infected house without permission, in writing, of the Superintendent of Quarantine, they having first complied with such method of disinfection as may be prescribed by him.

4. Physicians and clergymen may enter and retire from the apartments of the sick of yellow fever at all hours, provided, however, that they shall not enter a non-infected house, carriage, car, or other public place of resort until their persons and apparel have been thoroughly disinfected.

5. Public assemblies of all kinds are prohibited in any place, dangerously infected with yellow fever, and the Superintendent of Quarantine is charged with the rigid enforcement of this rule.

6. From the hour of 6 P. M. until the hour of 4 A. M. each and all persons not engaged in the care of sick, or in the execution of their duties, as officers of the law, shall remain at their homes on their respective premises, unless by permission of the Superintendent of Quarantine.

The enforcement of this rule was left to the President.

The rules adopted by the State Board was the result of the recent conference at McKenzie.

MEMPHIS, Aug. 21.—Two new cases were reported to the Board of Health this morning—Mrs. F. Mulbrandon and A. E. Speers. Four deaths have occurred: J. Hahn, Frank Lindsey, Camille Geninie and Richard Majors (colored.)

At a meeting of the citizens held in the southern portion of the City, last night, strong resolutions were adopted protesting against the enforcement of the law recently passed by the State Board of Health at Nashville, prohibiting citizens from venturing beyond their premises between the hours of 6 P. M. and 4 A. M.

MEMPHIS, Aug. 21.—Commerce, Miss., 40 miles below here, is to be a quarantine station for downward-bound steamers to stop at and be examined. The State Board of Health for Mississippi has ordered this measure.

There is a general outspoken opposition to the rules laid down by the Board of Health at Nashville for the government of this City during the prevalence of the epidemic.

Twenty-six cases in all were reported to the Board of Health to-day, seven white and 19 colored.

Two additional deaths have occurred, Amanda Yates (colored) and Ellen Roach. The last named resided beyond the City limits.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Committee of Safety this afternoon, Rev. Dr. Baggs, John Johnson, Gen. W. J. Smith, D. F. Goodyear, and W. W. Thacher were appointed a committee to estimate the expenses necessary for the maintenance of the people now in the camps until it is safe for them to return to the City.

The expenses of the Safety Committee to date have been $9,645.

All monies deposited with the National Park Bank, of New York, for the credit of the First National Bank of Memphis, will be paid in Memphis free of charge.

The Odd Fellows have appealed to their absent members for funds to enable them to nurse the sick members of their order. This is done to avoid the necessity of the Grand Master calling for assistance from the order at large.

The Shoulder to Shoulder Club of St. Andrew's Society, Memphis, call on their sister associations for assistance. All communications should be addressed to R. W. Lamb, Secretary.

The thermometer has ranged from 67 deg. to 90 deg.

At a meeting of the Howard Association, held this evening, it was determined to withhold the appeal to the charity of the Nation until every dollar of money in the treasury has been expended.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 21.—The National Board of Health has decided not to furnish rations to those who remain in Memphis or other infected Cities, and to furnish rations to persons in camps under supervision only for a limited time, and under exceptional circumstances.

MEMPHIS, Aug. 22.—Two cases were reported to the Board of Health this morning. Ten deaths have occurred since last night—O. K. Speers, Samuel Cross, Mrs. Dena Goldcamp, Hiram Hilcher, Jas. H. Murray, Emma Moore, Phil. J. Ryan, Mrs. S. Phillips, Samuel Rhodes and A. L. Rhodes. The four last died beyond the city limits. Daily mail service over the Louisville & Nashville Railroad was resumed this morning.

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 22.—Dr. Herrick, Secretary of the Board of Health, says: "Yellow fever is not spreading here, only two cases having occurred since July 29. These cases were reported to the Board yesterday. They occurred in the same quarter of the City as the first case, in the vicinity of Constance street.

WASHINGTON, August 22.—Dr. Craft, at New Orleans, telegraphs the location of a new case of yellow fever at 233 Dumaine street, and represents that it is probably the result of infection from the first cases on Constance street. Another case was reported this morning at 477 Constance street, in the infected region. The patient was taken sick August 16, and isolation and disinfection had been enforced.

MEMPHIS, Aug. 23.—Seven new cases were reported to the Board of Health this morning—Elias McDougal and six colored. Nine deaths, four of whom were colored, have occurred since last night. The whites are: Mrs. Fannie B. Moors, Willie Stein, W. N. Dehart, John Kearney, and Patrick McMahon. The two last named died at the Camp Father Matthew. The wife of Dr. S. H. Collins, who returned from Lagrange, Tenn., last Tuesday was prostrated with the fever this forenoon. She had a typical case last year. The weather continues damp and showery.

MEMPHIS, Aug 23.—Daily mail service over the Louisville & Nashville Railroad was resumed this morning. A telegram received this morning from the very highest authority says yellow fever is raging in New Orleans.

Thieves infest the City to an alarming extent, and unoccupied residences are nightly entered by them. Some go in parties and are bold in their operations.

The quarantine fever has struck Arkansas. The Sheriff of Crittenden County, opposite Memphis, issued an order threatening the arrest and imprisonment of Memphians caught in the act of crossing over to that side of the river. The entire river front of that County is closely guarded by a mounted armed force. The order was promulgated by authority of the Governor of Arkansas.

Nine cases in all were reported to the Board of Health to-day, four of whom were colored. Among the whites are S. Sterbeck, Mrs Fredonia Armsteong and Louis Fozzi.

One additional death was reported, Ferdinand Rebkopf. Hon John Johnson, Superintendent of Quarantine, will to-morrow put in operation the rules recently adopted by the State Board of Health for the government of Memphis and other infected Districts.

Within the past few days several business houses and private dwellings have been broken open. As an additional protection there will be organized to-morrow a white military company, which will, if necessary, be placed on active duty, to assist the authorities in maintaining law.

Private advices from Starkville, Miss., report that the four cases of yellow fever there are being attributed to refugees from this City. The National Board of Health have sent an agent to investigate.

The Howard visitors and physicians who make daily visits to every part of the City, say they fail to discover the evidences of destitution and misery that characterized previous epidemic visitations. The colored people appear in neat attire in the streets. They frequent the markets and supply themselves plentifully with the best.

MEMPHIS, Aug. 24.—Nineteen new cases were reported to the Board of Health to day, seven white and 12 colored. Among the number are James Baker, W. H. West, C. H. Hiischer, Annie Daugherty, Cordelia Atwood, Michael Watson and four colored persons.

Dr. Robert E. Richardson, John Walsh, county undertaker, G. H. Dennison and W. F. Ottman are sick, but they have not yet been reported to the Board of Health.

Miss Birdie Goff died of yellow fever last evening at White Haven, Tenn.

The weather has been stormy all day and still remains threatening.

Gen. J. S. Skiffington is very low and will hardly survive the night.

The Howard Association to-day sent a nurse to White Station, Tenn., 10 miles east of the city on the Charleston Railroad, where a negro lies sick with yellow fever.

During the storm last night a frame building occupied by Mrs. Hallis and two children in South Memphis, all sick with fever, was blown down. Mrs. Hallis will probably die from exposure.

Miss Lizzie Rhodes died of fever this morning, three miles out on the Raleigh road.

MEMPHIS, Aug. 25.—Ten new cases were reported to the Board of Health this morning, two of whom were colored. Among the whites were Mrs. E. C. Broakshire, T. B. Russell, Minnie Lockwood, G. H. Dennison, Dr. R. E. Richardson, and Geo. E. Taylor. Eight deaths have occurred since last night—J. B. Thierfreschl, J. B. Thierkauf, John McDermott, J. D. Foster, Jas. E. Burke, Peter Cottano, Michael Taylor, Henry Beatram, John McCann (colored.) A telegram received from the Mayor and the President of the County Board of Health contradicts the report of yellow fever at Harksville, Miss. The weather has cleared off. The thermometer at daylight this morning indicated 64.

Thirty-four cases in all were reported to the Board of Health Monday 20 whites and 14 colored.

The fever has apparently taken a fresh start, especially in the northern portion of the City and Chelsea. No additional deaths have been reported since noon.

PENSACOLA, Aug. 25.—The Board of Health has established a quarantine against passengers and freight from New Orleans.

MEMPHIS, Aug. 26.—Nine new cases, five white and four colored, were reported to the Board of Health this morning. Among the number are J. M. Pitman and Alex Boyd. Six deaths from fever have been reported since last night Mrs. Minnie Wilkie, J. D. Stewart, Alex Boyd, William Attwood, John Diersmann, James Hunt (colored). J. D. Stewart was a well known school teacher. Alex Boyd's death was quite sudden. He was taken ill last Sunday, but the case was not reported to the Board of Health until after death. He has long been in the employ of B. Lawenstein & Bros., prominent dry goods merchants. Weather, clear and pleasant;

"Old Nails."

Boston Commercial Bulletin.

The wiry old President of a Connecticut bank is known among the younger financial fry of his town as "Old Nails"—possibly from his incisive decisions and driving way of doing business. Some time ago a business man of the place, and a brother in good standing of the Church had a note discounted at this old worthy's bank. When it became due, the President, at the solicitation of the maker's friends, though against his own judgment, extended it. When the final time of payment came, the note was discovered to be a forgery, to the scandal of the Church and the astonishment of the town, but not to that of the astute Bank-President.

The brethren, however, rallied around the erring one, the note was paid, and the matter supposed to be hushed up. Some time after, however, the bank received a letter from another financial institution, asking their opinion as to Mr. ——'s note.

"Old Nails" said he would answer the letter, which he did, as follows:

PRESIDENT —— BANK—Dear Sir: In regard to Mr. ——'s note, we would say: If it is a forgery, it will be paid by the First —— Church, of Busytown. If it is genuine, it is not worth a ——. Respectfully yours, NATHANIEL NAILS, Pres't.

No—Mr. Corbin will not starve,
Nor want of trade, 'tis true;
But that he acted rather rash,
I will admit—won't Jew.

It takes a very little seed
To grow a mammoth tree;
And Corbin's little words have made
A big a-Phar i-see.

That he regrets the step he took,
Is very plain to me;
He is, though down upon the Jews,
A little Sad-du-cee.

—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A man wearing wet clothes, and carrying a fishing rod and a basket, stopped a train on the Erie Railroad by giving a danger signal. "What's the matter?" the conductor asked. The man coolly replied that he had caught an enormous trout, and thought the passengers might like to take a look at it.

A WORD ABOUT CUTLERY.—We are in receipt of a new illustrated catalogue and price list just issued by Messrs. Maher & Grosb, of Toledo, manufacturers of hand-forged, razor steel pocket cutlery, razors, scissors, etc. The firm is not unknown to the majority of our readers, both through their advertisements which have appeared for some time in the BLADE, and through the favorable mention which has been made of them in our editorial columns. Their new catalogue shows a much greater variety of all branches of cutlery handled by them, than they have ever before offered, and at prices correspondingly desirable. Their facilities for sending these goods safely and expeditiously through the mails have been greatly enlarged, and they are enabled to take such precautions as most effectually guard against loss of packages in transit. Further information will be found in their advertisement or in their catalogue which is sent by mail on request.

GRANT AS MEDIATOR.

Both China and Japan Anxious to Influence him in Their Favor.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 23.—Mail advices from Peking state that Gen. Grant finds himself burdened with unexpected questions of Eastern policy during his visit in North China. Both Prince Kung and Viceroy Li Hung Chang laid before him their side of the Loo Choo controversy, asking him to use his influence with Japan to prevent a serious misunderstanding between the two Empires. Grant is believed to have replied that the other side would doubtless be equally strong when heard, and thought a rupture would be lamented by all observers. He did not see his right to interfere. The Japanese authorities, hearing this, have taken great pains to prepare a documentary vindication of their claim which has been submitted for Grant's inspection by the Cabinet minister during the holiday sojourn at Nikko.

This appearance of over anxiety does not commend itself strongly to spectators generally. Japan's supremacy over Loo Choo being so plainly defined and thoroughly established as to need no superfluous demonstration, but the circumstances are interesting as showing the weight attached to Grant's favorable view by both Governments.

Recent traders reports from Shanghai shows a great diminution of British transactions, while American commerce has nearly doubled in the past year.

On July 17th Grant and party went to the shrines of Ijeyasa, founder of the great Takugrwa family, at Nikko, a famous and sacred resort, a hundred miles into the interior. They return early in August. Future movements are undetermined, but it is supposed that Grant will visit the Hakone Mountains and the Bath of Tujiyama (Japan's highest mountain), Kamakura, the ancient capital, and sail for home the end of August. A still more elaborate entertainment, the history tournament, awaits him on his return from the country.

Couldn't Do It.

A Professor of Legerdemain was exhibiting in Conway, N. H. He had a goodly audience. Those far-country villages are the places for real enjoyment of such things. The people are not satiated with amusement, and when occasionally a show enters the town they turn out *en masse*.

On the present occassion the Professor was going to perform the wonderful trick of causing a piece of money to pass, by the simple effort of his will, from a securely-locked box upon the table, or from a gentleman's hand, into the pocket of one of the boys in the audience. Of course he must call up a boy to help him, and he chanced to fix his eye upon a tow-headed urchin near the front, who promised, in appearance, to answer his purpose. He called, and the boy came up.

"Now, my man," said the Professor, in his grandiose way, at the same time laying his hand upon the boy's head, "I am going to cause that piece of money—you see it? it is a solid piece of metal—to pass from that box, in which you shall see me put it, into your pocket. You don't think I can do it, do you?"

"No, sir, I don't!" answered the lad, with decided emphasis.

"Well, do you stand up here, and we shall see."

"But, sir," persisted the boy, "ther ain't no use'r yer tryin', 'cause I know you can't do it."

"You *know* I can't? Don't be too sure. Wait and see. Just you stand right here—there! Now hold up your head and look steadily at me, to see that I do not cheat you."

"Oh, well," muttered the persistent urchin, with a comical twist of the freckled face, "I'll stand anywhere you want, only 't'u git any money inter my pocket, I reckon you'll hev ter find the pocket, for I ain't had sich a thing this two months. I tore 'em out."

The pocketless hero was applauded vociferously.

A Hint to Workingmen.

The honest workingmen of the country, many of whom have large and increasing families to support, have been the chief sufferers from the great financial pressure under which we have labored for the past few years. Diminished wages have not been attended by a corresponding diminution in price of every thing which the workingman needs. Rents, fuel, food and clothing are cheaper, but these do not constitute all his necessities. It is sometimes necessary for him to employ a lawyer or a physician, yet the fee rates of lawyers and physicians are as high as they were in "flush" times. Yet cheap medicines are as necessary as cheap rents or fuel. Cheap medicines are not necessarily poor medicines. It must be obvious to every intelligent person that medicines, compounded and put up at wholesale, can be sold at much lower rates than when retailed from the doctor's pill bags. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets have completely restored persons who had spent hundreds of dollars in vainly seeking relief from private practitioners, and all at a very slight expenditure.

Cured of Drinking.

"A young friend of mine was cured of an insatiable thirst for liquor, that had so prostrated his system that he was unable to do any business. He was entirely cured by the use of Hop Bitters. It allayed all that burning thirst; took away the appetite for liquor; made his nerves steady, and he has remained a sober and steady man for more than two years, and has no desire to return to his cups, and I know of a number of others that have been cured of drinking by it."—From a leading railroad official, Chicago, Ill.

C. E. Livingston, M. D.,

Makes a specialty of all nasal, throat, lung, stomach, liver, kidney and skin diseases, and scrofula. Tumors and cancers removed without use of the knife. For information, address, with stamp, C. E. LIVINGSTON, M. D., 215 Superior street, Toledo, Ohio.

The Yellow Fever at New Orleans.

Now the return of pestilence to the cities of the South, especially Memphis, and perhaps others, recalls to the mind of the reader the sad calamity which occurred to New Orleans last year, and brings vividly forward the memory of the great good accomplished by the far-famed Charity Hospital of the Crescent City, which it was enabled to do only by the generous support it received from the revenue derived from the celebrated Louisiana State Lottery, which announces its 112th monthly drawing will take place on September 9th, and the tickets for which, or any information relative thereto, can be had on application to M. A. Dauphin, P. O. Box 692, New Orleans, La., or to the same at No. 319 Broadway, New York City.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had given him, by an East India missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, throat and lung affections; also a positive cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, he felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive I will mail, free to all who desire, this recipe in German or English, with directions for use. Address with stamp, naming this paper, M. C. ROSE, 154 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Commonwealth Distribution Company—11th Drawing, Aug. 30th.

Final notice is called to the next drawing of the above popular Company on August 30th. The same splendid scheme and the same unexceptional manner of drawing. $112,400 in cash prizes. Tickets $2. Orders are pouring in, and will be filled up to evening of 29th inst. Send at once to T. J. COMMERFORD, Secretary, Courier-Journal Building, Louisville, Ky., or same at 163 Broadway, New York.

To Suffering Woman.

Dr. Livingston's uterine support for prolapsus, retroversion, retroflexion and anteversion, is a sure cure for all uterine difficulties. No examinations necessary. Full directions with supporter. Mailed postpaid on receipt of $3. Address C. E. LIVINGSTON, M. D., 215 Superior street, Toledo, Ohio.

Whenever I see a real handsum woman engaged in the wimmin's rights bizzness I am a going to take off mi hat and jine the precesshun. See if I don't.

CROP PROSPECTS.

Reports to the Department of Agriculture.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 25.—Returns to the Department of Agriculture shows that the general average of the condition of corn on the first of August was 93 against 93 in July. As compared with August, 1878, there is considerable decline; it being 96 last year.

Of 1172 Counties reporting the condition of the crop of August, 239 report a full average condition 309 above and 624 below.

The New England and Middle Atlantic States all show a high average, and the only complaint were of the late spring in Pennsylvania and Maryland. The drought was not very injurious, and timely rains restored the crops to a fair average.

In Virginia and the South Atlantic States the drought cut short the early planted corn. The late planted was in condition to be benefited by the rains generally reported at the date of the returns.

In the Gulf States, Alabama and Mississippi report a fine condition, but Louisiana is low, and Texas makes the first record of any State in the Union.

Kentucky, Ohio and Indiana report the average somewhat below that of last year, while Illinois reports a very high condition.

The States west of the Mississippi all report an extraordinary growth and the most favorable prospects.

Iowa reports 104; Missouri, 115; Kansas, 114; Nebraska, 113.

The Pacific States, with their small area planted in this cereal, note a fair average.

The area planted in buckwheat shows a slight decrease since last year.

New York and Pennsylvania, in which one-half of the buckwheat of the country is grown, show a loss of 3 per cent. In Ohio, Michigan and Wisconsin, which produces a large portion of the remainder, the average is nearly the same as last year. The condition is good, rather better than last year at this time.

The condition of the potato crop is 97 against 88 in July.

The New England States show a stationary condition at 98.

The Middle States rise from 92 to 102.

The South Atlantic States fell from 99 to 88.

The Gulf States remain stationary at 90.

The Southern inland States fell from 84 to 81.

The States north of the Ohio river show a very marked improvement, rising from 100 to 101.

West of the Mississippi River there is a decline from 101 to 98, while on the Pacific Slope there is a slight appreciation from 100 to 101.

In the Northern portion of the Atlantic slope, above Maryland, the condition of the growth appear to have been very favorable. The Colorado beetle is mentioned by but two correspondents in this region. Further South the drouth considerably affected the crops.

In the Gulf States this crop is growing to a limited extent, being displaced by sweet potatos. The leading complaint here is lack of moisture.

The rains were not in time to maintain the July average in the southern inland States, but the crop was saved from serious disaster. The early plantings were generally most successful.

The improving influence of the July rains was felt especially in the region north of the Ohio River.

On the eastern slope of the Mississippi the "old-fashioned potato-bug" is noted, but the ravages were mostly local. McDonough, Ill., reports the fields nearly stripped of leaves by it.

West of the Mississippi rain was needed, but in Hamilton, Nebraska, the rains were excessive.

The crops on the whole is well reported on the Pacific coast.

The Summer of 1879 has not been favorable for hay crops. The drought of June and July, which was so detrimental to the crops, also seriously shortened this. Timothy hay is above the average in eight States.

In New England and the Middle States the crop is good, but in all the Southern States it is short. In the States bordering on the Ohio River the same cause, drought, has reduced the product very materially since 1878. In the Northwestern States the returns are favorable, while in Kansas and Missouri they are very low. The Pacific States report uery high averages.

At the date of the returns rains were generally reported, and the prospect for fall pastures was good.

A New Government Building.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 19.—The new Government building to be used for the bureau of engraving and printing is very nearly completed, and will be ready for occupancy the coming winter, when the room for offices in the treasury Department will be largely increased by the removal of this bureau, which now occupies the upper story. This building has a history. When Sec. Sherman came into the Cabinet, he attacked this bureau, which it cost the Government about a million dollars annually to support. Edward McPherson was made the Superintendent, and the expenses of the first year were reduced about half, and 400 out of 900 employes were dismissed. At the end of the year McPherson went to Congress, said that he had over $400,000 saved from the appropriation, and asked that he might use it to erect a new building for the Bureau. After the usual delay and fuss the consent of Congress was obtained, and the work was commenced. It will be a plain building of red brick, but will contain every device for security, comfort and convenience. It stands back from the Agricultural Department on Fourteenth street. Supervising Architect Hill designed it.

A Woman's Heroism.

San Francisco Post.

The voyage of the ship "Templar," which arrived at this port last week with Yellow Jack on board, was, it appears, signalized by a remarkable instance of womanly devotion and heroism. After Captain Armstrong was taken down with the fever, his daughter, assisted by the second mate, navigated the ship, the young lady frequently taking her trick at the wheel and, it is said by those on board, that had it not been for the united exertions of the two, the vessel would never have reached port. Miss Armstrong is barely 20 years of age, and her conduct is well worthy of record and should be noticed by the underwriters.

TUTT'S PILLS

SYMPTOMS OF A

TORPID LIVER.

Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulderblade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine.

IF THESE WARNINGS ARE UNHEEDED, SERIOUS DISEASES WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

CONSTIPATION.

Only with regularity of the bowels can perfect health be enjoyed. If the constipation is of recent date, a single dose of TUTT'S PILLS will suffice, but if it has become habitual, one pill should be taken every night, gradually lessening the frequency of the dose until a regular daily movement is obtained, which will soon follow.

Dr. I. Guy Lewis, Fulton, Ark., says:
"After a practice of 25 years, I pronounce TUTT'S PILLS the best anti-bilious medicine ever made."

Rev. F. R. Osgood, New York, says:
"I have had Dyspepsia, Weak Stomach and Nervousness. I never had any medicine to do me so much good as TUTT'S PILLS. They are as good as represented."

Office 35 Murray Street, New York.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a Natural Color, acts Instantaneously, and is as Harmless as spring water. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

Office 35 Murray St., New York.

Quick Wit Wins.

Utica Observer.

Years ago, into a wholesale grocery store in Boston walked a tall, muscular looking man, evidently a fresh comer from some backwoods town in Maine or New Hampshire. Accosting the first person he met, who happened to be the merchant himself, he said:

"You don't want to hire a man in your store, do you?"

"Well," said the merchant, "I don't know; what can you do?"

"Do?" said the man; "rather guess I can turn my hand to almost anything—what do you want done?"

"Well, if I was to hire a man it would be one that could lift well, a strong wiry fellow; one, for instance, who could shoulder a sack of coffee like that yonder, and carry it across the floor and never lay it down."

"There, now, Captin," said the countryman, "that's just me. I can lift anything I hitch to; you can't suit me better. What will you give a man that will suit you?"

"I'll tell you," said the merchant; "if you will shoulder that sack of coffee and carry it across the store twice and never lay it down, I will hire you a year at $100 per month."

"Done," said the stranger, and by this time every clerk in the store had gathered around and were waiting to join in the laugh against the man, who walking up to the sack threw it across his shoulder with perfect ease, although extremely heavy, and, walking with it twice across the store, went quietly to a large hook which was fastened to the wall, and, hanging it up, turned to the merchant and said:

"There, now, it may hang there till doomsday; I shall never lay it down. What shall I go about, mister? Just give me plenty to do and $100 a month and it's all right."

The clerks broke into a laugh, and the merchant discomfited, yet satisfied, kept his agreement, and to-day that green countryman is the senior partner in the firm, and is worth a million dollars.

The Wooden-Legged Man and the Crocodile.

Here is a story from a "little Johnny" of the Pacific coast that almost rivals the "Jumping Frog" of an older yarn-spinner:

If I was a gote I rather be a sheep, cos gotes is milked, but sheeps is shingled. But Billy he says let him be a crocky dile, with friteile teeth, and notches on his back, like a saw.

Mister Joanice, which has got the wuden leg, he says theres a dile wich was a sho, and it was in a pond. Mister Jonnice he set on the edge of the pond a watchin the dile swim, but the keeper he said, the keeper did, "Better look out for yure legs, sir, this ere dile is powerfle fond of legs, and he don't get meany here, poor feller."

So Mister Jonnice he tuke of his wuden leg and hid it, and wen the keeper he cum round agin Mister Jonnice he said: "You was right about that dile."

The keeper he looked and he was astonish, and he said, "Shant I run for a docktor?"

Then Mister Jonnice he thought a wile, and bime by he said, "No, I don't think I wude, not for a while yet, enny how. Diles is use to over eatin theirselves."

The keeper he sed, "You are the coolest man, wots left of you, which I have ever saw."

Mister Jonnice he sed, "Wel', I have all ways went on the principle its no use cryin for yure leg off, but Ide be mighty higed to you for a drink of whisky."

Wen the keper had brot it Mister Jonnice had put on his wuden leg agin, and was a standin up lookin at the dile, and the keper he was a stonisher than ever, partickler wen Mister Jonnice sed he hed ben standin there a our and had never seen him before.

I never argy agin a success. When I see a rattlesnaix's head sticking out of a hole, I bear off to the left and say to myself that hole belongs to that snaix.—*Josh Billings.*

GENERAL EFFECTS OF

FELLOWS'

Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites.

The first apparent effect is to increase the appetite. It assists digestion, and causes the food to assimilate properly—thus the system is nourished. It also, by its tonic action on the digestive organs, induces more copious and regular evacuations. Its effect on the mucous membrane is such that easy expectoration is produced; not only are the air passages easily voided of the secretion already deposited, but its collection is carried on in a healthy manner, while the formation of tubercle is retarded. The rapidity with which patients take on flesh while under the influence of the Syrup, of itself indicates that no other preparation can be better adapted to help and nourish the constitution, and hence be more efficacious in all depression of spirits, shaking or trembling of the hands or body, cough, shortness of breath, or consumptive habit. The nerves and muscles become strengthened and the blood purified.

Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites

Speedily and permanently cures Congestion of the Lungs, Bronchitis, Consumption, Nervous prostration, Shortness of Breath, Palpitation of the Heart, Trembling of the Hands and Limbs, Physical and Mental Depression, Loss of Appetite, Loss of Energy, Loss of Memory. It acts with vigor, gentleness and subtlety, owing to the exquisite harmony of its ingredients, akin to pure blood itself. Price, $1.50 per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Walding, Kinnan & Co., Agents.

L.S.L.

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. NINTH GRAND DISTRIBUTION, CLASS I, AT NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9th, 1879—112th Monthly Drawing.

Louisiana State Lottery Company

This institution was regularly incorporated by the Legislature of the State for Educational and Charitable purposes in 1868 for the term of Twenty-five Years, to which contract the inviolable faith of the State is pledged, with a capital of $1,000,000, to which it has since added a reserve fund of $350,000. ITS GRAND SINGLE NUMBER DISTRIBUTION will take place monthly on the second Tuesday. It never scales or postpones. Look at the following Distribution:

CAPITAL PRIZE, $30,000.
100,000 TICKETS AT TWO DOLLARS EACH
HALF-TICKETS, ONE DOLLAR.
LIST OF PRIZES.

1 Capital Prize	$30,000
1 Capital Prize	10,000
1 Capital Prize	5,000
2 Prizes of $2,500	5,000
5 Prizes of 1,000	5,000
20 Prizes of 500	10,000
100 Prizes of 100	10,000
200 Prizes of 50	10,000
500 Prizes of 20	10,000
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The Household

Correspondents writing for this Department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write Household Department on the envelope.
2. Give real name and Post Office address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.
3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.
4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

To the Brides.

Young ladies about to enter the state of matrimony are frequently at a loss to know just what is necessary for a complete though not too extravagant outfit. As few, comparatively, who may read this, are in affluence, we will address it to the majority. A *trousseau* proper, consists of all the habiliments necessary for a lady's use for the first two or three years of married life, but many things are often provided that are not needful, and consequently become old fashioned or grow yellow with age.

Usually the first consideration is the underwear, of which, at the least calculation, one-half dozen sets, consisting of chemise, drawers and night-dress, are required, with the same number of corset-covers, under skirts, white and colored skirts for every day wear. The three pieces constituting a set should be trimmed alike. next in order come the common dresses for morning wear. The popular way of making up prints is with long sacque (half fitting) and one skirt flounced at the bottom. They are prettiest trimmed with a contrasting color, but the style of trimming them which is now in vogue—in vandykes or battlements at the bottom, is too common, and too suggestive of store awnings to find favor with people of a refined taste. Now that prints are so unrivaled for cheapness, they are correspondingly inferior in quality, and it is a wise economy to purchase cambrics, which are a trifle more expensive, but in consideration that they are about one-third wider, firmer both in texture and color, it will be seen that virtually they are less expensive than an ordinary print. If any degree of extravagance is permissible, it is in this matter of dresses for morning wear, and one ought always to keep a good allowance on hand, for nothing will stamp a woman as untidy sooner than a neglected morning toilet, for which there is no apology; five minutes in the early morning is sufficient in which to dress the hair neatly, don a fresh clean collar, and large work apron, and, my word for it, with the consciousness of being neatly dressed, you will make up that extra five or even ten minutes a great many times during the day, besides adding a degree to your own self-respect, as well as the respect of your friends. As this is meant for the "brides," I will say in no way can a wife keep the love of her husband better than by exciting his admiration and commanding his respect.

Begging pardon for this digression, we will consider the selection of other articles of apparel in the way of street and house dresses, etc. A dress of black cashmere is indispensable to a lady's wardrobe. It is always becoming and ladylike, and combined with black satin or velvet, makes a very elegant street costume. Another dress of debege of a drab brown will be equally serviceable. This should be made walking length, and trimmed with either a darker shade of silk or woolen brocade. This, with an English walking hat trimmed plainly in the colors of which the suit is composed, makes a very presentable outfit for traveling or street wear. The gloves should correspond in color. A linen or mohair ulster is a great protection from the dust and soil, which is ruinous to a good dress when traveling by rail or other conveyance.

For afternoon dress one can keep up a goodly allowance from the relics of other dresses by exercising a little skill and ingenuity in constructing them—selecting just the proper shade and color that will blend harmoniously with the other color to be used in combination, and with the number and variety of Journals of Fashion which one can find anywhere, any one can with the aid of good reliable patterns, make these up without calling upon a dressmaker. Basques of different color and material are worn with the skirt of the dress, these can be made in a bright color of opera flannel or merino and help fill out a scant wardrobe wonderfully. The great desideratum is the "bridal" dress, white tarlatan or muslin is appropriate, simple and has the merit of being inexpensive, but a colored silk is a better investment as it is capable of doing good service far into the future. A good tarletan can be purchased at the nominal sum of 60 cents, and pieces of not inferior quality as low as from 45 and 50 cents per yard, and a little wise expenditure in this direction, is economy in the end. Silks in solid colors can be bought at from 90 cents to $1 per yard; a navy blue, plum color, or ashes-of-roses, or seal brown are any or all suitable; the navy blue and ashes-of-roses could be effectively trimmed in white lace if desired; a wreath and veil are not indispensable, and if one can illy afford them, I would advise you not to afford them at all. White gloves are necessary with any colored toilet, both for bride and groom, during the marriage ceremony. The gentleman should be attired as on any dress occasion, in light pants, white vest, black dress coat, white kids, silk hat.

I have often wondered that in its completeness the Household has given so little attention to this subject, everthing else has been treated and commented upon, and why not this, that is of so much importance to people generally at some time of life.

To those about taking upon themselves the bonds of matrimony let me add one word, "Hold fast and nourish the love that is given you; if it is worth having it is worth holding; mutual confidence in each other, and a spirit of Christian forbearance, will serve to unite more fully the union of hearts with the union of hands." It is to be regretted that there are so many unhappy marriages in the world. This would not be the case were each true to the other. There must be a mutual co-operation. The several instances of domestic infelicity which have been cited through these columns should prove a warning to the unmarried. To marry without love is to sacrifice the whole of life's happiness, upon the altar of discontent; but where all is sincerity, confidence and love, a home is the dearest spot on earth—a shelter sacred to peace and affection.

CHRISTINE BROWNLEE.

Man's Wrongs.

Masculine gallantry, properly appealed to, will give women double what belongs to them, in everything. Men will not be driven by men, much less by women, but can be coaxed by woman into almost anything, as was Sampson by Delila. Get a man's love and you can do with him what you will. Nestle yourself right into his affections, entwine yourself around his heart, and he will work his fingers ends off every day just for the fun of letting his darling pick his pockets every night. What is loved is cared for. A man selling his favorite horse expressed solicitude that it be well treated, but on hearing that it had become a pet, said, "I am satisfied now, because men care well for what they pet." Showing men the female excellence gives woman all her rights, and all men can do besides.

Come, try coaxing these men instead of berating them. Make yourselves lovable, and men will stand cap in hand perpetually saying in action, "Allow me to do this and that. You do me the greatest possible favor by letting me serve you." Get a man's affection by manifesting the female attributes, and they will bestow all rights and redress all your wrongs, besides loading you down with every good and luxury within their power, as Boaz did Ruth. But this Woman's Rights clubbing men with, "give us our rights, you heathens," takes their treatment of you off from the sexual plane and puts it on the human, to your disadvantage.

Some Federal laws and customs still retained do injustice to women as such, yet all modern legislation discriminates against men in their partiality for women. Female legislators could not have the cheek to enact laws as advantageous to women as those men are enacting for women.

Men suffer many more legal wrongs than women. For example, a man of property is responsible for whatever a vain or foolish wife may contract, yet no wife of means is responsible for her husbands' debts, though he is penniless, and she worth millions. While he cannot sell his real estate without her voluntary and sworn written consent, she may sell all hers without the civility of notifying him. While she may turn him out of her house without any warning or provocation, he cannot turn her out without proving her infidelity, even though she be a perfect Xantippe.

If woman is arraigned for crime, lawyers, judges, bailiffs and turnkey, to a man, favor her, by virtue of her sex, but deal vigorously with her husband, because partial to the ladies. How rarely is any woman arraigned, though known to be a criminal—how seldom convicted, even when proved guilty. A husband and wife go to law—the judge and jury favor her, giving him no show of even-handed justice. In war, women known to be aiding the enemy are allowed to keep on repeating the offence with impunity, thus causing the loss of many brave soldiers. What of a man? He is shot down, or drum-head court-martialed. What more rights do women want? They have it all now. IRA.

Evansport, Ohio.

The Other Side.

By the merest accident we discovered we were the wives of those miserably married brothers. The real circumstances were so different from what they were represented In the first place—yes, we understood our new home out west would be new and wild, but for their dear sakes we were willing to leave all other ties and work with them, for them. We had scarcely been here a fortnight when these miserably married brothers came home from the village saloon beastly drunk. Perhaps we did not bear and forbear long and patiently enough with them. But remember it was they, not we, who rushed into print to proclaim aloud our woes. We do not claim to have always taken the right course with them, but let our youth and inexperience be our excuse. Yes, after a night of frolic away from home, perhaps they did desire to retire early, and I remember once became very angry at us sitting up until very late reading a new temperance story by T. S. Arthur, which a neighbor had kindly lent us. It did not accord with them and their doings, and they style it a "trashy novel."

Now about those cows; at home we were used to having either the boys or the hired men do the milking, we did all the work indoors, the house-work and butter making, generally packing butter in summer to last through the winter months. Now at our new home, the cows were not used to running at large, we brought a few here with us. They had always had tame clover pasture, and of course they did not do as well on wild pasture. The cows were not all giving milk, and for these reasons we were unable to keep the table supplied with butter, last summer the grass was very dry in some places here, and the cows had to wander off so far in search of good pasture that they did not always come home, and we are too poor to afford chopped feed for them in winter. We do not claim to be angels only young inexperienced girls taken from under the guidance of a tender mother to try the realities of life; we make many mistakes while they, although far from perfect themselves, expect perfection in us. But enough has been said; we thank the sisters who were disposed to be charitable toward us, we do not come merely to find fault, but think we ought to clear ourselves.

WIVES OF THOSE M. M. B.

The Sitting-Room.

I do not think corporal punishment is necessary. I commenced teaching at 15 and for the first two years I whipped several pupils—five I believe. I taught three years longer and never used the rod. I found I could procure better government by other means. I have noticed that it is children with strict parents that often make the most trouble; and I found talking with their parents or sending the child with a note to Papa often had more influence than one can imagine unless he has tried it.

Tattling I believe to be one of the worst faults both for teacher and pupils. I never would allow it. A good teacher will know what is going on in the room and out without allowing this detestable habit. I believe money cannot buy a good teacher.

I want Will Craig to compare, if he has the opportunity, the learning inculcated in a county school, where one term they pay $50 to "get the best," and in another $25 to "get school kept." If the teacher employed has not natural tact and love for his work, he cannot or will not inculcate a love for study in a dull pupil, or have patience with the troublesome ones. I do believe in good wages, but good wages do not make the good teacher in every case.

I would like to say a few things about the sitting room. Have some pretty pictures. We have some framed in leather leaves. If you can afford costly pictures, all right, but have plenty of some kind, and several mottoes. Some one says, "Mottoes have gone out of style." Don't believe it! What is more restful to tired mother than a motto worked in her favorite color, "Home, Sweet Home," or when we sit down worried and troubled over many things, to find the words facing us "The Lord will Provide." Then have some foot stools—I made two of an old carpet sack. Those with roses of bright colors, you can ask grandma, if you have not seen one. I made the boxes myself, and not having quite enough, I finished one with gray pants cloth, and made father a slipper holder of the remainder and some red braid. The back was a board covered with black calico, after being whittled to the desired shape. Don't fail to have books and papers in plenty, for nothing so much adds to home enjoyment.

Some other time I may tell you what to have in the kitchen. Of course, I do not want any sister, to think I have told all I have in my sitting-room—only some of the articles missing in many homes.

Russell, Kan. KANSAS.

From a Kansas Teacher.

I was very much interested in the article on "Whisperless Schools." Think it very good, all but one point, that of calling the roll of deportment and allowing pupils to grade their own deportment. I think this one of the most perfect lying machines imaginable. For while there are some who are scrupulously particular in this respect, there are many with whom the pride of a high grade of deportment overbalances their truthfulness. In an experience of seven years, I find the best plan to be that of impressing the idea of order upon the minds of my pupils. I tell them verbally that I expect to maintain order and then, which is far more forcible than words or birch I set an example of quietude and order myself. Show me a noisy teacher, and I'll show you a noisy school. I never forbid whispering until I am obliged to, by its producing disorder. Of course, I give my pupils to understand that I will not tolerate it to any excess and when I find that my wishes are disregarded, I immediately set my wits to work to prevent it. I never was guilty of punishing a whole school for the offense of two or three, and what would be punishment for one would be sport for another, so there must be a great deal of discrimination shown in this matter. But there are a great many ways of inflicting punishment, when punishment must be resorted to, but like "Bill," I prefer "to let parents do their own "birching," for at most it is a disagreeable and thankless task. Neither do I resort to a monitor. I am always my own and most effectual monitor; appoint one of your pupils monitor and you have sown the seeds of discord, dispute and ill will in your school that months of labor and patience will not uproot. School teaching has so many phases that it is hard to stop when one resorts to the pen. But we think it a splendid idea to have it discussed in the Household. It is a subject with which parents cannot become too familiar. OBSERVER.

Fairmount, Kan.

White Hands and Whipping

If the ladies wish nice, soft, smooth and fair hands and faces, let them get a dime's worth of tannic acid and dissolve it in a pint of rainwater and wash the hands and face with it, and when it dries, rub on beef suet (raw tallow) in the evening before retiring to rest. This is a sure thing, for I have tried it and know whereof I speak. The acid toughens and the suet softens and smooths the skin and both together whiten it.

I noticed an article in last week's BLADE on "Corporal Punishment." I am sorry to differ with the writer and take the ground that corporal punishment is in extreme cases as necessary as any other mode of punishment. "Moral Suasion" can in all cases be made effective, but the moral suasion of the birch or "holding the nail in its place in the wall two feet above the head" is often necessary from the fact that certain of the stalwart class of scholars, whose early training has been such as to develop their combativeness rather than their moral sentiments, will respect only that which is more powerful than themselves, and will look with contempt on any gentleness on the part of their teacher in school government and regard it only as so much weakness.

My space is too limited to fully elucidate my ideas in this article, but if I write again I shall give some of my individual experience, learned in teaching amid the hills of Pennsylvania. I should like to hear from fellow teachers on this subject, both pro and con, and in mean time I am prepared to maintain my position on the rod question, although I have never as yet used one in the school room.

PENNSYLVANIA JACK.

Pennsville, Pa.

We Must Read.

"This is an age of progress," and we who live on farms, isolated from society, must surely be left behind, without the aid of the press. Don't say you are too poor to take a paper, my farmer friends, unless you wish to feel and appear like some relic of a former age, if you chance to be thrown into society eight or ten years from now. It is a poor farm that won't make enough besides the necessaries of life, to pay for one newspaper.

I think Will Craig, in his "Plea for the Public Schools," gives the true reason why so many boys leave the farm to go to the city. It is a duty we owe to our children to give them access to the thoughts of the intelligent, the refined and the good through the leading newspapers and periodicals of our time. Your neighbors' boys then will never have to go to the city to find company that can talk of something besides the weather or the last spelling school.

Converse with your children as you would with a neighbor; and don't laugh if their ideas, or mode of expressing them, do seem foolish to your wiser head. The child treated with respect always appears most intelligent; besides you are gaining the child's confidence, without which you can never influence his future life. MRS. A. M. BYRNS.

Bonneville, McPherson Co., Kans.

That New Dress!

To the front ladies, with all your ingenuity, and tell me about my best dress. Husband and I talked it over, as we always do everything, and concluded that we had $10 to spare for a good dress for me, and no more. I bethought myself at once that I'd write to the sisters of the Household and ask them what to get, where to get it, and how to make it, so as to have just the nicest dress possible for the money. I should make it myself, so that will cost nothing. Now, if this is discussed through the Household, it may help some other woman who has not much money to spare for good dresses.

To the lady who wants to know how to straighten combings: Pick the hair all up loose like wool. Take a handful up in the left hand, take a strong comb in the right, and just commence combing and keep on just as you would patiently comb out a bad tangle. Soon a bunch will comb out nice and straight. Then turn it, wrap that bunch twice around your finger so as to hold it real tight, and comb the other end the same way. Take the tangles you comb off, pick up loose and proceed as before; and so on until the hair becomes too short to be of use. The longest will comb out first.

Who will send me some trailing arbutus? JENNIE S.

Corporal Punishment.

I for one agree most heartily with A. D. Brown in his opinion, that the rod can not be dispensed with in the schoolroom. It is nothing more than natural for some parents to make a fuss because some of their children have had the rod used on them at school; but as a general thing the parents who do, are those who think their children are *the* children. The children of such parents of course think they can do at school as they do at home, (just as they please); and, when punished for their misbehavior, make a great fuss about it at home; their parents side with them of course, and pour out their anathemas upon the head of the teacher. If children were taught at home to respect the wishes of those who have authority over them the rod would not then be needed; but, when admonition and reproof cease to be a virtue the rod must be resorted to; whipping should be the last resort, but when used, use effectually; for, they who whip hardest whip least.

Oran, Ia. CORN PONE.

As a Last Resort.

I know something of the woes of ye teachers' and would congratulate Hawkeye School Ma'am on her success. My plan for preventing tardiness is to have something very interesting the first thing in the morning—a story read or related, and tell the pupils the evening before that none will hear it unless they are there in good season as it will not be repeated.

It is impossible to succeed in teaching unless one loves the work and also has a great liking for children. I would not favor whipping in school as a rule, but after everything else has failed, after trying all other ways to secure obedience and meeting with no success, then use the rod. For there are times when nothing will do a person so much good as 'birch.' GREENY.

Cadiz, Wis.

Be Patient with Babies.

I should like to know Prairie Queen. I am 18 years old and am a wife and have been a mother. I had one little boy who lived to be nine months old, then God took him to dwell with him, and O! dear sister, you cannot realize, unless you have been through the same sad trial, how lonely I am. Mothers, do you ever when you have a headache or lot of work to do, get vexed or out of patience if baby cries? If you do, stop and think what if they were taken from you, and I know your displeasure will vanish in a moment.

Will some one tell me how to make a bird's nest pudding? I have eaten them but do not know how to make them.

Lacey, Iowa. LIBBIE.

Exchanges Wanted.

I have books to exchange for other books.—FRED. WILTSE, Sedgwick City, Kans.

Wanted to exchange birds eggs; address C. H. TODD, Brunswick, Medina Co., Ohio.

In the recipe for vinegar I sent a short time ago, I think I said a three-gallon jar instead of a gallon jar.—MRS. J. N. RAILEY.

I have Dr. Fisks' Travels in Europe, a large and interesting work. Would exchange for "Memoirs of Wirt," by Kennedy.—JAMES HEATON, Crawfordsville, Ind.

Will some of the "Household" please send me a good toilet apron pattern? I want very much to get one; will remunerate in any way I possibly can.—M. C. RENO, Clark, Mercer Co., Pa.

I have books to exchange for Indian axes, Arrow heads, shells or Geological specimens. Or if any one will send me of either or all I will return postage.—W. R. ENGLAND, Little York, Washington Co., Ind.

I have school books, from the lower branches up to text books in Latin, Greek, German and French, to exchange for books of poetry or fiction of equal value. Send postal to—H. M. ELLIOTT, Holly, Mich.

I have histories and other books to exchange for files or copies of the *Scientific American*, or works on mechanics. The histories are of Harper's "Student" series."—LOYD CALDWELL, Box 74, Valparaiso, Ind.

Will some one send me the words to the song "Nellie Grey." In return I will send words to "A Starry Night to Ramble," "Flow Gently Sweet Afton," or "Gypsy's Warning." Address O. K. JACKSON, Level, Ohio.

I can furnish a large quantity of buffalo-fish scales in exchange for papers or books. Illustrated papers preferred. The scales are about one inch in diameter and make very pretty fancy work.—G. N. ERNEST, Bluff City, Ala.

I have "The Strange Adventure of a Phaeton," "Scribner's Monthly," "Boys of America," and numerous other books and story papers, to exchange for other reading matter. Please send card stating what you have.—ARIEL MANN, Pee Pee, Pike Co., O.

I have a book entitled "A seven months run up and down around the World," by J. Brooks, contains 375 pages, slightly soiled, cost $1.75, will exchange for any good book of like value.—B. S. PEPPERS, Drakeville, Davis Co., Ia.

Some time ago we sent a package of gum tamarac to Mrs. Flynn, Toledo, but had forgotten her number. Not having heard from her we suppose she did not get it. She can probably get it by sending to the office. We would like to know if received. WAUPACA.

I have a book on temperance, to exchange for other books of fiction, or for minerals, fossils, sea shells, etc. Send postal informing me what you have to exchange. I would like to correspond with persons in Florida.—GYPSIE, Lock Box 716, Carbondale, Pa.

I have books from Seaside Library, also five styles of little boy's dress patterns suitable for the ages of three to five. Wish in exchange, sea shells, or anything pretty for a cabinet, each one to pay postage on what she sends.—MRS. J. M. BRANT, Knox, Clarion County, Pa.

I would like a Botany, either Gray's or Wood's, also "Demorest's Monthly Magazine" for 1877. Any one having either of the above can exchange them for other books, pressed ferns, or patterns for fancy work by addressing.—BESSIE VICTOR, Sublette, Adair Co., Mo.

I have a number of magazines and periodicals, such as Godey's, Demorests, Riversides, Laws of Life, and others that I wish to exchange for instrumental music, either in book or sheet form. I especially desire No. 2 of the "Home Circle."—MRS. A. BOWEN, Guelph, Kan.

I have for exchange New York *Ledgers* for 1878, (almost as good as new), Dick's "Shakespeare," "Nurse and Spy," "Priest and Nun," and 15 numbers of the BLADE, all in good preservation. I want back volumes of the New York *Weekly, Saturday Night, Ledger*, or any good reading, each one paying postage.—J. M. STEPHENS, Trenton, Henry County, Ia.

I have all the copies of the N. Y. *Weekly* for 1877 and '78 to exchange for the N. Y. *Ledger* of 1877 or '78, or *Godey's Lady Book* for 1876 or '77, or I would exchange them for any good paper. If any one will send me papers I will send mine by return mail. I have some good novels I would exchange. MRS. JENNIE RAGSDALE, Greenfield, Mo.

I will send a root of woodbine to any one that will send me hardy rose roots or any kind of hardy shrub roots. Send in September and October. Please send in good condition. Each one pay her own postage. The woodbine is perfectly hard and a rapid climber. It fastens itself to anything it touches and is lovely.—Box 54, Unity, Marathon Co., Wis.

I have the New York *Ledger* from the last of December, 1878, to the present, and will get them to the last of this year. I have never read them; will exchange them for anything of like value; books or anything useful. I have several pieces of music, "Katie's Secret," "Gathering Shells from the Shore;" several numbers of Stoddard's Musical Monthly, etc., that I would exchange.—SUE WESTON, Knob Noster, Mo.

During September and October I will send a choice collection of pansy roots and a variety of fern roots to anyone sending lilies, peonies, hardy bulbs, roses, or any kind of hardy shrub that is well rooted. Please send in good condition, each one pay her own postage. Thanks to all that sent plants last spring; one nice package of roots and bulbs came without any name. Please let me know by mail to whom I am indebted and I will send the fern roots.—MRS. L. HALL, Unity, Marathon County, Wis.

I have a quilt ready for quilting, which I will exchange for picture frames; of course I want good ones, something that will be durable; had thought of leather flowers or putty work but might exchange for some other kind. Address me by postal and I will tell the size of frames desired and describe the quilt. I also have blocks for a quilt all cut and partly pieced that I will exchange for a crochet tidy or one worked on canvas. The pattern is a group of four baskets and is pretty. MRS. IDA M. FISHER, White City, Kan.

I have a new Excelsior dress chart, also child's magic dress chart for cutting all kinds of children clothing; also three kinds of cactus, the ball and marble and flat cactus, which I will exchange for calico pieces, chair tidies, worsted flowers or Youths Companion in good condition, or for Song King, almost any kind of books that would be interesting to children 10 years of age. I have a splendid lot of skirt patterns also basque patterns, will exchange for anything fancy.—E. M. BOLTON, Shibboleth, Decatur Co., Kan.

Does any one wish to exchange a good literary weekly for "Chicago Ledger?" If so, please notify me by postal and I will send the papers as soon as read, postage prepaid. Would prefer an Eastern paper in exchange. Have a new Harvey's Elementary Grammar to exchange for a Comprehensive Astronomy. No matter if the book is second hand so the text is whole. Also Kerl's Composition and Rhetoric to exchange for Quackenboes advanced course of Composition and Rhetoric or Whately's.—MRS. OLA MCCHRISTIE, Camden, O., Box 43.

I have for exchange two years of Peterson's '71 and '72, two years of Wood's Household, '72 and '73, one year of Demorest Magazine, '73, one year of the New York Ledger, '76, and one year of the New York Weekly, '78. I would like, in exchange for these, well preserved magazines or papers of like character and value. I have also Miss Alcott's "Old Fashioned Girl" which I would exchange for any other well bound novel. Please send postal stating what you have. My books and papers are all in fair condition.—H. HERENDEEN, What Cheer, Keokuk Co., Ia.

I have a stone that is said to have been carved in ancient times. It was found 20 feet under ground. It is 12 inches in circumference, is hollowed out on both sides. Measured most accurately there is no difference in either side in depth, circumference, diameter or width of rim. It is harder than any metal or stone that has ever been tried on it; no steel drill or file has ever dinged or chipped it in any way; is almost perfectly transparent. It is very beautiful. I will exchange it for books or any useful things of the same value. Write me.—AUGUSTA L. VICARS, Dickinsonville, Russell Co., Va.

Who would be so kind as to send me slips of house-plants, geraniums, fuchias, etc.? I have for exchange a remedy for pain in the stomach and bowels which every family should have; also a recipe to cure neuralgia, which cured my father of it when he could not get out of bed for five weeks; one for dyspepsia, and one for "green salve," which is very excellent for all kinds of sores and ulcers—healing from the bone. Send the slips, and state which you prefer, or I will give several of them for a nice lot of slips. If any one has Maltese cats, please write to me and say what you want for them. I have the Partridge Cochin chickens, weighing nearly 10 pounds, and good layers; or I can make hair switches.—A. C. EIKENBERRY, Cerro Gordo, Ill., Box 54.

I have Science of Life, a book of about 600 pages, cloth bound, in good preservation, which I will exchange for some book of similar size and value, a good dictionary preferred, or I will exchange it for a year's number of some popular magazine if of recent date and well preserved. I also have the songs, "Little Nell," "Happy as a wild bird," set to music for piano or organ, and the instrumental pieces, "Celestial March," and "Sunshine Schottisch," all in good preservation, which I will exchange for "Gathering Shells from the Shore," "Katie's Secret" and words and music of "Zula Zong," or some other good music that I have not. "Lilley Bell" can we 'trade'?—MRS. VIOLA E. BROWN, Sigourney, Keokuk Co., Iowa.

GEN. FORREST'S GAME OF POKER

A Thrilling Story—Did His Wife Pray While he was Playing.

Nashville Banner.

Several years ago Gen. Forrest visited the City and stopped at the old City Hotel. That night several gentleman called to see him, among them a gentleman now connected with the *Banner*. The room had been crowded during the early part of the night, and Forrest had received the usual attention bestowed on him. Now, however, he was sitting off to himself, and appeared worn and tired out. Our informant, wishing to have a talk with him about himself, sought him, and entered into conversation with him:

"General," says he, "I've heard you were a great poker, player in your time."

"Yes," says the General "I have played some," and his eyes began to sparkle with the memory of old times, and he at once seemed interested in the subject, for be it known that no one was fonder than he in recounting his wonderful exploits.

"How much, General, was the largest stake you ever played?"

"I once called $48,000 in New Orleans."

"Did you win?"

"Oh, yes! I won it."

"What was your hand, General?"

"It was three kings."

"But," says he, "the hardest game I ever played was at Memphis. Just after the war closed my wife and I went to Memphis, and we stopped at the Worsham House. The next morning we got our things together, and I emptied all my papers out of my trunk on the floor, and Mary (I'm not certain his wife's name was Mary, but that will do for the tale) went over and over them, hunting for something to raise money out of. I emptied my pockets and Mary emptied hers, and between us we had seven dollars and thirty cents. After huntin' over everything, we found that every man who owed me was either dead or broke. I hadn't one single paper on which could I raise a cent outen. After we got through the pile I looked at Mary and Mary looked at me. 'Now, what's to be done, Mary?' says I. 'I don't know,' says she, 'but the Lord will provide.' You see, Mary was one of the best women in the world, and she had a heap of faith in her religion. I looked at her straight a long time, and at last says I: 'Mary, you are a mighty good woman, and I'm going to tell you something. There's a big dinner at——this evening, and I'm invited. They always play poker at that house, and you have always been agin me playing, and I reckon you are right about it. But things have become desperate with us, and somehow I feel if you wouldn't be agin me, but would pray for me, I could make a raise to-night.

"Says she, 'Bedford, I can't do it. It's wrong for you to do it, and I'd heap rather you wouldn't.'

"'But, Mary,' says I, 'I never was in such a fix before. Here we are with no money but $7.30, and that wouldn't pay our tavern bill. I can't lose no more than that, for I'll swear I won't bet on credit. If I lose that, I'll come home, and if I win, then we'll have something to start on.' Well, I argued and argued with her, but she wouldn't say yes. But at last she says:

"'But Bedford, I know your mind is set on it, and I know you are going to bet, whether I'm willin' or not; so I won't say nothing more about it.'

"But, somehow, I felt when I started that she was for me, and I jist knowed how 'twould be.

"Well, I went some time before dinner and, sure enough, they were at it. They had three tables—one had a quarter ante one a half, and one a dollar and a half. I wanted my seven dollars to last as long as I could make it, and so I set down to the quarter table. We bet on until dinner and by that time I had won enough to do better; and, after we had eat, I sat down to the dollar-and-a-half table. Sometimes I won, and then again I'd lose on until about midnight, and then I had better luck. I know'd Mary was setting up and praying: I felt like it, and it made me cool. I set my hat down by my side on the floor, and every time I'd win I'd drop the money in the hat. We played on, and I didn't keep any count, but I know'd I was winning. I thought may be I'd won a hundred dollars or may be two hundred, but I didn't know. I set there until day broke, and then we went home. I took my hat up in both hands and mashed it on my head, and went home so without taking it off. When I got to my room there sat Mary in her gown, and the bed wasn't mashed. She'd set up all night waiting for me. She seemed tired and anxious, and though she looked mighty hard at me, she didn't say a word. I walked right up to her, and pulling off my hat with both hands I emptied it all right in the lap of her gown. And then we sat down and counted it."

"How much was there, General?"

"Just fifteen hundred dollars even."

"And that," added the General as he walked off, "gin me a start."

Bernhardt Makes Her Own Terms.

Parisian.

The difficulties between the Theater Francais and Mlle. Sara Bernhardt have been smoothed over. Mlle. Bernhardt is in future to have a whole part in the company, that is to say she becomes a "Societaire a part entiere," and she is to have three months holiday each year. Mlle. Sara further demanded a whole year's holiday at the end of a year from this date. The matter was compromised, and Mlle Sara will have seven months' conge, in which she can fill her engagements in America, England, Russia, or wherever they may be. The best thing for Mlle. Sara to do is not to go to America. It was on January 2, 1858, that Rachel died from a malady the seeds of which were sown during her visit to America. Rachel left Paris for England, July 25, 1855. She appeared six nights in succession at the St James Theater, London. On August 10, the company sailed for New York. September 3, Rachel appeared for the first time in America at the Metropolitan Theater, Broadway. On October 15, of the same year, the very day of her benefit performance, she caught that chest complaint, which was to kill her in two years. If Mlle. Sara reads the letters of Rachel from America that have just been published in the *Gazette Anecdotique*, she will probably make up her mind to renounce transatlantic laurels. As we showed in some figures that we published recently, Rachel was by no means a success in America.

We know a man who was inspired to a desire to perform a noble deed by reading Joaquin Miller's poetry. He got his shotgun and dog and went out to look for quin a.—*Boston Post.*

Our Young Folks.

LITTLE MARY'S SECRET.

BY MRS. L. C. WHITON.

O larks! sing out to the thrushes,
And thrushes, sing to the sky!
Sing from your nests in the bushes,
And sing wherever you fly;
For I'm sure that never another
Such secret was told unto you—
I've just got a baby brother!
And I wish that the whole world knew.

I have told the buttercups, truly,
And the clover that grows by the way;
And it pleases me each time, newly,
When I think of it during the day.
And I say to myself, "Little Mary,
You ought to be good as you can,
For the sake of the beautiful fairy
That brought you the wee little man."

I'm five years old in the Summer,
And I'm getting quite large and tall;
But I thought, till I saw the new comer,
When I looked in the glass, I was small.
And I rise in the morning quite early,
To be sure that the baby is here,
For his hair is so soft and curly,
And his hands so tiny and dear!

I stop in the midst of my pleasure—
I'm so happy I cannot play—
And keep peeping in at my treasure,
To see how much he gains in a day.
But he doesn't look much like growing,
Yet I think that he will in a year;
And I wish that the days would be going,
And the time when he walks would be here!

O larks! sing out to the thrushes,
And thrushes, sing as you soar;
For I think, when another Spring blushes,
I can tell you a great deal more;
I shall look from one to the other,
And say: "Guess who I'm bringing to you?"
And you'll look—and see—he's my brother!
And you'll sing, "Little Mary was true."

RETALIATION.

BY L. W. CHAMPNEY.

There was a cruel darkey boy
Who sat upon the shore,
A-catching little fishes by
The dozen and the score.

And as they squirmed and wiggled there
He shouted loud in glee—
"You surely cannot want to live,
You're littler dan me."

Just then, with a malicious leer
And a capacious smile,
Before him from the water deep
There rose a crocodile.

He eyed the little darkey boy,
Then heaved a blubbering sigh,
And said, "You cannot want to live,
You're littler than I."

* * * * * * *

The fishes squirm and wiggle still beside that sandy shore,
The little cruel darkey boy was never heard of more.

—*Wide Awake.*

Some Royal Children.

Did you ever think of the great Queen Elizabeth as a little girl? Poor little child! she did not lead a happy life; for her father did not love her, and she never knew a mother's care. You may imagine how ill she was used when I tell you that her governess was obliged to beg for clothing for her. When she was four years old she assisted at the christening of her infant brother, afterward Edward VI., and on his second birthday she presented him with a cambric shirt of her own making.

There was another princess, named Elizabeth, whose years were few but full of sorrow. She was a daughter of King Charles I of England, and, after his decapitation, was shut up with her little brother in Carisbrooke Castle, in the Isle of Wight.

The princess was exceedingly beautiful, and seldom was a child seen with such grace and dignity. In her mind she resembled her grandfather, Henry IV. of France, and her intelligence was a subject of astonishment to her father, who often consulted her. The royal children's rooms at Carisbrooke were gloomy and dreary, but they found kind hearts in the custodian of the castle and his good wife.

As though to make the scene of their imprisonment still more sad, the first night of their arrival a sentinel called to the princess as she looked out, and unfeelingly told her that the little Gothic window which she saw opposite to her was where her father had tried to escape, but was prevented by its smallness. This brought a flood of tears from the little princess, who seemed inconsolable for the fate of her father. The next day, the children went to the little Gothic window, and there they interlaced their hands between the bars and stood for a long time thinking of their father.

The princess begged that the door of the room where her father had been confined might be opened. Its walls brought new tears, and sad memories of the humiliation which the king had endured. By the help of her brother, the princess turned her father's room into an oratory, and placed her precious Bible there. In Summer, they brought flowers to decorate the place.

One quiet evening, they heard some sailors at sea singing, as was their habit, "God save the king!"

"Listen," said the princess, "there are still some who love our father;" and, happy for one moment, she embraced her brother.

As they were taking their usual walk upon the ramparts one morning, a wedding procession passed; the young girls were dancing, and had bouquets in their hands; but when they saw the royal children they stopped and threw them their flowers, out of respect and kind feeling. The princess, in gratitude leaned down, and, loosening a little cross from her neck, dropped it into the hand of the bride.

Another time, a funeral procession passed by, and the princess, seeing them weeping, said:

"Oh do not weep; to rest in God is only happiness."

She grew weaker and weaker every day, but as long as she was able she taught her little brother each day out of her Bible and some old Latin books which had been given to her. One Saturday morning, the 8th September, 1650, as the warden's wife entered the room, according to custom, with a bowl of milk for the Princess, she found her, as she supposed, sleeping, but it proved to be the sleep of death. She lay there white and calm, with her head leaning on her dearly beloved Bible. From her hand had fallen a paper containing an account of her last interview with her father. The paper was headed with these words:

"That which the King said to me the last time I had the happiness of seeing him"—that was on the night before his execution.

After describing the reception of herself and brother, she wrote:

"The King said: 'But perhaps, my darling, you will forget that which I am going to tell you.' And with that he shed abundant tears. I assured him I would write all his words.

"'My child,' said he, 'you must not grieve for me; my death is glorious; I die for the laws and religion.' He assured me he pardoned all his enemies, and wished us also to pardon them. He sent many messages to my mother that his love for her would always be the same. Again, he told us we must not weep for him; that he died a martyr, in full assurance that the throne would some day be given back to his sons, and that then he would be more happy than if he had lived. He then took my little brother Gloucester on his knees and said to him: 'Listen to me, my dear boy; they are going to cut off your father's head, and may be they may wish afterward to make you king, but do not forget that which I am going to tell you—*not to let them make you king*.' The child sighed deeply and replied that he would rather be torn in pieces, which answer greatly pleased the king."

Here the story of the farewell broke off for death had stopped the hand of the young princess. The body was put in a leaden coffin with this inscription:

"ELIZABETH,
SECOND DAUGHTER OF THE LATE KING CHARLES.
DIED 8TH SEPTEMBER, 1650."

and placed in the Church of St. Thomas near the altar. The initials "E. S." (Elizabeth Stuart) marked the place, which for a long time was forgotten. Queen Victoria recently ordered the old church to be torn down, and Prince Albert laid the corner stone of a new one in which the remains of the little princess were deposited and where a monument represents her as she lay in the sleep of death, and was furnished by the Queen herself.

The little Duke of Gloucester, after the death of his sister refused all nourishment; and Cromwell, fearing he would die in prison, set him at liberty. He rejoined his mother in France, but everywhere the sad memories of his father and sister haunted him, and even the joyes of the restoration of his brother to the English throne did not soothe his grief. He became more and more mournful, and died at the age of 20 in the palace of Whitehall.—*St. Nicholas.*

The Clever Grethel.

Once upon a time there was a cook who wore shoes with red knots, and when she went out with them on she used to figure her feet about here and there, and then say to herself, quite complacently, "Ah, you are still a pretty girl!" And when she came home she drank a glass of wine for joy, and, as the wine made her wish to eat, she used to look out for the best she had, and excuse herself by saying, "The cook ought to know how her cooking tastes."

One day it happened that the master said to her, "Grethel, this evening a guest is coming, so cook me two fowls." "I will do it directly, master," replied Grethel. She soon killed the fowls, plucked, dressed, and spitted them, and as the evening came on she put them down to the fire to roast. They soon began to brown and warm through, but still the guest was not come, and Grethel said to the master, "If your guest does not come soon I shall have to take the fowls from the fire, but it will be a great shame not to eat them soon, when they are just in the gravy."

The master agreed, therefore, to run out himself, and bring home his guest; and as soon as he had turned his back, Grethel laid aside the spit, with its two fowls, and thought to herself, "Ah, I have stood so long before the fire, I am quite hot and thirsty; who knows when he will come? Meanwhile I will run down into the cellar and have a draught."

Grethel ran down the stairs and filled a jug, and saying, "God bless you, Grethel!" took a good pull at the beer, and when that was done she had another draught. Then she went up again and placed the fowls before the fire and turned the spit round quite merrily, first spreading some butter over their skins. However, the roasting fowls smelt so well that Grethel thought she had better try how they tasted; and so she dipped her finger into the gravy and said, "Ah, how good these fowls are; it is a sin and shame that they should not be eaten at once!" She ran to the window, therefore, to see if her master was yet coming with his guest, but there was nobody, and she she turned again to the fowls. "Ah, one wing is burnt!" said she, "I had better eat that!" and, cutting it off, she ate it. But then, she thought, "Master will see that something is wanting, I had better take the other!" When she had finished the two wings she went again to see if her master was coming, but without success. "Who knows," said she, "whether they will come or not? and perhaps they are stopping where they are. Come, Grethel, be of good courage! the one is begun, have another drink, and then eat it up completely, for when it is all done you will be at rest, and besides, why should the good things be spoiled?" So thinking, Grethel ran once more into the cellar, took a capital drink, and ate up the fowl with great pleasure. As soon as it was down and the master still had not returned, Grethel looked at the other fowl, and said, "Where the one is the other ought to be also; the two belong to one another; what is right for one is right for the other; I believe if I take another draught it will not hurt me." So saying, she took a hearty drink, and let the second fowl slip down after the other.

Just as she was in the best of the eating the master came running up and called, "Make haste, Grethel! the guest is coming directly!"

"Yes, master," said she, "it will soon be ready."

The master went in to see if the tables were properly laid, and taking up the great knife wherewith he was to carve the fowls, he went to sharpen it upon the stones. Meantime came the guest, and knocked politely at the door. Grethel ran to see who it was, and when she perceived the guest she held her finger to her mouth to enjoin silence, and said, "Make haste quickly away! if my master discovers you here, you are lost! he certainly did invite you here to supper, but he has it in his mind to cut off your ears; just listen now how he is sharpening his knife!"

The guest listened to the sound, and then hurried down the steps as fast as he could, while Grethel ran screaming to her master, and said to him, "You have invited a fine guest!"

"Eh! what?" said he; "what do you mean?"

"Why," replied Grethel, "just as I was about to serve them up, your guest has taken the two fowls from off the dish and bolted away with them!"

"That is fine manners, certainly!" said the master, grieved for his fine fowls; "if he had but left me one at least, that I might have had something to eat!" Then he called after his guest, who pretended not to hear him; and so he pursued him, knife in hand, calling out, "Only one! only one!" meaning that his guest should leave one fowl behind him; but the latter supposed that his host meant that he would only cut off one ear, and so he ran faster and faster, as if fire were at his heels, that he might reach home safe and sound.

The Story of a Hoe-Cake.

They were all sitting on the wide gallery steps the other evening, between sunset and dark. There were fireflies shining like stars already among the orange trees and oleander bushes, and the soft wind that blew up from the south was sweet with the smell of roses and jessamines. I could see the little group from where I sat, and hear their voices in the hush of the closing day. Jin, the little nurse, very black, very woolly-headed, and very wise looking, sat on the upper step. Alfred's fair, plump little arms clasped about her neck as he rested in her lap. Dan, the six-year old, leaned against her knee, on one side, and Maggie, round eyed and chubby, cuddled close to the other. She had been singing one of these quaint little melodies, which the black mammy in the South chants over her dusky baby. It ran in this fashion:

"Snaky baked a hoe-cake,
Set a frog ter mind it,
Froggy got ter noddin,
Lizzy came an' stole it;
O, bring back my hoe-cake, yer long-tailed Nanny!"

"Now, Jin," I heard Dan say, in a coaxing tone, after a little silence, "please tell us a story."

"P'ease, D'sin a 'tory," lisped Alfred, like a faithful little echo.

"G'long, chillun!" cried Jin. "Did not I done tole you 'bout de Glass Slipper—an' dem angels whar stan' at de bed-poses ebry night—an' de hoss wid wings dat dey cotch in a pig pen, what I heerd Miss May read 'bout tother night—an'—O, g'long, chillun, I don't know nuffin mo'."

"Please, Jin," cooed Maggie.

"Please D'sin."

"Well den, if you mus', I'll tell you de true tale 'bout dat song what mammy larnt from a Virginny nigger an' I knows de tale is true, kase I made it myself, an' I were dar!"

And here is the story that I heard Jin tell, while the little folks listened in grave delight:

"Well, one time ole Miss Snaky she buil' up a fire onto de harf in de kitchen, an' she took up a fryin' pan a [illegible] dem little snakeses like mammy [illegible] me n' Jim n' Ephrum, an' she say: 'Git out'n here, dis minnit, yer lazy, good 'or nothin' frazles. I'se gwine ter make a hoe cake, I is.' An' dem young snakeses runned under de bed, an' in de grass like, an' ole Mis' Snaky she tuk de meal, an' de salt, an' de cracklins and de bilin' water, jes like mammy do down yonder to de cabin, an' she pat de hoe-cake wid her han', jes so, (here Jin tossed Alfred's round little cheeks between her hands), an' lef de print of her fingers on de pone, an' den she dab it onto de shubbel, what she done het in de ashes, an' bake it on one side; den she turn it ober—"

"Didn't she brush off the ashes, Jin?" asked Maggie.

"Ashes, D'sin?"

"Brush off de ashes! Why, chillun, don't you know a hoe cake ain't fitten to eat lessen it got de ashes all on it! Well, den, ole Mis' Snaky she shuck her fryin'-pan at dem young Snakeses, whar all had dey finger in dey mouf, an' she say; 'Now, you all ain't gwine to git none o' dis hoe-cake, kase yer pappy gwine to come hongry from de cotton-patch.' So's she call up a nice young grog whar live in a puddle 'long side o' de cayage-house, an' she sot him down for to watch dat hoe-cake twell she come back. Den she dress herself up, jes like mammy do, an' flance hersef down to de baptisin' at de bayou

"Bimeby, dat frog he git powerful sleepy. He slap hissef an' scratch he head, jes so, (here Jin slapped her own shoulders and touseled up Dan's auburn curls.) But 'twaint no use. He nod wusser'n Uncle Jake after he been possum huntin'!

"'Bout dat time here come along Mis' Lizard, dress up jes like dat house-gal, Marthy Ann, whar thinks hersef so smart, an' whar yer ma gwine to 'smiss some o' dese days, carryin' a parasol ober her head an' switchin' her tail, like as if she's white folks! Mis' Lizard she look all aroun' an' she say to hersef, low like: 'Ki, I smell hoe cake, I does! Ef old Mis' Snaky wa'nt so full of ebb, I'd ax her to give me some.' Den she spy the hoe cake on de shebbel an' she come in an' grab it, jes so (here Jin clutched Maggie by the shoulder, and Maggie shivered with delighted terror.)

"Den, laws, honey, how she fly! Well, 'zactly dat minnit, ole Mis Snaky she come home from de baptizin', singing 'Jes from de fountain,' jes like mammy do, an' bringin' Brudder Vance 'long wid her to git some o' dat hoe-cake. When she see Marthy Ann Lizzard dustin' off wid dat hoe cake, she scream after her loud es she could: 'Bring back dat hoe-cake, yer long tail Nanny!' An' she so mad an' 'spinted 'twell she shake herself all ober an' fall down in a fit. Dat's all. An' I knows it, Kase I were dar!"

"And wat did the little snakeses' pappy do for his supper when he come home from the cotton patch, Jim?" inquired Dan, anxiously.

"Supper, D'sin?" said Alfred.

"Now, g'long chillun! How in name o' sense is I gwine ter get dis chile ter sleep, ef yer keeps on axin' yer foolish questions. Jes yer keep still now, I gwine ter sing ter de baby."

And, as the stars came out, Jin sang in a low, plaintive voice, and the little ones, even the baby, chimed softly in:

"I'm jes from de fountain dat nebber runs dry."

Wide Awake.

LA CREME DES CHRONIQUES.

What the Alleged Wits of Paris Find to Say in Their Newspapers.

The old Baron is dead. There is good reason for believing that he is in purgatory—at the very least. His daughter-in-law is desirous that a goodly number of prayers should be said for him.

"You do not know what sort of a man your poor, dear father-in-law was, my love," says the Dowager. "He was almost Quixotic in his punctiliousness and sense of honor. He would not thank any one to pray for him. He is too proud—he will insist on remaining there till the last moment rather than be under an obligation to any one."

* *

Yet again Vivier. On going along the street beholds a burgeois at whom a dog is barking and snapping viciously. Running up he exclaims, "Be not afraid, sir, I will protect you—get out of that, you brute;" and brandishes his cane so vigorously that the animal sullenly retires. The bourgeois is prodigal of thanks, and goes on arm in arm with his preserver.

"It is lucky that you are not afraid of dogs, sir," says the bourgeois.

"If that dog had ventured to lay his teeth upon you he would have sealed his doom," says Vivier, coldly.

"You would have killed him?"

"I would have bitten him."

"Bitten him? I don't exactly understand."

"Then in from 60 to 72 hours he would have gone mad and been knocked on the head."

"Really, sir, I don't grasp your meaning."

"I mean," says Vivier, griping his companion's arm, while a fearful convulsion distorts his features, "I mean that I was bitten eight days ago by a mad dog and I feel that the crisis of my disease is approaching. I must bite something. You owe me no thanks; it would have been a positive relief to sink my envenomed fangs into his quivering flesh! ! What(—shivering)—is that a fountain over there?" (Bourgeois vanishes upon the wings of the wind).

* *

A Park policeman seeing a yellow dog near two handsomely dressed women, approaches respectfully and says: "Does this beauchiful creachure belong to you, ladies?"

"Mercy, no!"

Park Policeman (lifting his cane)—Get out o' here, you beast.

A foreign tragedienne was once upon a time boasting before a company of artists of the rigidity of her principles and telling how she had sternly rebuked her sovereign for offering her an insult.

"I said to His Majesty said I: 'Your Majesty the King can dispose of my life and my fortune at his will, but not of my honor.' That's what I said to him."

"You were right," said Augustine Brohan; "it is a maxim in law that where there is nothing the King loses his rights."

* *

Judge—Prisoner, you are accused of having kicked and trampled upon your wife. What have you to say?

Prisoner—I am innocent, Your Honor. I can lift my hand and swear.

Judge (severely)—That will do, sir; that will do. Do not add perjury to aggravated assault. Content yourself with having lifted your foot.

"So now you are a B. A. What do you intend to do?"

"Oh, I'm going to take my degree and then be a professor, and then I'm going to hurry through my 30 years so as to be entitled to my retiring pension as soon as possible, and then I shall enjoy my well-earned rest."

* *

Mme. X. enters the chamber of the colored waiting woman while the Abigail is at her toilet.

"Mercy me, what is that?" she says, pointing to a box inscribed, "Lamp-black for the complexion."

"Oh, that's my pearl-powder!"

A tragedy in one act and two minutes.

SCENE: A sitting-room, with a sofa and a door L.

Dramatis personæ: On the sofa, a lady; with his arm around her waist, a gentleman.

The door opens. Enter L. a second gentleman, with a practical carpet bag in his hand. Perceiving the two lovers he raises his hands to heaven and for a moment is frozen with horror; then drawing a revolver aims at the guilty pair.

The revolver—Bang! Bang! (goes off, L.)

The lady—Oh! (dies.)

The gentleman—Ah! (dies.)

Second gentleman rushing forward and examining the corpses. Great heavens. I mistook the flat; this is the newly married couple's room down stairs.

(Quick curtain.)

He Was "Figgerin."

Boston Post.

Some women never can be satisfied. The other night, when Gallagher was reckoning up his accounts, his wife spoke to him several times, and receiving no answer, said: "You treat me cruelly. I fear you no longer love me," and Gallagher replied: "I love you passionately, devotedly, frantically, madly, but if you don't hold yer jaw till I get these figures added, I'll give you a clip in the eye." And in spite of his protestations of love, she was not satisfied.

A young woman, who had never learned the gentle art of cooking, being desirous of impressing her husband with her knowledge and diligence, manages to have the kitchen door ajar on the day after their return from their bridal tour, and just as her lord comes in from the office, exclaims loudly, "Hurry up, Eliza, do! Haven't you washed the lettuce yet? Here, give it to me; where's the soap?"

The Farm.

In this Department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Contributions should be written legibly and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany each letter.

Butter Packages.

This involves one of the most essential points in the dairy business. It matters little what package is used provided the flavor of the butter can in no way receive harm from anything in the material used. If wood is used, every particle of the woody taste must be taken out before using for packing. This being thoroughly done, and while the bottom is still wet, a thin layer of the purest dairy salt is spread evenly over the bottom. Over the salt is spread a muslin cloth wet in brine. This salt and cloth preparation keeps the butter from sticking to the bottom. If omitted and the butter is placed directly on the wood the necessary dampness in the butter passes off through the pores of the wood, causing the butter to become dry, and it soon loses its natural rich yellow color and its flavor. The first batch of butter is placed over the cloth, carefully and solidly pressed down so as to leave no cavities of confined air. Over the butter pour an inch or so in depth of cold brine (after it has been strained through a fine cloth) as strong as hot water can make it, and cover tightly. When the next batch is ready to pack, pour off the brine and press the butter in solidly as before, and replace the brine.

I have another way which is equally as good, and more handy perhaps. It is to make a round flat sack of thoroughly bleached muslin, in which is placed and tightly sewed a quart or two of damp dairy salt. Drop this over the butter, care being taken to have the edges press tightly to the sides so that no air can reach the butter. At the packing of each batch the salt is more readily taken out and returned than brine, and it answers the same purpose. This object of either process is to keep all air from the butter, as it has already had enough of that, good or bad, in its travels from the cow to the package. Fill within an inch of the top; lay a cloth over the butter and fill with brine and cover tightly. As this May and June butter is intended for Winter use, or for a longer time, it is necessary to bury it in salt. If only one package is wanted, make a box of common boards, an inch or two wider than the package used, and two or three inches deeper. At the bottom spread an inch of salt; put in the package; fill in tightly all around with common salt and put an inch or more on top. Place it in a cool part of the cellar, and it is ready for Christmas, Easter or any month in the year. It will be better at the 12th month than the first.

When the butter is to be used, remove the cover but not the brine, and do not take the pack out. With the carving knife, take out each day what is wanted for family use. If stone jars are used (and there is no objection to them if the glazing is perfect both outside and in,) follow the same course as for wooden vessels. As regards size, that can make no difference in the preservation of butter. For my own use I prefer stone jars that hold about 10 or 15 pounds. These I also bury in salt. I have another way which is on the same principle, but is attended with a little more work. Make the butter into balls or square blocks, or in the shape of bricks. Wrap each one with cloth wet with brine, and pack in any vessel or box. Between each print or parcel are layers of damp salt, so that each piece will be evenly imbedded. Over all place an inch or more of salt and cover tightly. This burying in salt keeps the butter in an even temperature. It has two protections; one from the brine, and one from the surrounding salt. It is thus well preserved from electricity, or any impurity that may be in the surrounding atmosphere. Provided (as I have said before,) the butter is all right when being packed, all the natural flavor and aroma there are in it are retained, and become ripened and more perfect than when first put down. This is my experience in preparing May and June butter for Winter use, and for the full year, I am careful to do it before the white blossoms are sufficiently numerous in the pasture to cause the butter to become oily, and lack in solidity and texture.

There may be other butter makers who have a better way. If so, I would be glad to hear from them, that this part of the dairy interest may be better understood. Perfection is not yet reached by any man. But it is our duty in everything to it the best we can, and help each other.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

The Benefits of Thorough Drainage.

So far the present season the uniformity of the weather has been exceptional to a marked degree. The exceptions in some localities have been the extreme dryness. Quite unlike in results, to the two or three preceding years when the crops in the same localities perhaps were almost ruined by the excessive moisture.

Fearing that the farmers may overlook some of the main features of this question of drainage, especially as the character of the season has been such as to fill the agriculturist with all kinds of forgetfulness about his drowning crops and the floods which beat upon the undrained soil, converting it to the consistency of bricks, we have thought it desirable to call attention to the subject. Many farmers lost whole crops during these wet years for want of proper drainage for their lands and of course could not be mistaken as to the cause. This year the crops in some sections and more especially upon some farms, were injured for the apparent reason of the dry weather. Crops fail during the dry years from a cloddy or baked condition of the soil and farmers would do well to find out the cause of this condition. It is impossible to bake ground with dry weather unless the mechanical condition or porosity of the soil is broken down with previously wet weather. The damage sustained during the wet seasons is carried over with succeeding years, and these seasons are largely responsible for the damage done during the dry seasons.

In view of this we hope the farmers will not lose sight of the importance of proper drainage of the land. With this precaution the farmer takes the elements into a kind of partnership to conserve his best interests. When the drouth comes it finds the soil in a friable condition, and the crop roots reach deeply into the earth to find the moisture. If *Pluvius* deluges the earth, it comes freighted with blessing in the form of fertilizing gases which are left in the soil as the surplus water finds its way into the drains. If these gases are not carried into and retained by the soil as nature has provided, but are left to float in the atmosphere, they become malaria or sources of disease to the human family. Crops may be planted much earlier upon a well-drained soil, and the growth of vegetation is much more rapid, the ground being much warmer with the minimum amount of moisture. Labor and material are cheap now, as also are the facilities for the easy accomplishment of the work. The work may be done from year to year, and with the accomplishment of each one's own labor, so that the expense need not be very great, and a perfect system of drainage will be secured in a few years. The increased yield of a single crop frequently pays for the whole outlay, so that in a short time the expense is wiped out and the value of the land greatly increased.—*Western Rural.*

Carbolic Acid.

About May 1st, says a writer in the New York *Herald*, we found some choice potatoes thickly infested with the beetle. The plants were only about six inches high, and some of the hills were almost eaten to the ground. A solution was made of one teaspoonful of crude carbolic to a pailful of water, and the same applied to the potatos by dipping a small broom into the water and sprinkling the vines plentifully. Since that time we have found no beetles, but some few hills withered partially, although they have since recovered. We did not feel like recommending it without another experiment. The following, however, from a correspondent of the Vienna *Illustrated Gardener*, confirms our good opinion of the plan: "He first experimented with a solution of one part of the acid in 20 parts of water, which was allowed to stand for 24 hours before being used. By that time a layer of fat or oil had appeared on the surface, the contact of which with plants speedily destroy them. This was consequently withdrawn by means of a pipette, and the clear fluid below alone used. This proved an equally dangerous application, for some beds of savoys and radishes, which were watered with it in order to free them from ground fleas, with which they were infested were totally destroyed by it. A weaker solution, consisting of one part of acid in 50 of water proved scarcely less injurious to vegetation. The application was now tried in the still more diluted form of one part in 100, the supernatant oil being carefully removed before use. In these proportions it answered admirably, as an insecticide, without causing the slightest injury to even the tenderest plants. A single application effectually freed the beds from ground lice and similar destructive vermin. A very small quantity introduced into an ant hill so disturbed its busy inhabitants, that contrary to all the habits of these insects, they abandoned their pupæ in their hurried flight. A cherry tree whose ripe fruit afforded a favorite hunting ground for these ants, was at once protected from their visits by a slight application of the solution to its stem, though they returned to the attack in four or five days when the pungent smell of the acid was lost. Their further depredation was once for all checked, however, by a girdle of cottonwood impregnated with the strong acid being bound round the trunk. Many other varieties of insects were kept at bay, or driven from their haunts by the same means, which also formed a most valuable protection against mildew, with which the rose and peach trees in the garden were sadly troubled. In one instance a rose tree which had borne no flowers for five previous years, in consequence of mildew attacking the young stems of the buds, immediately as they were formed, was observed to bear a magnificent crop the first season that a timely application of the solution was made.

A Pennsylvania Fruit Farm.

We condense from a local paper the following account of the fruit farm of Mr. A. Battles, Girard, Erie, Co., Penn.:

"The largest, finest, and most productive fruit farm in Erie County, perhaps in the State, is that of the gentleman whose name is at the head of this article. Although this farm is only about three miles from the beautiful borough of Girard, I venture to say that many persons in this Township, who are admirers of rural beauty and choice fruit, have never seen it. Of the 10,000 or 12,000 bearing fruit trees on these 200 acres, 6,000 are apple trees; 1,500 pear trees; 2,500 peach trees; and 500 quince trees; all of choice varieties. When I visited the farm, in June, the prospect for a fine yield of apples, pears and peaches, was flattering; but the severe and protracted drouth has caused much of the fruit to wither and fall. Mr. B. has six acres of grapes, mostly Concords, although he grows Catawbas, Isabellas, and other choice kinds to accommodate his customers. As his farm is bounded on the west by a dense forest, his fruits have never been injured by that destructive insect, the rosebug.

Fourteen acres of the farm are planted to strawberries, raspberries, and blackberries. Mr. B. prefers the Crescent Seedling to any other strawbery for the table or market. Its yield is wonderful. It is larger than the Wilson, and has a finer color and flavor.

Although the extremely dry weather has probably reduced the yield one half, I present the figures below as a result of Mr. B's strawberry season. Whole amount gathered from one and one-fourth acres, 275 bushels, mostly Wilsons. Whole amount for Crescent Seedlings gathered from one-tenth of an acre, 47½ bushels, or at the rate of 475 bushels per acre. Amount of sales from one and one-fourth acres, $482.51, after deducting the expense of marketing. Paid for picking the berries, $51.21. Profit from one and one-fourth acres of land, $431.30; not a bad result, considering the unfavorable season.

I noticed on the farm some splendid specimens of Lancashire swine, the most profitable breed of hogs ever introduced into this country. They run in the orchard, and become fat easily and in a short time, by feeding on the grass, and on the diseased and immature fruit that drops from the trees. Mr. B imports and breeds them. I also noticed four caged crows, some fine fowls, and 25 hives of bees, from one of which rushed a colony that I took good care to give a wide berth.

Growing Chickens.

While the farmer is busy during harvesting, and while his family in the stress of the season is pressed into service the growing chickens are sometimes forgotten, and perhaps a few hints may bring to mind their situation. As the hens leave the chicks they feel lost at night and poke themselves into nasty corners, or into old boxes, coops, or barrels, where they pile together, sometimes one on the other, crushing the weaker ones to death before this state of things is discovered. Often the filth accumulates so thickly that they lie on a heap of it at night and become infested with parasites. A very little care will remedy this and keep the birds in health. Sometimes, however, they are very stubborn about a piece of their own choosing. They either run back to the same place after being driven away or they scatter in all directions, thus running into greater danger. Provide temporary houses or large boxes with low perches and place them near the coops which were occupied by the hen and chicks. Gradually move the coops toward the temporary house a little every day. By this means the chicks will get near to the new roosting places, and by moving away one coop at a time they will settle in the temporary house. This in turn can be moved near the fowl house which they are to occupy. This will save a great deal of annoyance, for what is more tantalizing than running down chickens night after night, while they are willing that you should repeat the operation as often as you please. If they take to a place where you cannot get in, and they are persistent, you may sometimes drive down a few stakes and block the entrance with an old door or a few boards. If you have convenient trees for them to roost on by all means let them use them during Summer and early Fall. Although it is some trouble and requires a little good temper to get them in their houses for the first time or two when cold weather comes yet their healthy condition will repay your pains. Feed them with grain twice a day, even though they get much of their own living, for some grain is necessary for their health, and, moreover, it lessens any inclination of theirs to do mischief in the garden among the fruit.—*Rural New Yorker.*

A Democrat Exposes Himself.

Kansas City Journal.

A man all the way from Iowa came down recently to be doctored for sore eyes. He had 'em bad. The doctor asked him several questions as to his mode of life and other things, to get at a proper diagnosis, when the man interrupted him with the information that he knew what the cause was himself: "I ketched cold from washin' my neck," he said; "my wife got me to wash my neck, and I always take cold when I do that."

Two Managers.

N. Y. Tribune.

When a man fails to manage his own finances successfully it is astonishing how soon he comes to the conclusion that he could run the United States Treasury better than John Sherman. Gen. Ewing is a conspicuous example. He would manage the Treasury the way he managed his bubble coal companies.

YAZOO.

The Suppressed Candidate Rebels, and Declares that He is Still in the Field and Means to Run.

By Telegraph to New York Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 15.—There are some new developments in the Yazoo affair. Advices received here to-day promise a renewal of troubles.

It seems that Capt. H. M. Dixon, the Democratic ex bulldozer of that County, repudiates the agreement which he was forced to sign at the muzzle of the revolvers of a Democratic mob three weeks ago. Capt. Dixon says that that agreement is not considered binding or valid by himself or friends. He continued: "It was never my intention to abide by it, and I am now free to say that I am still a candidate and will continue to be, and if elected, which I fully expect to be, I will take charge of the office upon filing my bond and oath of office, or test my rights under the laws of the land."

It is said on excellent authority that this Capt. Dixon was in 1865 one of a band of outlaws in South Carolina who murdered three soldiers of a Maine regiment. Dixon escaped, but three of his comrades were caught, tried by a military commission, and sent to the Dry Tortugas.

In 1875 Dixon assumed prominence as commander of "Dixon's Scouts," in Yazoo County, in which capacity he won his title of Captain. The services of himself and his command were very highly appreciated during the shot gun campaign of 1875, and after its close he was honored by an expensive present, publicly given. This was a proper reward for the "intrepid Capt. Dixon," who marched at the head of his company of 50 men to Vaughan's Station to repel an expected "invasion" of Yazoo County by the militia of the State. But times have changed in Mississippi. There are not offices enough to go around, and so Cap. Dixon has announced himself, as he has a perfect right to, to be an independent candidate for a county office, and Cap. Dixon, the apostle of bulldozing, whose Democracy no one questions, finds himself bulldozed. An old Mississippian, a Democrat, remarked to-day in conversation: "He is a fine example of of an engineer hoist by his own petard."

The Democratic party is trying hard to make it appear that the Yazoo affair is only a local disturbance, and that it is regretted by the Democratic party in Missouri at large, and does not receive their countenance. There are facts which contradict this assumption. Representative Singleton visited that County with Maj. Barksdale, Chairman of the State Democratic Committee, and held a consultation with the "regular" Democratic leaders. They represented to those leaders that it would never do to allow an independent party to be formed in Yazoo; that it must be nipped in the bud; and that Yazoo and all Mississippi must be kept "solid." Not many days passed before the advice given bore fruit in the Yazoo uprising. On his return to Jackson, Chairman Barksdale issued a circular to the "Democratic Conservative Party" of Mississippi, the concluding paragraph of which reads as follows: "Relieved from the menace of organized opposition, majorities are apt to become indifferent to the maintenance of their own organization, and to divide among themselves. It should be remembered that the reforms which have been inaugurated can be perfected and carried out only by a rigid adherence to the discipline and observance of the methods by which the victories of 1875, '76, and '77 were won."

Only one newspaper in the State, so far as heard from, had the courage to discuss the Yazoo outrage freely. The danger of doing so is shown by the following resolution adopted by "a called meeting of the Democratic citizens of Yazoo County," held on the 5th inst.: "On motion of Dr. J. D. Burch the Vicksburg *Herald* was declared an enemy of this community." The Vicksburg *Herald*, it is well known, is a leading Democratic newspaper. It is too late for Congressman Singleton and the Northern Democratic press to try to palm off the Yazoo affair as a mere local effervesence, for which the Democratic leaders of Mississippi are not responsible.

The Grain Trade.

LONDON, Aug. 20.—The Mark Lane Express, in its review of the British grain trade for the past week says: A week of warm and sunny weather, although interrupted by an interval of heavy and incessant rain on Sunday and Sunday night, has done wonders in maturing the cereals. At the same time the previous damage cannot be obliterated. An examination of wheat ears proves that the plant has been starved, not only in ears, which are short and meager, but many of them are barren at the base and top. Neither wheat nor barley will be ready to cut much before the end of the month. Of barley there will probably be a better crop if fine weather continues, as, despite the gloomy anticipations, it promises by no means badly in some of the southern counties. Scotch advices of the condition of cereals are, on the whole, favorable, but the lateness of the season causes much anxiety.

The smart advance of wheat of a month ago seems to have quite expended its force, as enormous shipments from America and very heavy arrivals have quite upset the London trade during the past week. The fine weather, also, no doubt, had marked effect in depressing prices. It was manifestly impossible to make headway against American shipments, and values consequently declined a shilling per quarter for red and fully two shillings for white on the fortnight. The demand, as usual at this season of the year, has been of a merely retail nature. Feeding stuffs, however, have been active, especially maize, which sold freely at rapidly advancing prices, consequent upon moderate supplies both in Liverpool and London, and the deplorable condition of English potatoes, for which maize will have to be used as a substitute.

New mixed American maize has risen two shillings per quarter on the fortnight, with very little offering. Round corn has risen almost equally. Barley, oats, beans and peas have been in good request in London and the provinces at sixpence to one shilling per quarter advance on the fortnight. At ports of call during the week, trade was quiet for wheat off the coast, at a decline of about one shilling per quarter, with a fair demand, however, at a reduction.

Arrivals were moderate. At the beginning of the week maize advanced threepence to sixpence per quarter, but since then it has been quieter, and the improvement has been lost. Buyers have been reluctant to operate in forward wheat, in consequence of large shipments advised by cable from America, and the little business done has been at a decline of sixpence per quarter.

Maize for shipment shared the quieter feeling quoted for the arrival of cargos.

Barley improved 6d per quarter.

The sales of English wheat last week were 18,594 quarters, at 49s 6d per quarter, against 26,234 quarters at 44s 2d per quarter for the same week last year.

Imports into the United Kingdom for the week ending August 9, 1,911,375 hundred weights of wheat, and 181,179 hundred weights of flour. With a continuance of fine weather in France, there is reason to believe the total crop of wheat will exceed that of last year, and afford farmers a fair return.

At Mark Lane, Monday, the supply of English wheat was small, and sales were slow at about late rates.

Foreign arrivals excessive, and declined 1s per quarter, with a fair demand at the reduction.

On the whole a good deal of steadiness was observable, as it was reported that Sunday's rain had seriously laid the crops in some districts.

Flour and barley quiet. Maize declined 6d, and oats 3d per quarter.

Fraud.

New York Tribune.

Mr. Thurman ought to have called on Mr. Tilden while in New York. The great cipherer wanted to ask him if he thought the American people would ever condone fraud.

THE MURDERED DIXON.

Some Particulars Concerning His Life.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 20.—The first information of the murder of Capt. Dixon, of Yazoo, Miss., reached Washington early this morning in a dispatch to his mother from a brother who was with him. The mother, with other members of the family, has resided for some time in this City. The dispatch which she received from the remaining son in Mississippi reads as follows: "Harry was shot between 9 and 10 o'clock this morning. He died at 20 minutes to 5 o'clock this evening." A subsequent dispatch stated that the murder was committed by J. H. Barksdale, a candidate for a county office on the regular Democratic ticket. The following facts in regard to Capt. Dixon were obtained to-day from the members of his family who reside here. The Captain's father was a Virginian Union man, whose loyalty was unquestioned. In the face of

THREATS AGAINST HIS LIFE

he voted for Lincoln in Alexandria, when few men there had sufficient courage to do so. He was an officer in the Union army during the Rebellion, and his family was compelled to seek refuge in this District. He was subsequently assassinated in Alexandria by a Rebel Virginian. Capt. Dixon, murdered yesterday, was a student in Georgetown, D. C., during the first year of the war, and when only 14 years old was induced to join Mosby's guerrillas. He remained with this company three or four months, when his relatives induced him to return within the Union line. Soon after the close of the war he married the daughter of one of the oldest and wealthiest citizens of Yazoo County, and removed to Mississippi. Some material facts regarding

THE LATE ATTEMPT OF THE DEMOCRATS

to drive him out of Yazoo County and compel him to withdraw from the Independent movement are known to his family here, but have not heretofore been published. He had the largest plantation in Yazoo County. His plantation was a few miles from the County seat. One day shortly before the mob compelled him to withdraw from the campaign he visited his plantation, and was expected to return that night. It appears that the Democrats, who have been so anxious to make it appear that Dixon was stirring up a conflict of races, had hired a squad of negros to ambush and kill Dixon as he returned to town. He was unexpectedly delayed at his plantation until the next day, and the plot failed. A few days after

TWO OF THE NEGROS

who had been hired to assassinate him made him acquainted with the whole arrangement for his murder. A short time after his retirement from the Independent ticket he was called upon privately by a number of prominent white citizens of the County, and urged to retract his withdrawal. Eight or 10 of these gentlemen, among the most influential and wealthy in the City, and who are Democrats, assured that there would be no further opposition, and told him that, in case of danger, they would protect him and his family from harm.

HIS MOTHER

received a letter last week in which he announced his determination to remain on the ticket. He detailed these assurances of protection and safety which he had received, and stated that he fully confided in them, and begged her to dismiss all fears on his account. The next intelligence which she received regarding him was the telegram announcing his murder.

MRS. SPRAGUE.

Her Personal Appearance and Toilets.

Correspondence Philadelphia Times.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 16.—Mrs. Sprague is by no means the beautiful woman she used to be. She must be now not far from 45 years old, although she looks much younger. She is medium hight, say five feet four or five inches, and of very regular features. Her hair is a dark auburn, waves a little, and is very abundant. Her complexion is, of course, fair, and her eyes are dark. Her mouth is pretty, and full of white, regular teeth. She used to be rather thin, but age is filling her up a little. Her weight I should think about 140. Her hands are very symmetrical and in public are always encased in white kids, faultless in make and fit—about six buttons. She is always neatly, scrupulously, and richly dressed. When she was at the head of the Sprague mansion, on the corner of E and Sixth streets, there was not in the whole city a woman so handsome, and she lived in the most elegant and fashionable manner. Her father was Chief Justice, her husband a Senator in Congress, and counted the richest man in either body, and she had a younger, unmarried sister. Her house, a large, double brick building, now used as a boarding house, was luxuriously furnished, and she had horses and carriages and liveried servants in confusing array. When she went to the theater, which was rare, no queen ever created more of a sensation. Her toilets were the envy of the town, and her beauty and her manner drove both ladies and gentlemen, though from different motives, wild. Her father and sister resided with her. Her sister, a pleasant little body, with a turned up nose, was, I believe, married from the Sixth street house.

CONKLING AND SPRAGUE.

A Patched Up Peace Between the Spragues, but War Against Conkling.

NEW YORK, Aug. 19.—A dispatch dated Narragansett Pier, August 16th, published in the Times of to-day, says, "For the present, the ex Governor and his wife are at peace, and it is not improbable that they will become reconciled to each other, as they have on many previous occasions. His enemies charge him with being careless in his statements, and both he and his family admit that he has used his wife on several occasions in an unbecoming manner. Mrs. Sprague, on the other hand, is known to have provoked the ex-Governor in many ways, so as to drive him away from the table or out of the house. This is the statement of Mr. Sprague's own mother a greatly respected lady, who lives at Providence. The relatives of the ex Governor declare that he and his wife will be on good terms again, unless Mrs. Sprague prefers a different course. Sen. Conkling's presence at Canonchet has not been accounted for. He is known to have staid at Newport until it was certain that the ex-Governor was absent; then he went to Canonchet. He was received at the landing by Mrs. Sprague, and how he installed himself at Canonchet, is testified to by the German teacher, by the children and by the servants. The opponents of Sen. Conkling do charge him with criminality, but with ungentlemanly conduce, impudence and cowardice. Ex-Gov. Sprague does not consider the affair ended. He thinks himself outraged by the Senator, and demands satisfaction.

THE MOONSHINERS.

Some Account of the New Swiss Settlement at Alpina.

GRAFTON, W. Va., Aug. 19.—Collector Brown's raiding party, under Special Deputy Chambers, after Randolph County moonshiners, returned Saturday night. They went to the head waters of Dry Fork of Cheat River, and on a spur of the Allegheny Mountains found an illicit distillery owned by Tip Elsey, who had just got ready to commence making blackberry brandy. Its capacity was 90 gallons. They destroyed it and 10 large new mash tubs. Elsey made good his escape.

Chambers reports stopping on his return at Alpina, the new Swiss settlement recently founded in West Virginia. There are 70 familes, and each family own on an average 150 acres. They have 30 acres of gardening, grist mill, saw mill, and a church. The village is on the Shaffer Mountain, 20 miles from Beverly. They are building a good road over the mountain, not to exceed an elevation of five degrees, and are making extensive preparations for a large number of their people this Fall and Spring. They intend making it the "garden spot" of West Virginia.

THE YELLOW FEVER FIEND.

Gov. Blackburn Refuses, With Profane Language to Answer the Charges Against Him.

Special Dispatch to the Chicago Tribune.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Aug. 19.—A correspondent who has been trying to obtain some expression from Dr. L. P. Blackburn, Governor-elect, concerning the statements in the Republican press, charging him with having introduced infected yellow fever clothing into the North soon after the war began, failed in his mission. Dr. Blackburn would say nothing other than "The statements are lies and I don't care a damn for all the Republican comments in Christendom." There is a general desire in Kentucky, as well as everywhere else, that the Governor-elect rise and give an account of himself in the direction indicated, but he has since his election given little heed to what is charged. Upon occasion, however, when the matter was broached, he remarked that a physician, by his knowledge of disease and medicine, has the same rights to slay an enemy as a General has with army and ammunition. The shotgun policy having less followers in Kentucky, there are some few wicked persons in this glorious blue grass climate who doubt the right to kill advanced in the Blackburn idea above mentioned.

HE DOES NOT EXPLAIN.

Adirondack Murray Stays Away From Home, Causing His Friends Much Anxiety.

GUILFORD, Conn., Aug. 20.—On Friday night last there was a wagon at the depot here to meet the Rev. W. H. H. Murray, for it was believed that he would return home that evening; but he did not come, nor could any one be found who knew why he was delayed, or when he was expected home.

Mrs. Murray still remains hn the stock farm, just outside the Town proper. She sees few friends, and does not go out much. Deputy Sheriff Catlin, of New Haven, has, of the 18 horses he attached on the 20th ult., five stallions in this Town, five colts in Madison, at pasture, and eight colts at pasture in Middlefield. In addition, Deputy Sheriff Hart, of Guilford, holds two of Mr. Murray's driving horses and three of his colts under an attachment. Mr. Catlin was out here the other day to look after the horses. He says it is an expense of about $15 a day to care for them, there being to date nearly $300 due for their board. Mr. Catlin has informed the Boston gentleman, Thomas W. Emerson, who got out the writ of attachment to secure a claim of $1,250, of the expense attending the long care of the horses, and Mr. Emerson has written the Sheriff that the animals must not be sold at present. It is thought that he is waiting Mr. Murray's return, that the latter may raise money, if he can, and save his favorite stallions.

As far as known, no one here has heard within the past week from Murray, and at the office in New Haven of the Boston Buckboard Company they have no information of his whereabouts. Mr. Murray's friends are very uneasy at his continued absence, and instead of the talk about him dying out as time passes, it rather seems to be on the increase, and what were before only whispered as rumors, are now almost boldly asserted as facts.

"TO THE RESCUE."

Jane Grey Swisshelm Couches a Lance in Defence of Mrs. Sprague, and Makes it Very Lively for Certain People.

To the Editor of the Chicago Tribune.

CHICAGO, Aug. 13.—When I went to Washington, in the Winter of 1849–'50, Salmon P. Chase and John P. Hale stood alone in the United States Senate to represent Freedom. They stood and breasted the storm during that Bull Run in which the Slave-Power triumphed, and the Fugitive-Slave bill was forced upon the people of the North. They were the germ from which grew the party which saved the Union and emancipated the slave. I never spoke to either of them; but, when I forgot the debt which humanity owes them, may my right hand forget her cunning.

I learned that Winter the feeling of the Southern women who ruled this land for profit, and flogged slaves for amusement; and, when one of them stepped back haughtily, drew aside her skirts, tossed back her head, sniffed the air like a bloodhound taking a scent, and exclaimed: "A pair of Abolitionists!" as Joshua R. Giddings and I went into the reception-room of the White House, I felt honored by her livid range.

That event, and all I learned of society at that time, throws a new light on the Conkling-Sprague scandal, when coupled with the overwhelming intelligence that "the Blairs, the Sitgreaves, and the Jessops frequently ignored" Mrs. Sprague last winter, and that Miss Blair finally disposed of her by alluding to her as "that person."

What a catastrophe! How did "that person" live two hours after such a mortal stab?

Who the Sitgreaves and Jessops are, I do not know; but venture the statement that, like the Blairs, their sympathies were and are with the Rebellion.

This statement lets a flood of light in on the whole last Winter scandal. It is a feature of the social revolution by which Southern women have captured the Capitol.

Kate Chase, as the representative of the Republican regime, the woman most competent to thwart any scheme they might have on hand, is to be gotten out of the way. As her father's daughter, and the wife of a Union officer, they hate her, of course, with such hatred as only a Southern woman can know, and as she can feel for nothing but the Union and its friends.

Of course, they were intent upon capturing Conkling; and if she stood in the way, they visit her with a double measure of spleen. It is a woman's fight for precedence and supremacy, and Mrs. Sprague, having a fool for a husband, has gone down in the melee. Just here I call upon every loyal man in the land to stand back. Don't one of you set a foot on that woman! She is Salmon P. Chase's daughter. You owe me something, gentlemen. I understand women better than you do, and pledge my life for her innocence of the crime charged against her.

She has been hunted down by the Blairs, the Sitgreaves, and the Jessops. Do not join the pack of baying Southern hounds! Had her husband been her friend, and possessed of a small modicum of common sense, she would not have been where she is to-day. Which of you would come roaring into your house like a common ruffian, to insult your guests, and especially that particular guest who had done a very great service to you and your family, and a service you had accepted either with or without thanks!

We do not hear that Mr. Sprague had any objection to Mr. Conkling acting as his wife's attorney or friend in the matter of the tax-mission. He must have known from the time that he first knew her that she was a political power in the land; that she won and maintained her power by the very means now charged as evidences of crime. Did he object to using those means in order to save her estate from official thieves?

Not at all. But, when envious women concentrated on her their hatred of the party with which she is identified and their jealousy of her power, he meanly turns and becomes the tool of their base conspiracy. The poor, miserable little sneak!

As for that old Columbus scandal, I know the bottom facts, and believe her simply to have been reckless and defiant; and these qualities as often go with unusual innocence as with guilt.

I know an American lady in Leipzig, who was "tabooed socially," as our Cincinnati *Enquirer* says Mrs. Sprague is, because she rode, in an open carriage in broad day light, with the gentleman to whom she was engaged, and whom she afterwards married! It was his own carriage, and the driver was on the box, but the Leipzig Mrs. Grundy does not allow young ladies to see gentlemen without a chaperon.

Now, Kate Chase has always been running tilts at Mrs. Grundy. From the time she was a little girl she had been petted by one of her father's friends,—a handsome married man. The Columbus Mrs Grundy held up her hands, and Kate got out her little galvanic battery and set about shocking her.

One of the old lady's emissaries got a key,—aye, a whole bundle of keys,—watched her opportunity, and got access to Kate's room. The poor child was in a boarding house, and her father Governor of the State. This conservator of public morals got down on her two precious knees before Kate's trunk and tried her keys, one and another, and another and one, until one was found which opened the trunk. This the excellent woman ransacked until fully aware of its contents, and from among these she took a package of letters, smoothed things up, locked the trunk, and retired with her bundle of letters to her own room.

Those letters were from the handsome married man, and, after perusing them carefully, their captor was thrown into spasm, and betook herself for treatment to the family physician of Gov. Chase. The physician took the case in hand, kept the letters, read them carefully, concluded that Kate's father ought to know about them, tied them up carefully, took them to the Capitol, and handed them to the Governor.

Next week the handsome married man and wife gave a large party in their handsome residence. Gov. Chase and his daughter were there; everybody was radiant; and Kate and the handsome host danced together, while the father and wife saw nothing wrong.

The winter after the Chicago fire I was in Columbus, and met this old family physician, the man who had read the letters and given them to her father. I was anxious for information, and he it was who told me about the letters—all that I have here told—and also their contents as nearly as he could remember them. They had been written by this handsome man, who was a clerk in the Capitol, and might have been intended to lead to evil, or might have been the result of a conspiracy between him and Kate to give that inquisitive lady a turn. No doubt the trunk had been searched before that, and Kate would be apt to know or suspect the espionage under which she lived. She was then but 16; and I have known schoolgirls "salt" places likely to be searched with epistles which should represent wonderful discoveries.

The letters contained no evidence of guilt, actual or intended, on her part; and the whole affair was so like the scrapes into which boarding-school girls of that day were apt to get that it would have passed off with little comment if she had not occupied the position she did. She had not made any special effort to conceal the letters, which were invitations to ride, and walk, and row, with terms of endearment which might have been addressed to her as child or woman; and, at worst, showed some possible evil purpose on the part of the writer, but none on that of the receiver.

There was also one of the State officers who told wonderful stories; but I came to know him personally, and would not believe him on any iron clad, double-twisted oath that could be administered. I am intimately acquainted with the man who was Gov. Chase's private Secretary, and with his wife, who were on most intimate terms with him and his family. She is one of the best and wisest women I know, and always speaks of those Columbus scandals as the result of Kate's wilfulness and recklessness, and defiance of public opinion.

JANE GREY SWISSHELM.

RUN DOWN AT LAST.

The Author of a Great Gold Robbery Captured in Australia.

Australian News.

The robbery of 5,000 sovereigns from the mail steamer "Avoca" will long be remembered as one of the most sensational thefts perpetrated in this part of the world, because of the succession of strange incidents which followed the robbery, which was committed on the 29th of August, 1877. It was not known how the sovereigns had been stolen, or whether the robbery had been committed on board the "Avoca" between Sydney and Melbourne or on board the "China" between Melbourne and Ceylon. For some time the circumstances surrounding the robbery were enshrouded in mystery, which was eventually overcome by Detective Mackey, who obtained information which led him to believe that Martin Wiberg, who had been engaged in the "Avoca" as ship's carpenter, but had subsequently been discharged, was the culprit. Acting on that information Detective Mackey, with Inspector Secretan proceeded to the Tarwin River, where Wiberg had taken up a selection, and arrested him. In his hut they found a quantity of the stolen sovereigns, and the prisoner was then brought to Melbourne. Soon after his arrest he made a statement in which he asserted that he and Elliston, the chief mate of the "Avoca" had effected the robbery and shared the plunder. Believing that his story was true, Detective Mackey proceeded to England to arrest Elliston. He succeeded in the object of his visit, but Elliston was discharged because of the want of evidence to warrant his being sent to Victoria, and Mackey had to return to Victoria without him. In the meantime Wiberg, professing to make a clean breast of the whole affair, professed his ability to point out where more of the stolen property had been secreted in the Tarwin River. Inspector Secretan believed his story and took the prisoner to the Tarwin River, he being accompanied by Detectives Duncan and Mahoney. The story of Wiberg's escape while searching for hidden sovereigns is well known, and since that time no positive intelligence concerning him had been made public, although as a matter of fact the detectives knew something concerning his movements, and were aware that he had not succeeded in leaving the colony. It was not, however, until about six weeks ago that the opinion was formed, and it was the action of Wiberg's agent in Melbourne which first caused the surmise. The re capture was effected near the Eagle's Nest, Cape Patterson, on the 16th of May, by Detective Edelston and Mounted Constable Taylor. These officers were sent to that part of the country about a month ago, and after searching for a fortnight their vigilance was rewarded. On Tuesday, the 15th of May, they discovered footprints in the sand of the seashore near Anderson's Inlet, and these footprints led them to form the opinion that the person who had left the marks behind had swum across the inlet towards Cape Patterson. Suspecting that they were on Wiberg's track, they on the following day went to the other side of the inlet, and while searching for further tracks they first heard and then observed a man walking through the scrub. Immediately they sought concealment, and on walked Wiberg—for it was he—not suspecting danger, but when within about 30 yards of the ambush he evidently caught sight of the stooping form of Taylor, and, somewhat to the dismay of the police, he turned and fled along the seashore. Edelston and Taylor seeing that, at once gave chase, and Wiberg gave them a taste of his abilities as a pedestrian. He sprang down a cliff about 14 feet and made for the water, and his pursuers, thinking he intended to seek safety by swimming out to sea, he being reputedly an expert swimmer, fired three shots at him. The discharge of the fire arms, followed by the whistling of the bullets, had the desired effect, and Wiberg, throwing up his arms called out, "I give up." He was not in the least dismayed by his arrest and laughed and jested. But during the whole time that he was in the custody of Edelston and Taylor he said not one word which would tend to convict him of the robbery from the Avoca or an admission that he had falsely maligned his chief mate, Mr. Elliston. There was no chance of his escape, because wherever he moved he knew that besides being handcuffed he was covered by the loaded revolvers of his captors. The Government has telegraphed to Mr. Elliston in England and offered to pay his expense to come to the colony and give evidence in the case.

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TROY, O., Jan. 2, 1878. J. P. WATSON, Pastor Christian Church, Troy, O.

For Sale by Druggists and General Dealers Everywhere.

THE HOUSE GHOST INDUSTRY.

How a Brave Policeman and a Courageous Porter Received a Scare.

New York World.

America is rapidly becoming a rival of England in the production of authenticated ghost stories, and almost all of yesterday's evening papers contained thrilling narratives of visible but impalpable visitors from the unseen world for whose appearance on earth there was not the slightest excuse or explanation. But here is a really rational ghost story, which is so fresh in the memories of those who were scared out of their wits, if they had any wits to begin with, that its authenticity cannot be doubted. The events narrated in the following chapter occurred this very Summer:

A family living in a handsome house on Fifth avenue not far from the "Bristol" went, in the course of human events, to Saratoga, leaving in the house two brothers, whose business did not permit them to go at that particular time. The family plate and jewelry had been sent for safe keeping to the Stuyvesant Safe Deposit Company's vaults, but the pictures and bric-a-brac had not been disturbed. A few days after the exodus one of the brothers received a letter from one member of the family and the other a telegram from another member of the family, demanding of each his immediate presence at Saratoga, and requesting him to leave the house in care of a proper person. The brother who received the telegram hurried down town, and, after giving the porter at "the store" a latch-key and instructing him to act as watchman, took the next train. The other brother was the more leisurely. He inquired around and, finding that there was a policeman in the precinct who had been suspended for two weeks for clubbing a woman, employed the officer as a private watchman, and gave him a latch-key. Then he took the night boat for Albany.

The policeman naturally arrived first at the house. He was anxious to enter upon his duties, which promised to be a "soft thing." He took possession of the front sleeping room on the second story (the best room in the house, as every housewife knows), and satisfied himself by means of a skeleton key that all the modern improvements were within easy reach. Then he patrolled the house to make sure that there were no unauthorized persons in it. His inspection, which ended with the wine cellar, having been completed, the patrolman returned to his room and after disrobing hastily donned one of madame's *robes de nuit*, tripped himself up over the bed and was soon asleep. Soon afterwards the porter let himself noiselessly in, crept up stairs on his tip-toes, as had been his habit at home, and sought out an upper room with the modesty of an inferior. He made no tour of the house, for he did not consider it necessary, and as he was tired after a day's hard work it was not long before he was asleep.

About 1 o'clock the policeman was awakened—he knew not why or how. Perhaps there was a crumpled rose leaf in his bed; but at any rate he detected something strange in the air. A faint nebulous light filled the room and the different large objects of furniture stood out in startling distinctness. Almost unconsciously he arose and following the track of a pale blue beam of light which lay along the floor, opened the door and silently went down the staircase. The parlor door was ajar, and as the policeman cautiously threw it open he started back in horror, for in the mirror over the mantel he saw the reflection of a tall, white sheeted form bathed in the same luminous yet faint light which had filled his room. The policeman, after a hasty glance, turned away sick at heart and hastened up the stairs. He had descended noiselessly, but the stairs would creak as he returned, and as he reached his sleeping-room door he looked out in terror. But the ghastly figure had not followed him, and reassured he waited a few minutes, and then reasoning to himself that the ghost was really only a masked burglar he left his room to go to the wine cellar to search for the robber.

At this moment the porter, who, after a comfortable snooze, had been awakened by the moon shining in his face, had gone down stairs in his night-dress and stopped to admire the "big looking glass" in the parlor, and who had been interrupted in his musings by the creaking of the staircase, was half-way up the stairs to the floor above in search of a possible intruder when the policeman re-issued from his room. There were two moments of horror—one for the policeman and one for the porter. Then the porter gave an unearthly yell, and the policeman fainted.

In the morning the policeman left word at the station-house that his wife was sick and that he couldn't watch the house any longer, and the porter returned to the store and said he didn't want to have nothing more to do with haunted houses. That night two unimpressionable burglars entered the house and took away everything that was portable, which illustrates the truth of the old saying, that "in a multitude of watchmen there is no wisdom."

A Disgusting Story.

Cincinnati Commercial (Ind.)

If the Governor-elect of Kentucky wishes to vindicate himself touching the charge that he attempted to infect Northern cities and the National army with the yellow fever, a few years ago, the Chicago *Tribune* opens for him an opportunity that he can embrace with alacrity. The *Tribune* says:

"This man Blackburn was not a soldier. He has not the instincts of a soldier. He never faced a Northern soldier on Southern soil. From his safe refuge in Canada, where he lurked and skulked, the cowardly barbarian deliberately planned to spread the malignant pestilence of yellow fever and small pox throughout the Northern army and among the Eastern cities, by disposing of several trunks of clothing which had been previously infected with the disease in Bermuda. The clothing was sent in the care of his paid agents to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and Norwalk, and disposed of to auctioneers, commission men sutlers, but fortunately the contagion did not spread. This is the only claim he has upon the malignant Bourbons of Kentucky, and, if they have elected him to the Governorship of that State for his services to the late Confederacy, they have done so because he made the dastardly attempt to spread these horrible diseases throughout the North. With the full knowledge of this infamy—for it is a matter of official record, and has never been denied or even challenged—they have nominated and elected him as their Governor without protest on the part of a single Democrat or Democratic newspaper in Kentucky."

We were informed soon after Blackburn was nominated that he denied the yellow fever charges, and presently it was asserted in his behalf that they were too far-fetched and contemptible for his notice. If he has been falsely accused, the time has arrived when he should confront his accusers. As the story stands in the passage quoted from the Chicago *Tribune*, it is one of the most disgusting and horrible in the history of crime.

The mule is of an even disposition; he always behaves according to his wont.—*Boston Post*

JAMES M'HENRY.

The Well-Known Financial Agent in London, Who Has Recently Failed for Five Million Dollars.

New York Herald, Aug. 18.

Mr. J. McHenry was well known in the community for his many and lengthy litigations with the Erie Railway Company. His birthplace is a matter of doubt, but it is claimed by his friends that he always boasted of being an American. He is 60 years of age, and about that distance back his father came to this country from the North of Ireland and settled in Philadelphia, where he became well known as a practicing physician. At his death he left a handsome fortune. Young McHenry received a good education. His first appearance as a business man was as a commission merchant in Liverpool. He dealt principally in American dairy products, and it was owing to him that the trade in American cheese was developed in the English market. It was no strange sight to see 30 ships containing American goods consigned to him at one time. Prosperity, however, did not last long with him, and he was forced to fail. He called his creditors together, and compromised with them for a small percentage of their claims. This was about 20 years ago, and then Mr. McHenry began to be interested in railroad affairs. He took a contract for the building of the Atlantic & Great Western Railway, which he completed, thereby filling his coffers again and obtaining a large amount of its stock. At this time he called his former creditors together and paid up the balance due them, pound for pound, with 6 per cent. interest. It is said of Mr. McHenry that he put more English capital in this country than any man living. He was also noted for his own contributions in the Federal cause during the war, and afterward to hospital and educational institutions in the City of Philadelphia. In this he followed the example of his sister, Miss Mary McHenry, who is well known in the City of Brotherly Love for her generosity to the poor.

It is a singular fact that the Atlantic & Great Western Road, which he built, has been the cause, in an indirect way, of all his troubles. As is well known, the managers of the Erie Railway have been for many years trying to get a through route to the West, so as to compete with Pennsylvania and New York Central Railroads. To accomplish this it was necessary for the Erie to obtain control of the Atlantic & Great Western and the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati & Indianapolis Railroad Companies. McHenry was of the opinion that a connection with Erie would be of benefit to the Atlantic & Great Western Railway, of which he was the largest stockholder, and he was heart and soul in the plan. Finally a lease of the Atlantic & Great Western Railway was made to the Erie, the latter road being under the management of Fisk & Gould, but those gentlemen subsequently repudiated it. Mr. McHenry appealed to the Courts and won, and it will be remembered how he appeared with a squad of Deputy-Sheriffs at the Twenty-third street offices of the Erie Railway, and how Fisk and Gould locked themselves in their private offices so that they could not be served with the Court documents, at the same time having an army of roughs in call in case a collision occurred. McHenry, however, was victorious, and Fisk and Gould had to step down and out, the Presidency of Erie falling on the shoulders of Peter H. Watson. Under the last gentleman's administration another lease of the Atlantic & Great Western Railway to Erie was consummated and for a second time repudiated.

McHenry's real trouble, however, occurred after Hugh J. Jewett, the present President of the Erie, had taken control. This was in 1875, and Mr. Jewett says that at that time he found that $25,000,000 bonds of the Erie Company had been issued and placed in the hands of the London Banking Association and of Mr. McHenry for sale, and that an account had been rendered of a small part only. After vainly endeavoring to get an accounting, Mr. Jewett placed the matter in the hands of Mr. Hugh McCullough, of London, who had no better success, and suits were then brought—one against McHenry and the other against the London Banking Association. In the suit against McHenry, he set up, as an offset to the claim of Erie, certain purchases of C., C., C. & I. railroad stock, which he claimed to have been made by the authority of the Erie Company. The claim was rejected by Erie, and the case was argued in the Court of Chancery, before Sir George Jessel, Master of the Rolls, who found against McHenry for $2,000,000, on the ground that he had no contract with Erie's corporate seal attached. McHenry was given 30 days by the Court to satisfy this judgment, and this was the cause of his failure.

McHenry's friends state that he had a claim against the Erie Railway Company for the purchase of this Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati & Indianapolis stock, and also for raising loans for Erie, and for commissions. After the suit they said that McHenry had in his possession a letter from Pres. Watson, of Erie, dated August 7, 1872, and other documents, authorizing him to buy the shares and raise the loans, all of which the Master of Rolls refused to admit in evidence. It was also said that the stock was purchased in New York by Mr. Travers, a Director of the Erie Company, under the advice of Mr. Barlow, the counsel to the road, that McHenry found the money, and that it was delivered to the Erie Company, and is now in their possession.

All these last statements are denied by Mr. S. L. M. Barlow, the counsel of Erie, who has stated that McHenry's letters were fully discussed in court and had their due weight, and, also, that only a small quantity of the C., C., C. & I. stock was now in possession of Erie. According to Mr. Barlow, McHenry bought the stock to benefit the Atlantic & Great Western Railway, and when he found it had depreciated in value some $2,000,000 he suggested that the purchase was for the account of the Erie Company, and refused to turn over the same amount of Erie's moneys then in his hands.

Why Not?

N. Y. Herald.

Why not make Gen. Grant Minister to England? He knows everybody there, and is generally liked; he has a daughter married in England, and would doubtless like to be near her; he must be nearly tired of traveling over the World by this time, and his appointment to London would be in every way fit, popular and excellent. Why not nominate Gen. Grant?

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News of the Week.

THE CAPITAL.

Advices says the claim for $103,000 damages, on account of the illegal interference with American fishermen at Fortune Bay, which has been presented to the British Government, is not a claim for the restoration of that or any other part of the Halifax award upon the ground of non-fulfilment of conditions. The present claim is for specific grievances and is to be considered without reference to the amount of the Halifax award, with which it has nothing to do. Minister Welch was instructed to base the claim for $103,000 upon the actual loss and damage sustained by American fishermen in consequence of the violent invasion of their treaty rights at Fortune Bay, and to obtain some security against the recurrence of similar offences in the future.

Advices received by the State Department from the North American coast represent that although no actual violence has occurred this year, our fishermen are deterred by apprehensions of violence from approaching the shore and carrying on their business with the freedom guaranteed to them by the treaty, and that we are therefore deriving no benefit from our agreement with the British government, and getting no return for our money. The state of feeling which prevails between our north coast fishermen and British American fishermen, who consider themselves justified in using force in carrying out local prohibitory laws, is regarded by our government as extremely dangerous, and liable to bloodshed and serious international misunderstanding, and it is therefore very anxious that some steps shall be taken by the British Government to do away with the local prohibitory law of the Canadian provinces, which now practically override and nullify the treaty provisions of far higher authority.

A resolution was adopted requesting the Secretary of War to detail an officer of the army as permanent secretary to the commission. A Committee was appointed composed of Gen. Harrison, of Indianapolis, Prof. Mitchell, of the United States Coast Survey, and Maj. Suter, of the Engineer Corps, to submit recommendations as to the best method of obtaining and compiling statistics of the trade, commerce, etc., of the Missisippi Valley, and such other data as may be required for the use of the commission.

Another commission was appointed to prepare a plan for the future work of the Commission, and to make such recommendations as they may deem necessary with regard to the use and expenditure of the existing appropriation of $175,000.

St. Louis has been selected as the permanent headquarters of the Commission, and the office there will be under the immediate charge of the Permanent Secretary, who will be the executive officer of the Commission, and act under direction of the committee of members residing in the West.

At Washington, August 19, the Cabinet referred to the Attorney General for his opinion on the whole question relating to the arrears of pensions due inmates of the Soldiers' Home. The managers claim that as the law provides the support at Homes in lieu of pensions, which go to the Homes, arrears under the recent act should go the same way. On the other hand it is claimed the arrears of pensions bill was passed subsequent to the law for the support of soldiers at Homes, and that the money should go direct to pensioners.

Advice from Washington state the indignation openly expressed in Utah against the decision of the Supreme Court sustaining the penal statutes against polygamy, their natural thirst for reprisals for the attack on Mormonism in North Carolina, and the desire generally suspected in Mormon breasts to get rid of the Gentiles in what they regard as their peculiar territory, have all been artfully drawn up by sensation mongers to get up a little war scare in the Great Salt Lake basin. The Secretary has had to give assurance that the war office has its eyes open in that direction, and that the numbers and dispositions of troops were considered such as not only to discourage any insurrection, but to enforce the process of Courts when necessary, and protect all citizens. It may be added that interviews had on behalf of the papers with all the most distinguished officers at the Department, many of them personally familiar with the country and people in question, all go to confirm the view that though there may be bad blood and bluster among the "persecuted" sect, and some are hot-headed and plucky enough to fight, the church has no head or leader to take the place of the late Brigham Young in inciting and sustaining organized resistance to the National power. Gen. Sherman, in particular, on being asked whether there were troops enough in the Departments of Arizona and the Platte to meet an emergency in Utah, replied that he did not expect to be called upon to decide that question, and had not given it a serious thought.

EAST.

Gov. Talbot of Massachuets writes to the Chairman of the Republican State Committee: "Early in the year, after careful deliberation, I determined to withdraw from my official station at the first opportunity. The reasons for this decision are entirely disconnected from matters of state or political considerations. They are personal to myself and satisfy my judgment and sense of duty. They are imperative and conclusive. This action is final, as my ambition does not reach out to a continuance of public honors, and I shall pass with fullness of content from the Chief Magistrate of the Commonwealth to the walks of private life, convinced that the dignity and independence of a citizen are more to be prized than place and power.

At St. Albans, Vt., Aug. 22, an important meeting of railroad freight managers was held with representatives of the Central Vermont, Grand Trunk, Chicago & Lake Huron, Flint & Pere Marquette, and the Louisville, New Albany & Chicago Railroads were present. Through freight traffic by a great Eastern line was discussed. Important action was taken, which for the present is withheld from the public.

Gen. Stewart L. Woodford left New York Monday for Harrisburg to join Mrs. Chisholm, as her personal counsel in the suits in Kemper County, Miss. They leave Harrisburg on the 26th, and go via the Cincinnati, Louisville and Mobile & Ohio Railroad to Meridian, Miss.

WEST.

At Columbus O., Aug. 20, the late association of veterans of the war with Mexico, held a meeting. A committee, consisting of Capt. Siebert, Gen. George W. Morgan and ex-Gov. Thomas L. Young was appointed to make arrangements with the national committee to fix the time and place for holding a national convention of Mexican soldiers. The object of the convention will be to frame a petition asking Congress to equalize the pensions of the Mexican soldiers with those of the Union soldiers. The attendance was small.

At San Francisco Aug. 20, the Call publishes an interview with Adirondack Murray. He says he came to the coast to introduce the buck-board and see the State. When he left home he thought his business affairs in a snug condition. The trouble was caused by personal friends suing on small debts and attaching his property, when, as usual, a rush of creditors started. The entire indebtedness does not exceed $19,000, and his property, if sold under the hammer to-morrow, would pay them off and leave him a handsome surplus. He intends to return east in few days and put things in shape.

At Peoria, Aug. 22, the Distillers of the Western States met in Convention. The meeting was large and the deliberations harmonious, and resulted in the formation of a National association for the purpose of encouraging the foreign trade in alcohol, collecting statistics, and ascertaining the consumption and needs of the domestic markets. The production of spirits has been greater than the trade demanded and the associated interests agreed to a proposition limiting the production by an apportionment as fixed by a committee appointed for the purpose. The reduction of work will take effect on the 1st of September.

At Aurora, Ill., Aug. 22, it was estimated that nearly 50,000 people were in Aurora witnessing the scenes attending the great reunion of veterans. Every train has been crowded, and artillery and band music have rendered the City a complete camp. The decorations were more lavishly distributed than ever.

Among the arrivals to-day were Lieut. Gen. Phil. H. Sheridan, whose coming created great enthusiasm and who was escorted to the headquarters by a force of 600 men, with martial band and flying colors, and welcomed at Camp Dick Yates with ringing cheers and a salute of 50 guns.

At St. Louis a very strong disposition to strike for higher wages has manifested itself among mechanics and some classes of labor during the past few weeks. The coopers' strike of more than a month ago, has not yet been arranged, several bosses holding out against the demands of the men. The lumber teamsters' strike did not amount to anything worthy of note, but the action of the cigar makers two or three days ago, has become so general that nearly all the members of that craft have stopped work, and quite a number of manufacturers have agreed to pay the advance asked. Yesterday there was a movement among the stove moulders for an increase of 15 per cent. on piece work and a restoration of what they call board prices. This has been refused by most of the foundry proprietors, and nearly all stove moulders in the city stopped work to-day. The street car conductors and drivers have now got the fever to some extent, but they have determined upon no plan of action as yet. They do not ask more pay but a less number of working hours. They now average about 15 hours.

At Yankton, Aug. 25, a gentleman arrived from Spunk County, on the Jim River, 150 miles above Yankton, bringing intelligence of drifting Goose's band of Yanktonnais Sioux who are making trouble with the settlers. On Sunday three of them attempted to outrage a woman. She stood them off with a revolver. John Cell, a mail carrier between Foster City and Jamestown, is missing, and it is supposed has been murdered by the Indians. His horses strayed into the station last Sunday and one of them had an Indian lariat tied to the halter. The wagon has not been found. These are the Indians to whom President Hayes has given three townships of the choicest land on the Jim river. Since the order conveying this land was issued they have become imbued with the notion that they are backed by the Government and will be protected in any excess. They belong at Crow Creek agency, 100 west of Spunk County. Sec. Schurz and party arrived at 10 o'clock this morning, and were received by Gov Howard, Mayor Zibach and the Yankton Turners with a band of music and the German and American colors flying. The Secretary left this afternoon by private conveyance for the Santee Agency, and will there be joined by the balance of his party, who leave to-night by the steamer "Benton." They go to Rosebud Landing, and thence to Rosebud and Pine Ridge Agencies, and from there to the Indian Territory.

FOREIGN

GREAT BRITAIN.

The London Times of Aug. 21, says the United States bonds are steady in response to the demand for investment securities. It is stated that a very large amount in bonds was made up for transmission to New York Thursday.

The London Times of Aug. 23, announces that Lieut. Carey in addition to an official notification of the reversal of the sentence of court martial in his case has received a letter from the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief of the British army reviewing the circumstances of the death of the Prince Imperial and concluding with the opinion that reconnoitering party by the Zulus resistance was impossible and retreat imperative.

American sailors at the port of Liverpool, have drawn up a petition to Consul General Packard, praying for the appointment of an American shipping master at that port. They state that by the present mode of shipping American sailors in Liverpool, men are subject to exorbitant charges.

France.

At Paris, Aug. 18, Lesseps announced, in a circular, that the issue of 800,000 shares of Panama canal stock has not been covered. He says he might convene a meeting of subscribers and start a company with them, but he prefers, being certain of success, to wait until more light has been thrown on the value of the attacks which have been directed against the scheme at the last moment. M. De Lesseps will shortly go to America, and on his return he will set the company on its feet. Subscribers are therefore informed that they can withdraw their deposits whenever they like. Their present subscriptions, however, will give them the right to shares when the company is eventually constituted.

At Paris Aug. 22, the Bourse newspaper says that the stock of American eagles in the Bank of France is exhausted, and further shipments will be made in bars and napoleons. Caution is therefore everywhere maintained, although money offering at short dates continues to glut the market.

A dispatch says over 20 million francs have been shipped from French ports to the United States during the last three weeks. The Bank of France has now sold at wholesale its small stock of ore gold and foreign gold coin. One of the chief bullion houses of Paris estimates that the insufficient crops of England, France and Germany will make necessary purchases in the United States to amount to £20,000,000. It is thought £1,500,000 more will leave France for the United States.

At London, Aug. 26, a special dispatch from Paris states that Prince Jerome Napoleons alleged manifesto is probably compiled from his conversations with friends. It contains a statement that he is personally opposed to anything approaching coup d'etat and that he firmly believet in the eventual restoration of the Empire by the reaction of public opinion caused by the violence of Radicals, dut that he would not prepare or hasten its restoration by any plot against the lawful government.

Russia.

The Standard's Vienna correspondent says that disquieting rumors are in circulation there regarding the unfriendly intentions of Russia towards Germany and Austria. Weight influences are said to be at work in St. Petersburg.

A dispatch says the differences between Russia and Germany are considered on the eve of passing from the stage of newspaper controversy to that of diplomatic precaution. The entire press asserts that the friendship between Austria and Germany will be proved in case of need by deeds.

Germany.

The Post's Berlin correspondent reports that owing to the additions to the fortifications of Russia on its western frontier, the construction of those of Germany at Thorn, which it had been expected would be finished within four years, will be so hastened that it is now thought that they will be finished within a year.

Canada.

It is stated by the United States Consul at Quebec says that five and a half millions of capital have been wholly wiped out by the failure of the Consolidated Exchange and Ville Marie Banks, besides the loss to depositors and bill holders of about half a million more.

But worse than all is the condition of the working classes. During the past Winter there was scarcely any employment and it is estimated there are not less than 7,000 workingmen at present out of employment in Quebec and suburbs. Controversies bbout the distriuution of the small amount of work to be done, culminated in the riot of the 15th. It is entirely a question of bread and as repression does not feed the hungry, the situation is anything but agreeable.

India.

A Calcutta correspondent of the Times reports that starvation and misery prevails in Cashmere. Offairs in eastern Bengal are also causing much anxiety.

The Duke of Buckingham has not yet carried out his idea of visiting the scene of the Rumpa rebellion. The troops of the Nizam will aid the British in repressing disorder.

The Seventeenth and Twenty-ninth Madras infantry are suffering severely from fever. Cholera is increasing at Cabul. The number of deaths in regiments which lately returned from Herat, is variously estimated at from 100 to 365.

Hayti.

At New York Aug. 25, Information received from Cape Haytien, August 5th, via Havana, says the forces sent by the Provisional Government at Port au Prince, after severe engagements have taken possession of the Town of Gonaives, the headquarters of the Liberals. Part of the Town was burned. The losses were heavy among the combatants.

The Cities of Cape Haytien and Porte de Baux, which were occupied by the Rebels, have surrendered and acknowledged the authority of the Provisional Government. This ends the revolution.

Roumania.

At Bucharist August 24, Prince Charles, in his message, further proroguing the Senate and Chamber of Deputies until the 2d of September, says the Government will then submit measures relative to the revision of the article of the constitution affecting the status of the Jews, necessitated by the treaty of Berlin, which treaty has been accepted by the Legislature with all the sacrifices it imposes upon Roumania. The Prince expresses a conviction that the Legislature will reach a solution of the matter which will reconcile the principle of religious liberty and political equality with the national and economical necessities of Roumania.

SAM AND SI.

Interview with Mr. Tilden Respecting Mr. Field's Accusation of Foul Play—The Slippery Lawyer Adopting an Abbreviated Manner of Speech.

NEW YORK, Aug. 21.—The World has the following interview: Mr. Samuel J. Tilden came to the City from the temporary country residence which he has leased from a friend near Yonkers, early this morning, in company with a reporter of the World, and spent the day until 4 o'clock at his house in Gramercy Park. He received a large number of callers, and in fact was so busy that the reporter was unable during the day to get a quarter of an hour's talk with Mr. Tilden as to whether or not he had any statement to make in answer to the rather vigorous and damning accusations made against him by Cyrus W. Field on the subject of Mr. Tilden's conduct as an Elevated Railroad stockholder. Mr. Tilden's callers, for the most part politicians, apparently from the West, detained him so long that he was too late for the 3:30 train, by which he usually returned to Yonkers. He succeeded, however, in getting away from them on the train which left the Grand Central depot at 4:15. When Tilden got into the train with a party of friends, he was again beset and begged the reporter to excuse him until they should have reached Yonkers, promising him an interview in the cool of the evening. A carriage was in waiting at Yonkers to drive Mr. Tilden over to the "Grey House" which he has rented for the season from Mr Warner, a retired banker in Wall street, and which he contemplates buying as a permanent Summer residence. At last a tranquil moment was found and Mr. Tilden was asked to say explicity whether he desired to make any statement. Mr. Tilden husbands his voice now as much as possible in ordinary conversation and he has of late adopted what may be celled a kind of colloquial stenography.

"What Mr. Field say?" asked Mr. Tilden.

"You have probably not had time to read the report of the interview with Mr. Field in to-day's *World*, Mr. Tilden. Did you read it?"

"No; what report say?"

"Well, Mr. Field says that while he was in mid-ocean you sold out all your shares in Elevated Railroad stock. Is that true?"

"Haven't I got right to sell shares if want to?"

"But Mr. Field implies, Mr. Tilden, that in doing so you broke faith with him. He says that he parted with a large portion of the stock, letting you have it at the lowest prices for which he bought it, only because he wanted to have 'some strong legislative ally' interested in the road, and that you took it knowing this, and for that reason he seems to think that by selling out your stock when he was up at the Atlantic you evaded the obligations you undertook, and, so to speak, if you will allow me, have broken a contract with them. He adds that he will never recognize you socially or in business."

"My relations with Mr. Field socially or in business," said Mr. Tilden, less stenographically, "were never such as to prevent me from selling my stock any time if I wanted to."

"But Mr. Field says that you have put $1,000,000 into your pocket, and intimates that you have betrayed the person who put you in the way of getting the million; that you have broken faith with him, and that he will never speak to you again except to give you a good and probably unpleasant piece of his mind."

"Only say again," replied Mr. Tilden, "had no relations with Mr. Field to oblige to keep stock if I wanted to sell it."

"Mr. Field says that you are both ashamed and afraid to meet him, and that although you used to call on him every day, sometimes two or three times a day, and went down to bid him good-bye when he sailed, since his return from Europe you have carefully avoided him. How is that, Mr. Tilden?"

"Since his return from Europe Mr. Field and I both out of Town—Mr. Field at Newport; I, up here. That accounts for it."

"Mr. Field thinks that does not account for it, Mr. Tilden."

"Ah!"

"He says you have avoided him because you are afraid of him, and that he wants to find you."

Mr. Tilden shrugged his shoulders, nodded good-by," and whispering, "See you later," got into a carriage, took the back seat, and was driven off to the "Grey House," some 2½ miles distant.

Speak Out or Resign.

New York Herald.

The following persons represent the State of Mississippi in Congress:

SENATORS.

L. Q. C. Lamar, Blanche K. Bruce.

REPRESENTATIVES.

Henry L. Muldoon, O. R. Singleton,
Van H. Manning, C. E. Hooker,
H. D. Money, J. R. Chalmers.

These are, presumably, all men of influence in their State. They ought to be men of character, courage and honorable feelings. They can not help but know what is going on in many Counties in their State. Several of the most influential journals of the State have repeatedly urged them to speak out. Not a man jack of them has opened his mouth.

Now, then, gentlemen, if you dare not speak out against lawlessness, violence and assassination, resign your seats in Congress. You can not face your fellow members in December if you remain silent. Your very presence in either house would be disagreeable to your own feelings. You could not raise your voices on the floor without feeling the contempt and disgust of the honorable and manly members of your own party. Your silence makes you the partisans and accomplices of assassins, and you would so grossly misrepresent your State in Congress that your vacant seats would do much more for it in the National Legislature than your contemptible presence. Speak out or resign. Your present position is untenable.

An Englishman and a Frenchman meet a lady riding a horse. The Englishman stops and looks at the horse. The Frenchman stops and looks at the lady.—*Paris Figaro.*

—THE best remedy for liver complaint is "Sellers' Liver Pills." Only 25c per box. Sold by all druggists.

KILKENNY CATS.

Trouble in San Francisco.

Attempt to Assassinate a Leading "Workingman."

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 23.—Last night Rev. I. S. Kalloch defended himself before an immense audience against charges 30 years old, of immorality preferred against him by the Chronicle. He said these charges were revived by Charles and Mike DeYoung, two bastard sons of a prostitute. This morning Charles De Young drove in a covered coupe in front of the private entrance of the Metropolitan temple, where Kalloch has a room, and sent a messenger boy asking him to come out. Kalloch immediately appeared on the sidewalk, when DeYoung shot him in the breast. Kalloch turned to retreat indoors when DeYoung shot him in the back. It is believed Kalloch is dead.

A crowd immediately seized the carriage in which was De Young, turned it over and tore him out. He was dreadfully kicked and bruised, and would no doubt have been killed on the spot had not an unusual number of policemen come suddenly to the rescue and hurried him to jail. The City is intensely excited. The police did not think De Young safe in jail and had made arrangements to hurry him to Fort Alcatrass, but at present the spirit of the multitude is too much aroused to attempt any removal of De Young from jail. There never was a time when San Francisco was more angry.

A meeting of workingmen at Sand Lots was called for 2 o'clock this afternoon by runners, who are going all over town.

Kalloch is shot through the left lung, just above the heart. The physicians say that with his strong constitution there is a bare possibility of his recovery. The military are under arms and the police are all on duty in the event of a disturbance.

After the shooting of Kalloch by Chas. De Young and the incarceration of the latter, who barely escaped from the hands of the infuriated workingmen under aid of police officers with no severe injuries, the prison was surrounded by a mob with the view of making an attack on the police. They stretched ropes and prepared to resist the attack. The Chief of Police at once called Gen. McComb in consultation, and Atty. Gen. Hamilton, who was present, telegraphed to Gov. Irwin for orders. No answer has yet been received, as the Governor's exact whereabouts were not known. Gen. McComb at once assumed the responsibility and ordered the military to assemble at their armories, where they are now awaiting orders.

The news of the tragedy spread like wildfire through the City, and the streets were soon crowded with excited throngs. Strong guards were placed over the Chronicle business and printing offices, to prevent them from being sacked.

M. H. De Young, who was at the Chronicle office at the time of the shooting, at once sought the City prison, where he is now in company with Charles.

NEW YORK, Aug. 24.—A meeting of the National Workingmen's party was held to-day in Hamilton Park, David Conroy presiding. After speaking about the wrongs of labor, he denounced the shooting of Kalloch in San Francisco as a foul assassination, and predicted that it would arouse the workingmen, who would look upon him as a martyr. He said it was the first life offered up to free the white slaves and in four years they would be free. A committee to arrange for a great mass meeting to denounce the association was appointed. Resolutions were adopted setting forth that the Workingmen's party looks on the shooting as the work of a cowardly assassin, hired by the capitalists and in the interests of capital; that it is a determination on the part of capitalists to bring about a revolution and demanding the instant trial of the assassin for his high handed outrage. The resolution winds up as follows: We warn all men opposed to free speech, free discussion, free ballot at elections, universal suffrage, religious liberty and equal rights for all, to desist in their opposition, and if they do not we reaffirm the Declaration of Independence, and pledge our lives, our honor and our fortunes to exterminate all tyrants from our land.

At a meeting to-day of the English-speaking branch of the Socialistic-Labor party, the shooting of Kalloch was denounced and the hope expressed that it would only serve to more strongly unite the working classes, and elicit a glorious answer on election day.

At latest accounts the City was quiet, and it is thought that the crisis in Dr. Kalloch's case will be reached by midnight.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 24.—The Alta and Call this morning have editorials denouncing the whole course of the Chronicle and the De Youngs toward Kalloch, as well as towards men in general who come athwart their plans, as gross in the extreme, so that many citizens would have upheld Kalloch in seeking his assailant. They assert that the Chronicle has established a system of espionage on public men for the sake of collecting damaging material that may be used against them, if occasion offers, for the purpose of blackmail and corruption. They have thus bled wealthy corporations, individuals and officials, and established a sort of terrorism over certain classes of people. Years of impunity in vituperation, abuse and malice have emboldened De Young to this final deed of blood.

Last night after Kearney concluded his conference with the Ward Presidents, the march for the Sand Lots was resumed. Several prominent workingmen harangued the crowds there assembled before Kearney's arrival. He addressed them, realizing that these thousands of passionate and vindictive men were ready for an immediate movement against De Young, and said that in 10 days the election would put the whole machinery of the City Government in their hands, and that then, without fail, the proprietors of the Chronicle would meet their deserts. At present any attempt at violence would be met by the revolvers of the police and the rifles and Gatling guns of the military, and that the game was not worth the shedding the blood of one honest man. He abjured them, by their regard for their reputation throughout the country, the eyes of which were upon them to do no violence, but to disperse quietly to their homes. He announced that to-morrow afternoon he would meet them on the sand lots, and that in the meantime he would inquire more fully into the state of affairs, and would then, he believed, be able to show them how to dispose of the matter with credit to themselves.

Never was Kearney's boundless influence over his followers exhibited to better advantage, although the vast crowd was fairly howling for blood. They yielded implicitly to his advice, and when he dismissed them surged away in various directions, evidently prepared to follow his advice to the letter.

Everything was very quiet down town during the evening. The business office of the Chronicle was surrounded by a considerable crowd, and there was some talk of mobbing, but no action was taken. The office was closed early and left in charge of the police. The printing office on Clay street is running as usual, guarded by a strong detachment of police. Montgomery street was about deserted until after the adjournment of the sand lot meetings. At the central station, where the De Youngs are confined, the whole police force are assembled, except those stationed at other points, all other beats being left to take care of themselves. The militia are also under arms.

Kalloch is resting easy, and his condition is more hopeful, but nothing is yet certain regarding his recovery.

Although a reporter interviewed the DeYoungs, Mike DeYoung alone would talk. He said it might be expected that Kalloch could not assail their mother without stern and bitter retribution. Regarding the publication by the Chronicle of the assault on Kalloch's dead father, he said that it was a dispatch from Boston which made that attack. It came at night, when both his brother and himself were absent from the office, and that it was hardly read by the newseditor before publication, but once published they decided to stand by it without retraction. The mob would take a calmer view of the matter when they come to reflect that his brother did what any man would do who had a spark of manhood about him.

Physicians express the opinion that there is a strong probability of Kalloch's recovery. Notwithstanding the favorable symptoms there is still a good deal of talk among the workingmen as to the course to be pursued in the event of a fatal termination. Among the rank and file there is a strong desire visible to put up Kearney for Mayor should the change become necessary, but the desire is shaped neither by the agitator nor his friend, and it may be considered certain that nothing of the kind will be done.

The "Bugle's" New Office.

Puck.

When a prominent journal moves into a new office the fact is telegraphed all over the country and parts adjacent, and some of its esteemed contemporaries print elaborate descriptions of the imposing structure, and fire off complimentary things about its fortunate possessor and his paper. And the illustrated papers come along a few days later with a picture of the new building. We have no fault to find with this. In fact, we regard it as eminently proper, but we dislike to see invidious distinctions.

Let us explain:

The Bungville *Bugle* occupied its new office a few weeks ago, and up to the present time its contemporaries, without exception, have maintained a studied and prolonged silence in regard to the important event. Is this jealousy? Or is it merely a typographical error, as it were? We are charitable enough to regard it as the work of the "intelligent compositor," and propose to correct the error, as far as it lies in our power, by giving our readers a description of the "*Bugle's* new office.

This imposing pile looms up three stories, and is built in the—er—the Doric—a little Tudoric, perhaps—style of architecture. It contains a press and composing-room combined, an editorial room and a $750 mortgage, all in complete working order—especially the mortgage.

The frescoing on the interior walls was done by the head artist—in whitewash—in town, at a generous outlay of one dollar per day. The efforts of the frescoer have been materially assisted by the job printer, who has broken the monotony of the south wall by garnishing it with public-sale bills, picnic posters, and other specimens of typographic art. (Job work executed with neatness and dispatch.) In addition to two presses and four stands, this room contains seven pairs of old shoes and an odor strongly suggestive of Dutch cheese. If Ben Franklin could see this department of the *Bugle* office, he would be constrained to admit that printing had made some progress during the past 50 years—some progress, but not much. The newspaper press is fast—as screws can make it. It cost $300—25 per cent. off for cash—and is capable of 240 impressions an hour. This room is 20x28, and the "devil" can mash flies on the ceiling without mounting a type-box. Very few architects think of this when planning a printing office.

The front door is a symphony in yellow, and evinces a depth of tone and warmth of feeling that—as a humorous paragraphist would say—is something to a-dore, as well as on a door. The editorial room is fitted up with excellent taste—not gaudy; no outreaching after the Rennessaince or Elizabethan period, but neat and practical. It is roomy enough to accommodate the editor and five or six exchange fiends. The pine table in the left-hand corner is a little short in the off hind leg, but the brilliant intellect of the editor has remedied this defect and preserved its equilibrium by bringing a brick into requisition. A very happy thought, and a convincing proof that all the genius in this country is not boarding—and running in debt—in the large Cities. On this the gifted young editor writes those peerless witticisms which he marks with a blue pencil and sends to his exchanges.

It was he who wrote that bright epigram: "In the midst of life we are in debt." He wrote it about 25 years after some other fellow originated it, but his fresh paragraphic friends copied it, and credited the *Bugle* all the same. He is also the author of that brilliant *mot*, "Tom and Jerry are not teetotallers," and the electric saying, "The early apple catches the worm,' emanated from his facetious pen—after it had made 18 or more annual tours of the press.

On the wall, over the editor's table, is a frame containing the photographs of 20 alleged paragraphists, to whom he frequently alludes as "the incomparable Bilkins, of the Berryville *Banner*;" "the peerless Podgers, of the Penntown *Packet*;" "the witty Wackman, of the Wrytown *Waffle*, etc., etc." And the gifted coterie scratch the back of the bright being of the *Bugle* in return.

The remaining furniture of the editor's office includes three chairs that look as if they had participated in an Irish wake, and a primitive book-case, well filled with Patent Office reports, H. G.'s "What I Know of Farming," "How Fortunes Are Made," "Official Report of the Centennial Exhibition," and a few other volumes of timely interest. The walls are enriched with a chromo of Dr. E. Quine's Horse Liniment, and an ink manufacturer's card in gaudy colors, and a printed legend running thusly: "Subscribe for the *Bugle*; the Best Family Paper in the Country."

The *Bugle* building is an architectural ornament of which the citizens of Bungville cannot be too proud. The *Bugle's* editor is a young man of brilliant literary attainments, having clerked in a restaurant before embarking in journalism. He is extremely popular at home. Last Spring he was nominated for Town Clerk by some of his grateful fellow citizens, and had a majority of 368—against him.

The *Bugle* was started four years ago with a circulation of 214. Now it has 347 subscribers. Terms, $1 a year in advance. Now is the time to subscribe. Some of the *Bugle's* departments are edited with marked ability and sound judgment. The London *Times* cannot show more originality and terseness in its marriage and death columns. The editor's leaders on the finances evince a thorough familiarity with the subject. They are invariably entitled, "Pay Up; We Must Have Money!"

The *Bugle* office is conveniently located—next door to a beer saloon. This saves the editor a dozen walks per day.

It's the Mules.

Detroit Post and Tribune.

A few days ago the cable dispatches announced the arrival in South Africa of the first shipment of American army mules, and their starting for the front. The very next news of importance was the defeat of King Cetewayo and the capture of his capitol. And yet the British papers are impudent enough to claim this as a British victory! But an intelligent world knows enough to put the facts together, as we have above, and draw the proper conclusions.

"My bark is on the C," said the prima donna when an irrepressible cough seized her when on a high C.

Be Ye Like Foolish.

"For 10 years my wife was confined to her bed with such a complication of ailments that no doctor could tell what was the matter or cure her, and I used up a small fortune in humbug stuff. Six months ago I saw a United States flag with Hop Bitters on it, and I thought I would be a fool once more. I tried it, but my folly proved to be wisdom. Two bottles cured her; she is now as well and strong as any man's wife, and it cost me only $2. Be ye likewise foolish."—H. W., Detroit, Mich.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

PRESCRIPTION FREE

For the speedy Cure of Seminal Weakness, Loss of Manhood, and all disorders brought on by indiscretion or excess. Any druggist has the ingredients. Address DAVIDSON & CO., 78 Nassau St., New York.

The Markets.

General Produce.

DETROIT, Aug. 26.—Breadstuffs—Flour steady. Wheat easier; extra, 102½c bid; No 1 white, 99¾c; seller September, 99½c bid; selller October, 99¾c; seller November, ——c; milling No. 1 nominal; amber, 97c asked; amber, 98c. Receipts of wheat, 75,000 bu; shipments, 95,000 bu.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 26.—Flour, $4 50@5 75. Wheat steady; red and amber at 90@93c. Corn quiet at 37½@38c. Oats steady at 25@29c. Whisky steady at 106c. Provisions quiet. Pork at $8 50. Lard at $5 60@5 62½. Bulk meats—shoulders, $3 25; short ribs, $4 60; short clear, $4 85. Bacon at $2 87½@4 00, $5 25 and $5 62½.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 25.—Breadstuffs—Flour—market very quiet; Ohio new wheat, $5 25; do old, $5 70; indiana ceoice, new wheat, $5 37½. Wheat dull: rejected, 85@100c; No. 2 red, on track, 108½c. Corn quiet; rejected, 45@45½c; high-mixed, 47½@48c; yellow, 48½c. Oats in fair demand: white western, old, 37@37½c; choice white, 38@38½c.

BUFFALO, Aug. 26.—Wheat—market nominal; no sales. Corn dull; sales, —— bu high mixed Western, 46½c; other grain neglected. Canal freights nominally unchanged; shippers holding off for lower rates. Receipts—flour, 2,571 bbls; wheat, 138,091 bu; corn, 144,070 bu. Shipments by rail—wheat, 38,521 bu; corn, 476,667 bu; canal—wheat, 78,746 bu; corn, 51,396 bu; in store—wheat, 1,234,745 bu; corn, 329,331 bu.

MILWAUKEE, Aug. 26.—Breadstuffs—Wheat—The market declined ¾@1¼c; the noon board closed steady at 85c for hard; 92c for No. 1; 89¾c for No 2 cash; 88c seller August; 88¼c seller September; 87¾c seller October; 82½c for No. 3; 77c for No 4; 71c for rejected; receipts, 26,900 bu; shipments, 4,806 bu. Corn—Market is quiet at 32c for No 2. Oats—Market dull at 21¼c for No 2. Rye—Market quiet at 49c for No 1. Barley—Market steady at 60c for No 2.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 26.—Breadstuffs—Flour unchanged; XX, $4 00@4 10; XXX, $4 75@4 80; family, $4 90@4 95; choice, $5 05@5 10. Wheat—The market is generally lower; No 2 red, 94@93¾. Corn is dull; 30¾@31c. Oats lower at 22@22½c. Whisky steady at 107c. Pork is lower at $8 70@——. Dry salt meats unchanged; clear ribs at $4 60; clear, $4 80. Bacon dull; clear ribs, $5 10@5 20; clear, $5 40@5 50. Lard nominally $5 60. Hogs inactive; Yorkers, to Baltimores, $3 40@3 55; packing, $2 90@3 30; butchers to select heavy, $3 40@3 65. Receipts, 1,700 head; shipments, —— head.

CHICAGO, Aug. 26.—Wheat—market weak and lowec; No. 2 red, 93¾@94½c; No. 2 spring, 86¼c cash; 85½c seller September; 86¼c seller October. Corn heavy and lower; 31¾c cash; 32½c seller September; 32¾c seller October. Oats heavy and lowe ; 21½c cash; 22¼c seller September; 23½c seller October. Rye at 49c. Barley, 75c seller Septemqer. Pork weak and lower; $8 10@8 12½ cash and bid seller October. Lard weak and lower; $5 55 bid cash; $5 57½ bid seller October. Whisky at 107c. Hogs—Receipts, 13,000 head; market firm and 5c higher; light, $3 70@3 80; heavy packing, $3 15@3 40; shipping, $4 50@3 70.

TOLEDO, WEDNESDAY MORNING, August 27.—The wheat market has been active and higher, but is now a trifle lower, grain selling in large quantities at the following quotations: Spot Amber at 99c; No. 2 Amber Michigan at 96½c; No. White, 96c; No. 3 White Wabash, 99¾c; spot No. 2 Red Wabash, 98¾c; seller August, 99c; seller September, 97½c; seller October, 97¾c; No. 3 Red Wabash at 95½c; D. & M., 96c; Amber Illinois, 101c; Western Amber, spot, 98c; seller August, 99c; seller September, 98½c. High-mixed Corn, 37½c; No. 2, 37½c spot; 37¾c seller August; 37c seller September; 37c seller October. Oats dull at 24½c for No. 2; 23½c for Rejected. No. 2 Rye, 53½c. Shorts, $9 25 per ton. Timothy Seed, $1.75.

NEW YORK, August 26.—Cotton—The market is quiet at 12c for middling uplands. Flour quiet and firm; receipts, 20,000 bbls; sales, 2,000 bbls; extra state, $4 20@4 40; [illegible] western, $4 20@4 40; Round Hoop Ohio, $4 25@5 75. Rye flour is steady at $3 40@3 90. Wheat—Fairly active and ½c lower; Spring quiet; Winter fairly active; receipts, 662,000 bu; sales, 192,000 bu; No. 2 Spring, seller August, 102½c. Rye unchanged; 60@63c for No. 2 Western; 67c for State and Canada. Corn—The market is reported dull; receipts, 165,000 bu; sales, 48,000 bush; 45¼@46c for western mixed. Barley dull. Oats dull; receipts, 26,000 bu; sales, 25,000 bu; 28@31½ for mixed western; 32@38 for white. Pork is about steady and unchanged at $8 80. Beef unchanged. Lard quiet at $5 92½. Butter—6@17½c. Cheese—2@5½c. Whisky—106¼@107. Sugar—6⅞@6⅞c. Eggs at 13½@16½. Petroleum—8¼c—c in bbls, for crude; 6¼c for refined. Tallow—5 13-16c. Coal dull and nominal. Leather active and steady at $21@23. Wool firm, at 32@45c.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 26.—Flour—Market quiet and unchanged; Western superfine, $3 85@3 50; do extra, $3 75@4 75; do family, $5 00@5 75. Wheat—Western—market closed active and lower; No 2 western winter red, spot and seller August, 104¼@104⅜c; seller September, 105¼@105⅜c; seller October, 106¼@106⅜c. Corn—Western dull and lower; western mixed, spot, and seller August, 45¾@46c; seller September, 46¾@46¾c; seller October, 47@47⅛c; seller November, 47¼M47⅜c; steamer, 45½@45¾c. Oats—The market is quiet and steady; western white, 32@33c; do mixed at 30@31c; Pennsylvania, 32@33c. Rye—The market is quiet and lower at 60@62c. Hay—The market is reported as firm and unchanged; prime to choice Pennsylvania, $——@——. Provisions—Market steady and unchanged. Mess pork, $9 15. Bulk meats—loose shoulders, $3 50; clear rib sides, $4 50; packed, $4 25@5 25. Bacon—Shoulders, $4 75; clear rib sides, $5 75. Hams, $11 25@11 75. Lard—refined in tierces, $7 00. Butter—The market active and unchanged; prime to choice western packed, 12@14c. Eggs—market steady at 12c. Petroleum—market unchanged; crude nominal; refined, 6¾c. Coffee—The market is steady and unchanged; rio cargoes, 11@14½c. Whisky shade better at 107@107½c. Freights to Liverpool, per steam, unchanged; cotton, 3-16d; flour, 2s 6d; grain, 7½@8d. Receipts—Flour, 6,193 bbls; wheat, 206,600 bu; corn, 33,800 bu; oats, 3,100 bu; rye, 500 bu; barley, ——bu. Shipments—Wheat, 120,000 bu; corn, 540 bu. Sales of wheat, 629,500 bu; corn, 177,500 bu.

Money, Stocks, etc.

NEW YORK, Aug. 25, 1879.

Money easy at 6@7 ₩ cent., closing at 6; prime mercantile paper, 5@7.

Sterling Exchange—Banker's bills dull at 481¼; sight exchange on New York, 483.

Government bonds weak.

Railroad securities generally firm.

State bonds dull.

Bar silver here, 112⅜.

Subsidiary silver coin ½@1 ₩ cent. discount.

The Stock market was strong in early dealings and prices advanced ¼@1 ₩ cent., but at the first board a weak feeling set in and pricess fell off sharply. The decline continued to the close, when the lowest prices of the day were current. The decline from the highest point ranged from ¼ to 2¼ ₩ cent. Lake Shore made the greatest decline, granger, coal shares and Western Union being also noticeably weak.

STATE STOCKS.

	Mon	Sat.	Fri.	Thu	Wed	Tues
Old Tenness's	29½	30	30	30½	30½	30½
New Tenness's	26½	26	26½	27	26	26
Old Virginias	28½	28	28	31	31	31
New Virginias	28	28	28	27	27	27
Missouris	104	104	106	104¾	104¾	104¾

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

	Mon	Sat.	Fri.	Thu	Wed	Tues
U. S. 6's, '81	104⅛	104⅛	104¼	104¼	104⅛	104¼
U. S. 5's, '81	101⅞	102	102	102⅛	102⅛	102¼
U. S. new 4½'s	105⅛	105⅛	105⅛	105¼	105⅛	105⅜
U. S. new 4's	100⅞	100⅞	101	101⅛	101⅛	101¼
Cerrency 5's	121	121	121	121	121	121
Sterling, sight	483	483¼	483¼	483¼	483¼	483½
Sterling, 60 d	481½	481½	481¼	481½	481¼	481¼

Dry Goods.

NEW YORK, Aug. 25.—The cotton goods market is moderately active, and agents' prices remain steady. Prints in fair demand and best makes firmly held. Harmony, freeman and Lodi prints quoted at 5½c. Ginghams are doing well, and dress goods fairly active. Men's wear woolens remain quiet and steady. Underwear and hosiery in steady request. Foreign goods were more sought for.

Live Stock Markets.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 25.—Hogs—Market steady and unchanged; common, $2 85@3 35; light, $3 10@3 65; packing, $3 40@3 55; butchers', $3 55@3 70. Receipts, 1,259 head; shipments, 130 head.

PHILADELPAIA, Aug. 25.—Cattle—Market active; receipts, 4,000 head; prime, $4 75@5 75; good medium, $4 50@4 62½; common, $3 00@$3 50.

Sheep—Market dull; receipts, 8,000 head; extra good, $4 50; good, $4 25; medium, $3 25@3 75; common, $2 60@3 00 each. Lambs dull; receipts, 1,200 head; prime to extra good, $6 25; good, $5 25@5 75; common to medium, $2 00@2 50 per head.

Hogs—In fair demand; receipts, 3000 head; extra good, $5 62½; good, $5 50; medium, $5 25.

CHICAGO, Aug. 25.—Hogs—Receipts —— head; shipments, —— head; market steady and unchanged; mixed packing at $3 00@3 25; light, $3 40@3 75; good to prime heavy, $3 30@3 50; closed steady.

Cattle—Receipts to-day, —— head; shipments, —— head; only a few good here; best, $4 80@5 00; fair to good shipping steady at $4 00@4 40; butchers' steady at $1 75@2 50; bulls, $2 00@2 30; steers, $3 00@3 50; western cattle heavy and unchanged; through Texans firm at $2 10@2 75; yards well cleared up.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, —— head; shipments, —— head; Texans ½c lower than two weeks ago; natives slow. Deptford and Islington reported steady but tending lower for second rate animals.

EAST LIBERTY, Aug. 25.—Cattle—Receipts since and including Friday last, 1,914 head through, and 1,487 head local stock; total for the week ending this day, 2,491 head through and 2,807 head local, against 4,601 head through and —— head local last week. The supply for this week's yard sales is good, but mostly of common to medium grades, and about 15 cars more than at this time last week; nearly all sold out; prices so far are about the same as this day a week ago, ranging from $3 35@3 70 for common to good; best brought as high as $5 25.

Hogs—Receipts, 10,065 head; total for the week, 17,555 head, against 12,925 head last week; grassers, $3 40@3 50; Yorkers, $3 60@3 75; Philadelphias, $3 75@3 90.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, 6,400 head; total for the week, 16,000 head against 18,[illegible] head last week. Selling dull and verp few sold to-day; prices are $3 25@4 25 for common to best.

NEW YORK, Aug. 25.—Beeves—Receipts for to-day, 5,800 head, making 12,800 head for the week, against 13,000 head last week; market is dull and nearly ¼c ₩ ℔ off on all grades of native steers; $7 75@9 75 for poor to strictly prime; extra and fancy, $10 00@10 25; Texas, Cherokee and Colorado Texans cattle, $6 75@7 75; exporters used 900 head from fresh receipts; shipments since Friday last, 760 head live cattle and 1,820 quarters of beef; for the week ending Saturday, 815 head live cattle and 1,820 quarters of beef.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, 9,600 head making 29,600 head for the week, against 37,000 head last week. Market dull and lower, with slow sales at $3 50@5 40 ₩ 100 ℔s for sheep and $4 75@6 00 ₩ 100 ℔s for lambs. Shipments since Saturday 575 carcasses of mutton and for the week ending Saturday, 1,60 live sheep and 600 carcasses of mutton.

Hogs—Receipts for to-day, 9,600 head; making 28,900 head, for the week, agains 18,100 head last week; market clofed decidedly weak at the low range of $3 50@3 85 ₩ 100 ℔s, with two car loads at $3 50@3 60.

Wool.

From the Wool Circular of Harding, Martin & Co., Boston, Aug. 16, 1879.

The receipts of domestic for the week have been 4,920 bales, against 11,153 bales for the corresponding week of 1878, and 8,846 bales in 1877. The imports of foreign have been 2,475 bales, against 174 bales for the corresponding week in 1878, and 2,655 bales in 1877.

The receipts continue to show a large falling off, and for the last four weeks are some 24,000 bales less than for the corresponding weeks last year.

The transactions of the week have again been quite large, comprising of all kinds nearly 4,600,000 ℔s, and the market appears to have entirely recovered from the depression of the past few weeks. There has been an advance of 1@2 ₩ ℔, from the lowest point, with every indication of a firm market. In fact some holders are not sellers at the improvement, as higher prices are looked for. The consumption is large, the prospects of the goods trade quite encouraging, and it is believed that every pound of wool we have produced will be wanted before the season closes. In other markets there has been an active movement. Most of the Northern wools in San Francisco have been bought up, and in Michigan and other points we notice a firm and more active market. The local mills at the West are buying and consuming more wool than usual, and it is questionable if there is much more available wool in the interior to come forward, except what is controlled by dealers and speculators.

The demand for washed fleeces has been more active than at any time since the new clip commenced to come forward. Manufacturers have evidently become convinced that prices had touched their lowest point, and have been free purchasers. The transactions in Ohio wool have been 430,000 ℔s at 36@38c for X and XX, with an occasional lot of very choice at a higher price, and from 38 to 40c for medium and No. 1, some lots of choice No. 1 selling at 41@42c ₩ ℔. No. 1 fleeces have, in fact, already become quite reduced in stock, and a round lot is difficult to find. It appears to us that medium and No. 1 wools will be cleaned up very early in the season, the sales of washed and unwashed the past week have been nearly 2,000,000 ℔s, and in some instances at an advance of fully 2c ₩ ℔ on the prices obtainable two weeks ago, large lines of Missouri, Oregon, Kentucky, Georgia, Maine and Western medium unwashed having been taken in the range of 29@33c, running up to 34@35c for choice Georgia.

The transactions in Michigan Wool have been quite large at from 34@35c for X and 37@38c for medium, the sales comprising 626,000 ℔s, principally at 35c for X. At 35c there were buyers enough in market, the past week, to clean out our entire stock of Michigan, and if this price had been acceptable our sales would have footed up a much larger figure. In other washed fleeces the transactions embrace only a few lots of odds and ends. We quote X and XX Ohio fleeces at the close at 37@38c; medium and No. 1 at 38@42c, Michigan fleeces at 35@36c for X, and 37@40c for medium and No. 1, with a good demand and holders more indifferent about selling than for some weeks past. With a few such weeks as the past it will not take long to reduce stocks of all kinds aery materially.

Combing and delaine selections have attracted more attention, and available lots have been bought up, largely on Philadelphia account. The transactions include 252,000 ℔s at 38@44c for the different grades, mostly from 40@43½c ₩ ℔. The large stock of combing wool available in Great Britain, ruling lower at that point than for many years, appears to be a check on the upward movement movement, but with our present almost prohibitory tariff, it is doubtful if dealers will run the risk of importing. Some few large manufacturers will, no doubt, stock up in that market, but their purchases will be more than offset by the quantity that has already been taken by manufacturers for clothing purposes. It is also difficult to find combing Wools abroad to compete with the most desirable grades of domestic. Holders are very confident that prices will be sustained, and are indifferent about making contracts for future delivery except at very full prices.

Oregon Wool has attracted more attention and round lots of Eastern Valley have been bought up at from 30@32c for Valley, and 25@27c for Eastern. Some 200,000 ℔s Valley have been taken in this range. It would be well to forward the Valley Oregon as fast as possible, the demand for medium Wools is such that it is likely to meet with a better sale than usual.

The transactions in California Wool have been the largest [illegible] comprising 616,500 ℔s at 18@33c [illegible] choice Northern Wools from 30@31c ₩ ℔. Territory Wools have been in fair demand, but the sales have not been to any considerable extent.

From the Wool Circular of Gray, Dew, Gould & Co., Boston, Aug. 23, 1879.

The Wool market has continued active during the past week and closes strong, and the sales, which were almost entirely made to manufacturers, foot up a large aggregate. Holders have beed very firm; and this firmness has tended to check transactions for the past few days. A larger amount of Wool might have been sold if holders had been waiting to yield a little. The asking prices of to-day will scarcely cover cost, and with the favorable prospect for goods this fall, holders are not disposed to urge sales at less than cost unless forced to by unavoidable circumstances. There has been a very good demand for fine Wools, as many of the mills are preparing to change their machinery for the manufacture of light spring fabrics.

The sales of Michigan and Wisconsin have been less than last week. Not much done in Texas Wool; few in market, and those are held above views of manufacturers. There has been a fair business done in Territory Wools at prices within the range of our quotations. Sales of Oregon have been made at the range of 25@29c for Eastern, and 21@32c for Valley. New Hampshipe and New York fleeces in fair demand at 33½@34½c for X grades. Pulled Wools are in demand and scarce—surplus selling for 38@45c, the latter for choice lots.

The Visible Supply of Grain,

comprising the stocks in granary at the principal points of accumulation at lake and seaboard ports, and in transit by lake and rail, Aug. 9, '79.

In store at—	Wheat, bu.	Corn, bu.	Oats, bu.	Barley, bu.	Rye, bu.
New York	2138576	1604396	369891	44093	64794
" afloat*	1653000	282000	185000	....	....
Albany	2808	13000	29000	6200	13000
Buffalo	230023	545892	....	....	38781
Chicago	1744525	3367145	143169	85325	125523
Milwaukee	316485	13971	5343	70788	19142
Duluth	46801	10709	....	....	....
Toledo	471779	229690	46069	6160	4535
Detroit	280832	5857	2580	86	....
Oswego	195000	210000	....	21000	3000
St. Louis	499228	604384	113160	3000	10830
Boston	204229	193960	9666	70	....
Toronto	95935	....	5300	38141	400
Montreal(31)	87298	17300	40191	33710	....
Philadelph.	693450	288000	....	....	....
Peoria	64684	258637	111518	619	40600
Indianapolis	146800	28900	58950	....	16400
Kansas City	189492	80963	4903	....	1021
Baltimore	1911269	484733	....	....	....
Rail ship'ts	804112	407477	610062	1986	46735
Lake ship	2063274	1575400	11285	6938	61448
On Canal*	1872000	1215000	180000	....	33000
Total—					
Aug. 9	15189594	11436314	1914487	318424	479114
Aug. 2	14352416	11098554	1762250	324929	463436
July 26	14676281	10068258	1441877	333801	318298
July 19	13473849	10796086	1536906	357879	341743
July 12	11701597	11757399	1489490	380475	326979
July 5	12184153	11547230	1581995	366334	428074
June 28	12438505	11463622	2023294	378652	437506
June 21	13892032	11516571	2051644	441338	431406
June 14	13950328	11666721	1981292	531285	558265
June 7, '79	15601433	12135640	1608039	652459	593397

* Estimated.

—*N. Y. Prod. Ex. Weekly.*

Movements of Flour and Grain

at and from Western Lake and River ports for the week ended Aug. 16, 1879:

RECEIPTS.

	Flour, bbl.	Wheat, bu.	Corn, bu.	Oats, bu.	Barly, bu.
Chicago	26182	550853	1890685	410861	130473
Milwaukee	24420	33910	31710	33850	4300
Toledo	125	709536	145265	40487	....
Detroit	4273	542448	4039	3913	289
Cleveland	2906	78300	41900	21653	1400
St. Louis	43672	678585	212065	79233	2000
Peoria	1850	32850	267329	147003	5000
Duluth	....	....	....	....	....
Total	1184[illegible]	[illegible]	2570004	763519	25411
Prev. week	124862	[illegible]	5621673	881354	19431

COMPARATIVE RECEIPTS of flour and grain at the same ports from Dec. 31 to Aug. 16, inclusive, four years:

	1879.	1878.	1877.
Flour, bbls	3,983,339	3,428,290	2,504,825
Wheat, bu	45,250,614	41,167,288	13,396,887
Corn, bu	61,030,293	61,258,131	51,397,426
Oats, bu	18,672,029	17,872,061	12,188,278
Barley, bu	2,482,802	3,087,242	2,081,327
Rye, bu	2,260,832	2,546,455	1,397,932
Total	129,696,570	125,915,177	81,281,850

COMPARATIVE SHIPMENTS from the same ports from Dec. 31 to Aug. 16, inclusive, for four years:

	1879.	1878.	1877.
Flour, bbls	4,285,853	3,602,625	2,441,794
Wheat, bu	41,699,167	34,820,223	27,562,567
Corn, bu	53,927,585	52,662,145	45,461,774
Oats, bu	18,988,038	11,412,014	13,440,121
Barley, bu	2,079,915	1,628,884	1,250,575
Rye, bu	2,027,953	2,010,256	1,050,783
Total	113,793,068	97,534,222	88,765,810

—*N. Y. Prod. Ex. Weekly.*

Exports of Provisions.

from New York, Boston, Baltimore, Philladelphia, Montreal, Portland and New Orleans for the week ended Aug. 9, 1879, and their distribution:

To—	Pork, bbl.	Beef, bbl.	Lard, ℔s.	Bacon, ℔s.	Cheese, ℔s.
Liverpool	1426	977	1706285	8548083	3676722
London	12	287	1840	403250	308185
Glasgow	91	498	147000	589450	993540
Bristol	....	....	30000	118650	6000
Hull	....	....	51000	393825	72530
W. Hartl'pool	....	....	....	....	23798
Br. Ports	315	447	66750	233925	78340
Antwerp	115	190	474000	1277975	....
Rotterdam	29	75	64280	437800	....
Bremen	25	50	360466	128250	....
Hamburg	....	....	309480	237400	3180
Havre	50	....	37740	94257	....
Marseilles	....	....	10400	....	....
Italy	....	....	....	....	....
Contin'tl Pts	....	....	74990	....	....
S. & C. Amer	509	155	293378	46116	5007
West Indies	2058	424	748227	671147	10051
B. Colonies	1433	351	1375	7482	350
Other Count.	....	....	400	13790	225
Total	6035	3314	5130925	13892321	5080840
Previous w'k	6010	3329	7615839	15189468	[illegible]

—*N. Y. Prod. Ex. Weekly.*

A GOOD PLAN.

The most profitable way of dealing in stocks is by combining many orders and co-operating them as a whole, dividing profits pro rata among shareholders, according to the market, monthly. Each customer thus secures all the advantages of immense capital and experienced skill, and can use any amount, from $10 to $10,000, or more, with equal proportionate success. "New York Stock Reporter" and new circular mailed free. Full information for any one to operate successfully. LAWRENCE & CO., 57 Exchange Place, N. Y.

R. R. R.

Radway's Ready Relief

CURES THE WORST PAINS

In from One to Twenty Minutes

NOT ONE HOUR

After reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.

It Was the first and is

The Only Pain Remedy

that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application,

IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES,

no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer.

FEVER AND AGUE.

FEVER AND AGUE cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow, and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Fifty cents per bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

Changes as Seen and Felt!

As They Daily Occur!

AFTER USING A FEW DOSES.

Radway's Ready Relief

WILL AFFORD INSTANT EASE.

INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS,
INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER,
INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS,
CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS,
SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,
PALPITATION OF THE HEART,
HYSTERICS, CROUP, DIPHTHERIA,
CATARRH, INFLUENZA
HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE,
NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM
COLD CHILLS, AGUE CHILLS,
CHILBLAINS AND FROST BITES.

The application of the Ready Relief to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists will afford ease and comfort.

Thirty to sixty drops in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure CRAMPS, SPASMS, SOUR STOMACH, HEARTBURN, SICK HEADACHE, DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, WIND IN THE BOWELS, and all INTERNAL PAINS.

Travellers should always carry a bottle of Radway's Ready Relief with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

1. Good spirits, disappearance of weakness, languor, melancholy, increase and hardness of flesh and muscles, etc.

2. Strength increases, appetite improves, relish for food, no more sour eructations or waterbrash, good digestion, calm and undisturbed sleep, awaken fresh and vigorous.

3. Disappearance of spots, blotches, pimples; the skin looks clear and healthy, the urine changed from its turbid and cloudy appearance to a clear sherry or amber color; water passes freely from the bladder through the urethra without pain or scalding; little or no sediment; no pain or weakness.

4. Marked diminution of quantity and frequency of involuntary weakening discharges, (if afflicted that way), with certainty of permanent cure. Increased strength exhibited in the secreting glands and functional harmony restored to the several organs.

5. Yellow tinge on the white of the eyes, and the swarthy, saffron appearance of the skin changed to a clear, lively and healthy color.

6. Those suffering from weak or ulcerated lungs or tubercules will realize great benefit in expectorating freely the tough phlegm or mucous from the lungs, air cells, bronchi or windpipe, throat or head; diminishing the frequency of cough, general increase of strength throughout the system; stoppage of night sweats and pains and feeling of weakness around the ankles, legs, shoulders, etc.; cessation of cold and chills, sense of suffocation, hard breathing and paroxysms of cough on lying down or arising in the morning. All these distressing symptoms gradually and surely disappear.

7. As day after day the SARSAPARILLIAN is taken new signs of returning health will appear, as the blood improves in purity and strength disease will diminish and all foreign and impure deposits, nodes, tumors, cancers, hard lumps, etc. be resolved away and the unsound made sound and healthy; ulcers, fever sores, chronic skin diseases gradually disappear.

8. In cases where the system has been salivated and Mercury, Quicksilver Corrosive Sublimate have accumulated and become deposited in the bones, joints, etc., causing caries of the bones, rickets, spinal curvatures, contortions, white swellings, varicose veins, etc., the SARSAPARILLIAN will resolve away these deposits and exterminate the virus of the disease from the system.

9. If those who are taking these medicines for the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous or Syphilitic diseases, however slow may be the cure, "feel better" and find their general health improving, their flesh and weight increasing or even keeping its own, it is a sure sign that the cure is progressing. In these diseases the patient either gets better or worse—the virus of the disease is not inactive; if not arrested and driven from the blood it will spread and continue to undermine the constitution. As soon as the SARSAPARILLIAN makes the patient feel better every hour you will grow better and increase in health, strength and flesh.

The great power of this remedy is in diseases that threaten death—as in

CONSUMPTION

of the Lungs and Tubercolous Phthisis, Scrofula, Syphiloid Diseases, Wasting, Degeneration, and Ulceration of the Kidneys, Diabetes, Stoppage of Water (instantaneous relief afforded where catheters have been used, thus doing away with the painful operation of using these instruments), dissolving stone in the bladder, and in all cases of

Inflammation of the Bladder and Kidneys,

in chronic cases of Leucorrhea and Uterine diseases.

In tumors, nodes, hard lumps, and syphiloid ulcers; in dropsy; in venereal sore throat, ulcers, and in tubercles of the lungs; in gout, dyspepsia, rheumatism, rickets; in mercurial deposits—it is in these terrible forms of disease, where the human body has become a complete wreck, and where every hour of existence is torture, wherein this great remedy challenges the astonishment and admiration of the sick. It is in such cases, where all the pleasures of existence appear cut off from the unfortunate, and by its wonderful, almost supernatural agency it restores the hopeless to a life and new existence, where this great remedy stands alone in its might and power.

In the ordinary skin diseases that every one is more or less troubled with a few doses will in most cases, and a few bottles in the more aggravated forms, work a permanent cure.

Those afflicted with chronic diseases should purchase a package containing one dozen bottles. Price $10 per dozen, or $6 per half dozen bottles, or $1 per bottle. Sold by druggists.

DR. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. Radway's Pills for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Billiousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, mineral or deleterious drugs.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs.

Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness of weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinkings or Flutterings in the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest and Limbs, and sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of Radway's Pills will free the System from all of the above named disorders. Price 25 Cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

Read "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & Co., No. 32 Warren Street, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent you.